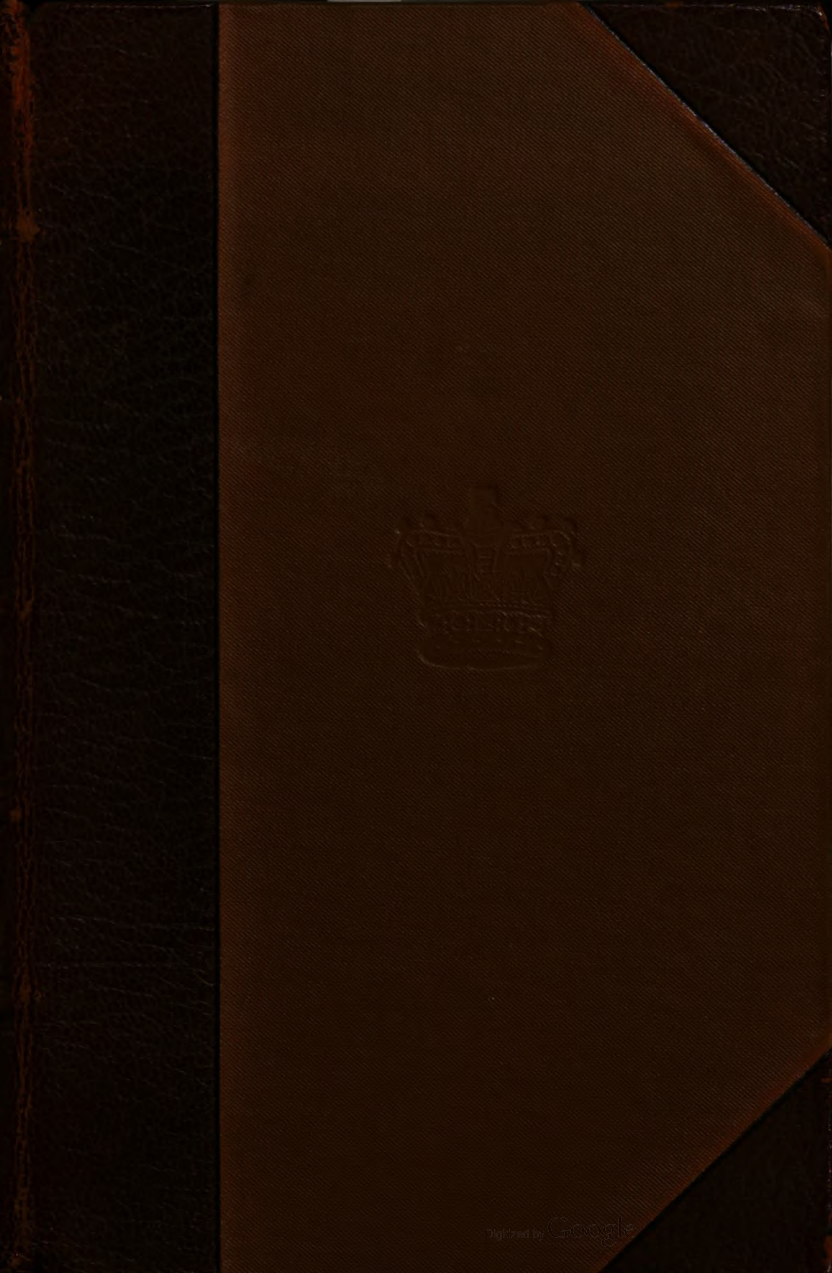
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Gomez de Quevedo Villegas Fr.

1072. e 14.

LICENSED,

March 26th
1667.

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THE VISIONS OF

Dom *Franciſco* de *Quevedo* VILLEGAS,

KNIGHT of the ORDER OF

St *JAMES.*

Made Engliſh by *R. L.*

LONDON,

Printed for *H. Herringman* at the Sign of the *Blew Anchor* in the Lower walk of the *New Exchange.* 1667.

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TO THE
READERS,
GENTLE *and* SIMPLE.

THIS Preface *is meerly for* Fashion-sake, *to* fill *a* space, *and* please *the* Stationer, *who says* 'tis neither *usual* nor *handsome*, to leap immediately from the *Title-Page* to the *Matter*. *So that in short, a* Preface *ye have, together with the* Reason *of it, both under One: but as to the* Ordinary Mode *and* Pretence *of* Prefaces, *the* Translator *desires to be excus'd. For he makes a* Conscience *of a* Lye, *and it were a damn'd one, to tell ye, that he has*

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publiſht This, either to Gratifie *the importunity of* Friends, *or to* Oblige *the* Publick, *or for any other Reaſon of a hundred, that are commonly given in excuſe of Scribling. Not but that he loves his* Friends, *as well as any man, and has taken their Opinion along with him. Nor, but that he loves the* Publick *too (as many a Man does a Coy Miſtreſs that has made his heart ake.) But to paſs from what had* no effect *upon him in this* Publication, *to that which* over-rul'd *him in it. It was pure* Spite. *For he has had hard Meaſure among the* Phyſicians, *the* Lawyers, *the* Women, &c. *And* Dom Franciſco de Quevedo, *in* Engliſh, Revenges *him upon all his* Enemies. *For it is a* Satyre *(in fine) that taxes* Corruption of Manners, *in*

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in all ſorts *and* degrees *of people, without reflecting upon* particular States *or* Perſons. *It is full of* Sharpneſs *and* Morality; *and has found ſo good Entertainment in the World, that it wanted only* Engliſh, *of being baptiz'd into all* Chriſtian Languages.

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Errata.

PAge 14 line 24 read *a Lacquay*, p. 23 l. 25 d. *in*, p. 48. r. *Teize* for *ſeize*, p. 60 l. 5. r. *Potoſi* for *Potoſs*, p. 63 l. 24. r. *Government* for *Governments*, p. 71 l. 13 r. *ye* for *he*, p. 90 l. 19 r. *demurr'd* for *demurrer*, p. 149 l. penult. r. *His* for *This*, p. 160 l. 7 inſert *as*, p. 171 l. 4. inſert *night*, p. 180 l. 2 r. *Diſcourſe* for *Diſcourſes*, p. 192 l. 23 r. *This* for *it*, and dele *to us*, p. 263 l. 4 r. *now* for *no*, p. 284 l. 14 dele *and*. p. 319. l. 7. inſert *it*.

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THE FIRST VISION OF THE *Algouazil* (or Catchpole) poſſeſt.

I Was going t'other day to hear Maſs at a Convent in this Town, but the door it ſeems was ſhut, and a world of people preſſing and begging to get in; I aſk'd, What was the matter? They told me that there was a *Demoniac* to be *exorciſed* (or diſpoſſeſt): Whereupon, I thruſt into the Crowd for company, to ſee the Ceremony; but to little purpoſe: for after I had half ſmothered my ſelf in the throng, I was e'en glad to get out again, and bethink my ſelf of my Lodging. Upon my way homeward, at the ſtreets end, it was my fortune to meet a familiar friend of mine of the ſame Convent; who told me over again what I had heard before, and taking notice of my curioſity, bad me

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follow him; which I did, and with his *Passe-par-tout* he brought me through a little back-door into the Church, and so into the Vestry, where we saw a wretched kind of a dog-look'd fellow, with a Tippet about his neck, as ill ordered as you'd wish; his Cloaths all in tatters, his hands bound behind him, roaring and tearing after a most hideous manner. Bless me, quoth I, (crossing my self) what spectacle have we here? This (said the good Father who was to do the Feat) is a man that's possest with an *Evil-spirit*. That's a damn'd lye (with respect of the Company, cryed the Devil that tormented him) for this is not a *man* possest with a *Devil*, but a *Devil* possest with a *man*; and therefore you should do well to have a care what you say, for both by the Question and Answer it is most evident, that you are but a Company of Sots. You are to understand that we *Devils* never enter into the body of a *Catchpole*, but by force, and in spight of our hearts; and therefore to speak properly, you are to say, This is a *Devil Catchpol'd*, and not a *Catchpole bedevil'd*.

To

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To ſay the truth, you *men* can deal better with us *Devils*, than with the *Catchpoles*, for *we* fly from the Croſs, whereas *They* make uſe of it for a Cloak for their villany.

There is ſomewhat a better agreement, I muſt confeſs, between our Offices: If *we* draw men into *Judgment* and *Condemnation*, ſo do the *Catchpoles*; *we* pray for an encreaſe of *wickedneſs* in the world, ſo do *they*; nay and more zealouſly than *we*, for it is their *livelihood*, and *we* do it only for *company*: And in this, the *Catchpoles* are worſe than the *Devils*, *they* prey upon their own Kind, and worry one another; for *our* parts we are *Angels* ſtill, though *black ones*, and were turn'd into *Devils* only for aſpiring into an equality with our Maker: whereas *the very corruption of mankind is the generation of a Catchpole*; ſo that, my good Father, your labour is but loſt in plying this Wretch with Reliques; for you may as ſoon redeem any thing from Hell as (be it never ſo holy, if he once ſeizes it) out of his Clutches. In fine, your *Algouzils* (or *Catchpoles*) and your *Devils* are

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both of an Order, only your *Catchpole Devils* wear *Shoes* and *Stockings*, and *we* go *barefoot* after the Fashion of this reverend Father, and (to deal plainly) have a very hard time on't.

I was not a little surprized to find the *Devil* so great a Sophister, but all this notwithstanding, the holy man went on with his *Exorcism*, and to stop the Spirits mouth, washt his face with a little *Holy Water*, which made the *Demoniac* ten times madder than before, and set him a yelping so horridly, that it deafned the company, and made the very ground under us to tremble. And now, says he, you may, perchance, imagine this extravagance to be the effect of your *Holy Water*; but let me tell you, that meer *Water* it self would have done the same thing; for your *Catchpole* hates nothing in this world like *Water*, [especially that of a *Grays-Inne Pump*.] But to conclude, They are so reprobated a sort of *Christians*, that they have quitted even the very name of *Misins*, by which they were formerly known, for that of *Algonazils*; the latter being of *Pagan extraction*, and made suitable to their manners. Come,

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Come, come, ſays the Father, there is no ear, nor credit to be given to this Villain, ſet but his tongue at liberty, and you ſhall have him fall foul upon the Government, and the Miniſters of Juſtice, for keeping the World in Order and ſuppreſſing wickedneſs, becauſe it ſpoils his market. No more chopping of Logick, good Mr. *Conjurer*, ſays the *Devil*, for there's more in't than you are aware of; but if you'l do a poor *Devil*, a good office, give me my diſpatch out of this accurſed *Algouazil*; for I am a *Devil*, you muſt know, of *Reputation* and *Quality*, and ſhall never be able to endure the gibes and affronts will be put upon me at my return to Hell, for having kept this Raſcal company. All in good time, ſaid the *Father*, thou ſhalt have thy diſcharge, but in pity to this miſerable Creature, and not for thy own ſake. But tell me now, what makes thee torment him thus? Nothing in the world, quoth the *Devil*, but a conteſt betwixt him and me, which was the *greater Devil* of the *two*.

The Conjurer did not at all reliſh theſe wild and malicious replies; but to

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me the Dialogue was extream pleasant, especially being by this time a little familiariz'd with the *Devil*. Upon which confidence my *Good Father*, said I, here are none but Friends; and I may speak to you as my Confessour, and the Confident of all the secrets of my soul; I have a great mind with your leave, to ask the *Devil* a few Questions, and who knows but a man may be the better for his Answers, though perchance contrary to his intention! keep him only in the interim from tormenting the poor creature. The *Conjurer* granted my request, and the *Spirit* went on with his babble: Well, says he smiling, the *Devil* shall never want a Friend at Court, so long as there's a *Poet* within the Walls. And indeed the Poets do us many a good turn, both by Pimping and otherwise; but if you, said he, should not be kind to us, (looking upon me) you'l be thought very ungrateful, considering the honour of your entertainment now in Hell. I ask't him then what store of Poets they had? whole swarms, says the *Devil*; so many, that we have been forc'd to make more room

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room for them: Nor is there any thing in nature ſo pleaſant as a Poet in the firſt year of his probation; he comes ye laden forſooth with Letters of Recommendation to our Superiours, and enquires very gravely for *Charon*, *Cerberus*, *Rhadamanthus*, *Æacus*, *Minos*.

Well ſaid I, but what's their puniſhment (for I began now to make the *Poets* caſe my own) Their puniſhments, quoth the *Devil*, are many, and ſuited to the Trade they drive. Some are condemn'd to hear other mens works: (and this is the plague of the *Fidlers* too) We have others that are in for a thouſand year, and yet ſtill poring upon ſome old Stanzas they have made of Jealouſie. Some again are beating their fore-heads with the palms of their hands, and even boring their very Noſes with hot Irons, in rage that they cannot come to a reſolution, whether they ſhall ſay *Face* or *Viſage*; whether they ſhall write *Jayl* or *Gaol*; whether *Cony* or *Cunny*, becauſe it comes from *Cuniculus*, *a Rabbet*. Others are biting their Nails to the quick, and at their Wits end for a Rime to *Chimney*; and

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dozing up and down in a brown study, till they drop into some hole at last, and give us trouble enough to get them out again. But they that suffer the most, and fare the worst, are your Comick Poets, for whoring so many Queens and Princesses upon the stage, and coupling Ladies of Honour with Lacquies, and Noblemen with common Strumpets, in the winding up of their Plays; and for giving the Bastonado to *Alexander* and *Julius Cæsar* in their Interludes and Farces. Now be it known to you, that we do not lodge these with other *Poets*, but with *Petty-foggers* and *Attournies*, as common dealers in the mystery of Shifting, Shuffling, Forging, and Cheating: And now for the discipline of Hell, you are to understand we have incomparable *Harbingers* and *Quarter-masters*; insomuch that let them come in whole *Caravans*, as it hapn'd t' other day, every man is in his quarter before you can say what's this.

There came to us several Tradesmen; the first of them a Poor Rogue that made profession of *drawing the long Bow*; and him we were about to put

put among the Armorers, but one of the company moved and carried it, that ſince he was ſo good at draughts, he might be ſent to the *Clerks* and *Scriveners*; a ſort of people that will fit you with draughts good and bad, of all ſorts and ſizes, and to all purpoſes. Another called himſelf a *Cutter*, we ask'd him whether in *Wood* or *Stone*? Neither ſaid he, but in *Cloth* and *Stuffe*: (*Anglice* a *Taylor*) and him we turn'd over to thoſe that were in for Detraction and Calumny, and for cutting large Thongs out of other mens Leather. There was a *Blind fellow* would fain have been among the *Poets*, but (for likeneſs ſake) we quartered him among the *Lovers*. After him, came a *Sexton*, or (as he ſtyl'd himſelf) a *Buryer of the Dead*; and then a *Cook* that was troubled in Conſcience for putting off *Catts* for *Hares*: Theſe were diſpatch'd away to the *Paſtry-men*. A matter of half a dozen *Crack-brain'd Fools* we diſpoſed of among the *Aſtrologers* and *Alchymiſts*. In the number, there was one notorious *Murtherer*, and him we pack'd away to the Gentlemen

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of the Faculty, the *Physitians*. The *Broken Merchants* we kennel'd with *Judas* for making ill bargains. *Corrupt Ministers* and *Magistrates*, with the *Thief* on the left hand. The *Embroylers* of *Affairs*, and the *Water-bearers* take up with the *Vintners*; and the *Brokers* with the *Jews*. Upon the whole matter the policy of Hell is admirable, where every man has his place according to his condition.

As I remember (said I) you were speaking e'en now concerning *Lovers*. Pray tell me, have you many of them in your Dominions? I ask, because I am my self a little subject to the itch of *Love*, as well as *Poetry*. *Love* (says the Devil) is like a great spot of Oyl, that diffuses it self every where, and consequently Hell cannot but be sufficiently stockt with that sort of Vermine. But let me tell you now, we have several sorts of *Lovers*; some dote upon themselves; others upon their *Pelf*; these upon their own *Discourses*; those upon their own *Actions*; and once in an Age perchance, comes a fellow that dotes upon his *own Wife*; but this is very rare,

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rare, for the Jades commonly bring their Husbands to repentance, and then the Devil may throw his Cap at them. But above all, for sport (if there can be any in Hell) commend me to those *Gawdy Mousieurs*, who by the variety of Colours and Ribbands they wear (*Favours* as they call them) one would swear, were only dress'd up for a *Sample*, or kind of *Inventory* of all the *Gew-Gaws* that are to be had for love or money at the *Mercers*. Others you shall have so overcharged with *Perrugue*, that you'l hardly know the *Head* of a *Cavalier*, from the ordinary *Block* of a *Tire-woman*. And some again you'd take for *Carriers*, by their pacquets and bundles of *Love-Letters*; which being made combustible by the fire and flame they treat of, we are so thrifty, as to employ upon the findging of their own Tailes, for the saving of better Fuel. But, oh! the pleasant postures of the Maiden-Lover, when he is upon the practice of the *Gentle-Learn*, and embracing the Air for his Mistress! Others we have that are condemn'd for *Feeling*, and yet never come to the *Touch*: These pass for a kind

a kind of *Buffon Pretenders*; ever upon the *Vigil*, and never arrive at the *Festival*. Some again have lost themselves with *Judas* for a *Kiss*.

One story lower is the abode of *contented Cuckolds*; a nasty poisonous place, and strewed all over with the Horns of Rams and Bulls, *&c.* Now these are so well read in Woman, and know their destiny so well before hand, that they never so much as trouble their heads for the matter. Ye come next to the *Admirers* of *old Women*; and these are wretches of so depraved an Appetite, that if they were not kept tyed up, and in Chains, they'd horse the very *Devils themselves*, and put *Barrabbas* to his Trumps, to defend his Buttocks: For the truth is, whatever you may think of a Devil, he passeth with them for a very *Adonis*, or a *Narcissus*.

So much for your Curiosity; a word now for your Instruction. If you would make an interest in Hell, you must give over that Roguy way ye have got of abusing the *Devils* in your Shews, Pictures, and Emblems: One while forsooth we are painted with *Claws*, or *Tarlons*,

lons, like *Eagles*, or *Griffons*. Another while we are dreſt up with *Tails*, like ſo many Hackney-Jades with their *Fly-ſlaps*: And now and then ye ſhall ſee a *Devil* with a *Coxcomb*. Now I will not deny, but ſome of us may indeed be very well taken for *Hermites*, and *Philoſophers*. Help us, if you can, in this particular, and you ſhall find one good turn paid with another. I was asking *Michael Angelo* here a while ago, why he drew the Devils in his Great Peice of the *Laſt Judgment*, with ſo many *Monkey Faces*, and *Jack-Pudding Poſtures*. His anſwer was, that he follow'd his Fancy, without any Malice in the World, for as then, he had never ſeen any Devils; nor (indeed) did he believe that there were any; but he has now learn'd the contrary to his coſt. There's another thing too we take extreamly ill, which is, that in your ordinary diſcourſes, ye are out with your Purſe preſently to every Raſcal, and calling of him *Devil*. As for Example. Do you ſee how this *Devil* of a *Taylor* has ſpoil'd my Suit? how the *Devil* has made me wait? how this *Devil* has couzen'd me, *&c.* whic

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is very ill done, and no small disparagement to our Quality, to be rank'd with *Taylors*: A company of Slaves, that serve us in Hell only for Brush-wood; and they are fain to beg hard to be admitted at all: though I confess they have *possession* on their sides, and *Custom*, which is *another Law*: Being in *possession* of Theft, and *stoln goods*; they make much more Conscience of keeping your *stuffs*, then your *Holidays*, grumbling and domineering at every turn, if they have not the same respect with the Children of the Family. Ye have another trick too, of giving every thing to the Devil, that displeases ye, which we cannot but take very unkindly. *The Devil take thee*, says one: A goodly present I warrant ye; but the *Devil* has something else to do, then to take and carry away all that's given him; if they'l come of themselves, let them come and welcome. Another gives that whelp of *Laquey* to the *Devil*; but the *Devil* will none of your *Laqueys*, he thanks ye for your love, for those Rogues are commonly worse than Devils, and to say the truth, they are

good

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good neither roſt nor ſodden. I give that *Italian* to the *Devil*, cryes a third; thank you for nothing: For ye ſhall have an *Italian* will *chouſe* the *Devil* himſelf, and take him by the Noſe like Muſtard. Some again will be giving a *Spaniard* to the *Devil*; but he has been ſo cruel wherever he has got footing, that we had rather have his Room then his Company, and make a Preſent to the *Grand-Signior* of his *Nutmegs*.

Here the Devil ſtopt, and in the ſame inſtant, there hapning a ſlight ſcuffle, betwixt a couple of conceited Coxcombs, which ſhould go foremoſt: I turn'd to ſee the matter, and caſt my Eye upon a certain *Tax-gatherer*, that had undone a Friend of mine: And in ſome ſort to revenge my ſelf of this *Aſs* in a *Lions Skin*, I ask't the *Devil*, whether they had not of that ſort of Blood-Suckers among the reſt, in their Dominions (an Informing, projecting Generation of men, and the very bane of a Kingdom.) You know little (ſays he,) if you do not know theſe vermine to be the right Heirs of Perdition, and that they claim Hell for their Inheritance:

tance: And yet we are now e'en upon the point of discarding them, for they are so pragmatical, and ungrateful, there's no enduring of them. They are at this present in Consultation about an *Impost* upon the *High-way* to *Hell*; and indeed payments run so high already, and are so likely to encrease too, that 'tis much fear'd in the end, we shall quite lose our Trading and Commerce. But if ever they come to put this in Execution, we shall be so bold, as to treat them next bout to the Tune of *Fortune my Foe*, &c. and make them cool their Heels on the wrong side of the Door, which will be worse then *Hell* to them, for it leaves them no retreat, being expell'd *Paradise*, and *Purgatory* already. This Race of Vipers, said I, will never be quiet, till they tax the way to Heaven it self. Oh, quoth the *Devil*, that had been done long since, if they had found the Play worth the Candles: but they have had a Factor abroad now these half-score years, that's glad to wipe his nose on his sleeve still, for want of a Handkerchief. But these new impositions, upon what I pray ye do they intend

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intend to levy them? For that (quoth the *Devil*) there's a Gentleman of the Trade at your Elbow can tell you all; pointing to my old Friend the Publican. This drew the Eyes of the whole Company upon him, and put him so damn'dly out of Countenance, that he pluck't down his Hat over his Face, clap't his tail between his Legs, and went his way; with which we were all of us well enough pleas'd, and then the *Devil* went on. Well (said the *Devil* and laught) my Voucher is departed ye see; but I think I can say as much to this point as himself; The Impositions now to be set on foot, are upon *bare-neck'd Ladies*, *Patches*, *Mole-skins*; *Spanish-paper*, and all the *Mundus Muliebris* more then what is necessary and decent; upon your *Tour à la mode*, and *Spring Garden-Coaches*; excess in *Apparel*, *Collations*, *Rich Furniture*, your *Cheating*, and *Blaspheming Gaming-Ordinaries*, and in general, upon whatsoever serves to advance our Empire; so that without a Friend at Court, or some good Magistrate to help us out at a dead lift, and stick to us, we may e'en

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put up our Pipes, and you'l find *Hell* a very *Desart*. Well said I, and methinks I see nothing in all this, but what is very reasonable; for to what end serves it but to corrupt good manners, stir up ill Appetites, provoke and encourage all sorts of Debauchery, destroy all that is good and Honourable in humane Society, and chalk out in effect the ready way to the Devil.

But you said something e'en now of Magistrates, I hope (said I) there are no *Judges* in Hell. You may as well imagine (cry'd the spirit) that there are no *Devils* there; for let me tell you (Friend mine) your *corrupt Judges* are the great *Spawners*, that supply our Lake; for what are those Millions of *Catchpoles*, *Proctors*, *Attorneys*, *Clerks*, *Barristers*, that come sailing to us every day in *Shoals*, but the *Fry* of such *Judges!* nay sometimes, in a lucky year, for *cheating*, *forging*, and *forswearing*, we can hardly find Cask to put them in.

From hence now (quoth I) would you infer, that there's no *Justice* upon the face of the Earth. Very right (quoth the

the Devil) for *Astræa* (which is the same thing) is fled long since to Heaven. Do n't ye know the story? no (said I) then (quoth the Devil) mind me and I'l tell ye it. Once upon a time *Truth* and *Justice* came together to take up their Quarters upon the Earth: But the One being naked, & the Other very severe and plain-dealing, they could not meet with any body that would receive them. At last, when they had wander'd a long time like Vagabonds in the open Air; *Truth* was glad to take up her Lodging with a *Mule*; and *Justice*, perceiving that though her *name* was much used for a Cloak to Knavery, yet that she her self was in no Esteem, bethought her self of returning to Heaven: and in order to her journey, she bad adieu in the first place to all Courts, Palaces, and great Cities, and went into the Country; where she met with some few poor simple Cotragers, that gave her entertainment; but *Malice*, and *Persecution*, found her out in the end, and she was banish'd thence too. She presented her self in many places, and people aske her what she was? She

answer'd them *Justice*, for she would not lye for the matter. *Justice* (cry'd they) *she is a stranger to us*; tell her *here's nothing for her*, and *shut the door*. Upon these repulses, she took wing, and away she went to Heaven, hardly leaving so much as the bare print of her footsteps behind her. Her *Name* however is not yet forgotten, and she's pictured with a Scepter in her hand, and is still called *Justice*; but call her what ye will, she makes as good a Fire in Hell as a *Taylor*; and for slight of hand, puts down all the Gilts, Cheats, Picklocks and Trepanners in the World: to say the truth, *Avarice* is grown to that height, that men employ all the faculties of Soul and Body to *Rob*, and *Deceive*. The *Leacher*, does not he steal away the honour of his Mistress? (though with her consent) The *Attorney* picks your Pocket, and shews you a Law for't; The *Comedian* gets your money and your time, with reciting other men's Labours; The *Lover* cozens you with his Eyes; The *Eloquent* with his Tongue; The *Valiant*, with his Arm; The *Musician*, with his Voice

and

and Fingers; The *Aſtrologer*, with his Calculations; The *Apothecary*, with Sickneſs and Health; The *Surgeon*, with Blood; and the *Phyſician*, with Death it ſelf; And in ſome ſort or other they are all cheats: But the *Catchpole* (in the name of *Juſtice*) abuſes you with his whole Man; He watches you with his Eyes; Follows you with his Feet; Seizes with his hands; Accuſes with his Tongue; And in fine, put it in your *Litany*, From *Catchpoles* as well as *Devils*, *Libera nos Domine.*

But how comes it (ſaid I) that you have not coupled the *Women* with the *Theeves*? for they are Both of a Trade. Not a word of *Women* as ye love me (quoth the Devil) for we are ſo tired out with their Importunities; ſo deaf'd with the Eternal Clack of their Tongues, that we ſtart at the very thought of them. And to ſay the Truth, *Hell* were no ill *Winter-Quarter*, if it were not ſo overſtock'd with that ſort of Cattle. Since the Death of the Witch of *Endor*, it has been all their buſineſs to improve themſelves in ſubtilety and malice, and to ſet us together

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by the Ears among our selves. Nay some of them are confident enough, to tell us to our Teeth, that when we have done our worst, they'l give us a *Rowland* for our *Oliver*. Only this comfort we have, that they are a Cheaper Plague to *Us* then they are to *You*; for we have no *Exchanges*, *Hide-Parkes*, or *Spring-Gardens* in our Territories.

You are well stored then with *Women* I see, but of which have you most (said I) *Handsome* or *Ill-favour'd*? oh, of the *Ill-favour'd* six for one (quoth the Devil.) For your *Beauties* can never want *Gallants* to lay their Appetites; and many of them, when they come at last to have their Bellies full, e'en give over the sport, Repent and 'scape; Whereas no body will touch the *Ill-favour'd* without a pair of Tongs; and for want of water to quench their fire, they come to us such *Skeletons*, that they are enough to affright the Devil himself. For they are most commonly old, and accompany their last groans with a Curse upon the younger, that are to survive them. I carryed away one t'other day of threescore and ten, that

I took juſt in the nick, as ſhe was upon a certain Exerciſe to remove Obſtructions: And when I came to land her; Alas for the poor woman! what a terrible fit had ſhe got of the *Tooth-Ach!* when upon ſearch, the Devil a Tooth had ſhe left in her head, onely ſhe belyed her Chops to ſave her Credit.

You have exceedingly ſatisfied me (ſaid I) in all your anſwers; but pray e once again, what ſtore of *Beggars* have ye in Hell? *Poor people* I mean. *Poor* (quoth the Devil) who are they? Thoſe (ſaid I) that have no Poſſeſſions in the World: How can that be, (quoth he) that thoſe ſhould be damn'd, that have nothing in the World? when men are onely damn'd for cleaving to't. And briefly, I find none of their names in our Books, which is no wonder, for he, that has nothing to truſt to, ſhall be left by the Devil himſelf in time of need. To deal plainly with you, where have ye greater Devils, than in your Flatterers, falſe Friends, lewd Company, Envious Perſon, than a Son, a Brother, or a Relation, that lyes in wait for your life to

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get your Fortune, that mourns over you in your sickness, and wishes you already at the Devil. Now the *Poor* have none of this; They are neither flatter'd, nor envy'd nor befriended, nor accompanyed: There's no gaping for their Possessions; and in short, they are a sort of people that live well, and dye better; and there are some of them, that would not exchange their Raggs, for Royalty it self: They are at liberty to go and come at pleasure, be it War or Peace; free from Cares, Taxes, and publick Duties. They fear no Judgments or Executions, but live as inviolable as if their Persons were Sacred. Moreover they take no thought for to morrow, but setting a just value on their hours, they are good Husbands of the present; considering that what is past, is as good as *Dead*, and what's to come *Uncertain*. But they say, *when the Devil preaches, the world's neer an End.*

The divine Hand is in this (said the Holy Man that perform'd the *Exorcism*) Thou art the Father of Lyes, and yet deliver'st truths, able to mollify and

and convert a Heart of stone. But do not you mistake your selves, (quoth the Devil) to suppose that your Conversion is my Business; for I speak these Truths to aggravate your Guilt, and that you may not plead ignorance another day, when you shall be call'd to answer for your Transgressions. 'Tis true, most of you shed tears at parting, but 'tis the Apprehension of Death, and no true Repentance for your sins that works upon you: For ye are all a pack of *Hypocrites*: Or if at any time you entertain those Reflections, your trouble is, That your Body will not hold out; and then forsooth ye pretend to pick a quarrel with the *Sin* it self. Thou art an *Impostor* (said the Religious) for there are many Righteous Souls, that draw their sorrow from another Fountain. But I perceive you have a mind to amuse us, and make us lose Time, and perchance your own hour is not yet come to quit the Body of this miserable Creature; however, I conjure thee in the name of the most High to leave tormenting him, and to hold thy Peace. The Devil obey'd; and the Good Father

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ther applying himself to us, My Masters (says he) though I am absolutely of Opinion that it is the *Devil* that has talkt to us all this while through the Organ of this unhappy wretch, yet he that well weighs what has bin said, may doubtless reap some benefit by the Discourse. Wherefore without considering whence it came; Remember, that *Saul* (although a wicked Prince) Prophesied; and that Honey has been drawn out of the Mouth of a Lyon. Withdraw then, and I shall make it my Prayer (as 'tis my hope) that this sad and prodigious spectacle may lead you to a true sight of your Errours, and in the end, to amendment of Life.

The end of the first Vision.

The

THE SECOND VISION OF DEATH and her EMPIRE.

MEan Souls do naturally breed ſad Thoughts, and in Solitude, they gather together in Troops to aſſault the Unfortunates; which is the Tryal (according to my Obſervation) wherein the Coward does moſt betray himſelf; and yet cannot I for my life, when I am alone, avoid thoſe Accidents and Surprizes in my ſelf, which I condemn in others. I have ſometime, upon Reading the Grave and Severe *Lucretius*, been ſeized with a ſtrange Damp; whether from the ſtriking of his Counſels upon my Paſſions, or ſome tacite reflection of ſhame upon my ſelf, I know not. Howèver, to render this Confeſſion of my weakneſs the more excuſable, I'l begin my Diſcourſe

course with somewhat out of that elegant and excellent Poet;

"*Put the Case* (sayes he) *that a Voice* "*from Heaven should speak to any of us* "*after this manner*; *What do'st thou ail*, "O Mortal Man, *or to what purpose is it*, "*to spend thy life in Groans, and Com-*"*plaints, under the apprehension of* Death? "*where are thy past Tears and Pleasures?* "*Are they not vanish't and lost in the Flux* "*of Time, as if thou hadst put Water into* "*a Sieve? Bethink thy self then of a Re-*"*treat, & leave the* World *with the same* "*content, & satisfaction, as thou wouldst* "*do a plentiful* Table, *and a jolly* Com-"pany *upon a full stomach. Poor Fool that* "*thou art! thus to Macerate and Torment* "*thy self, when thou may'st enjoy thy Heart* "*at Ease, and Possess thy Soul with Repose* "*and Comfort*, &c.

This passage brought into my mind, the words of *Job*. Cap. 14. and I was carried on from one Meditation to another, till at length, I fell fast asleep over my Book, which I ascribed rather to a favourable providence, then to my natural Disposition. So soon as my Soul felt her self at Liberty, she gave me

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me the entertainment of this following Comedy, my Phansy supplying both the Stage and the Company.

In the first Scene, enter'd a Troop of *Physicians*, upon their Mules, with deep Foot-cloths; marching in no very good Order, sometime fast, sometime slow, and to say the Truth, most commonly in a huddle. They were all wrinkled and wither'd about the Eyes; I suppose with casting so many sowre looks upon the Piss-pots and Close-stools of their Patients: bearded like Goats; and their Faces so overgrown with Hair, that their Fingers could hardly find the way to their Mouths. In their left hand they held their Reins, and their Gloves roul'd up together; and in the right, a Staffe *à la mode*, which they carryed rather for Countenance, then Correction; (for they understood no other Manege than the Heel) and all along, Head and Body went too, like a Baker upon his Panniers. Divers of them I observ'd, had huge Gold Rings upon their Fingers, and set with Stones of so large a size, that they could hardly feel a Patients Pulse, without minding him of his

his Monuments. There were more than a good many of them, and a world of Puny Practisers at their heels, that came out *Graduates*, by conversing rather with the *Mules* than the *Doctors*: Well! said I to my self; if there goes no more than This to the making a *Physician*, it is no marvel we pay so dear for their Experience.

After These, follow'd a long Train of *Mountebank Apothecaries* laden with *Pestles*, and *Mortars*, *Suppositories*, *Spatulas*, *Glister-Pipes* and *Syringes*, ready charg'd, and as more as Gun-shot, and several *Tabled Boxes* with *Remedies without*, and *Poysons within*: Ye may observe that when a Patient comes to die, *the Apothecaries Mortar rings the Passing-Bell*, as the Priests *Requiem* finishes the business. An *Apothecaries Shop* is (in effect) no other than the *Physitians Armory*, that supplies him with Weapons; and (to say the truth) the *Instruments* of the *Apothecary* and the *Souldier* are much of a quality: What are their *Boxes* but *Petards*? their *Syringes*, *Pistols*; and their *Pills*, but *Bullets*? And after all, considering their

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Purgative Medicines, we may properly enough call their *Shops Purgatory*; and why not their *Persons Hell*? their *Patients* the Damn'd? and their *Masters* the *Devils*? These *Apothecaries* were in *Jacquets*, wrought all over with Rs, struck through like wounded hearts, and in the form of the first Character of their *Prescriptions*; which (as they tell us) signifies *Recipe* (*Take thou*) but we find it to stand for *Recipio* (*I take.*) Next to this Figure, they write *Ana*, *Ana*, which is as much as to say *An Ass*, *An Ass*; and after this, march the *Ounces* and the *Scruples*: an incomparable Cordial to a dying man; the former to dispatch the *Body*, and the *latter*, to put the *Soul* into the high-way to the *Devil*. To hear them call over their *Simples*, would make you sweat, they were raising so many *Devils*. There's your *Opoponax*, *Euphthalmus*, *Astaphylinos*, *Alectorolophos*, *Ophioscorodon*, *Anthemosphorus*, &c.

And by all this formidable Bombast, is meant nothing in the world but a few paltry Roots, as Carrots, Tasnets, Skirrets, Radish and the like. But they have

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have the old Proverb at their fingers ends, *He that knows thee will never buy thee*; and therefore every thing must be made a Mystery, to hold their Patients in ignorance, and keep up the Price of the Market. And were not the very names of their Medicines sufficient to fright away any Distemper, 'tis to be fear'd the Remedy would prove worse than the Disease. Can any pain in Nature, think ye, have the confidence to look a *Physitian* in the face, that comes arm'd with a Drug made of *Man's Grease*? though disguis'd under the name of *Mummy*, to take off the Horrour and Disgust of it: Or to stay for a dressing with Dr. *Whachums Plaster*, that shall fetch up a man's leg to the size of a Mill-post? When I saw these people Herded with the *Physitians*, methought the old sluttish Proverb, that says, *There is a great distance between the Pulse and the Arse*, was much to blame for making such a difference in their Dignities, for I find none at all; but the *Physitian* skips in a trice from the *Pulse* to the *Stool* and *Urinals*, according to the Doctrine of *Galen*, who sends

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ſends all his Diſciples to thoſe unſavoury Oracles: from whoſe hands the Devil himſelf, if he were ſick, would not receive ſo much as a Gliſter. Oh! theſe curſed and lawleſs Arbitrators and Diſpoſers of our Lives! that without either Conſcience or Religion, divide our Souls and Bodies, by their damn'd poyſonous *Potions*, *Scarifications*, *Inciſions*, *Exceſſive Bleedings*, &c. which are but the ſeveral wayes of executing their Tyranny and Injuſtice upon us.

In the tail of Theſe, came the *Surgeons*, laden with *Pincers*, *Cranes-bills*, *Catheters*, *Desquamatories*, *Dilaters*, *Sciſſers*, *Saws*; and with them, ſo horrid an outcry, of *Cut*, *Tear*, *Open*, *Saw*, *Flay*, *Burn*, that my Bones were ready to creep one into another for fear of an Operation.

The next that came in, I ſhould have taken by their *Min*, for *Devils* diſguiſed, if I had not ſpyed their Chains of Rotten Teeth, which put me in ſome hope they might be *Tooth-drawers*, and ſo they prov'd; which is yet one of the lewdeſt Trades in the world; for they

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are good for nothing but to depopulate our Mouths, and make us old before our time. Let a man but yawn, and ye shall have one of these Rogues examining his *Grinders*, and there's not a sound Tooth in your head, but he had rather see't at his Girdle, than in the place of its nativity: Nay, rather than fail, hee'l pick a quarrel with your *Gums*. But that which puts me out of all patience, is to see these Scoundrels ask twice as much for drawing an *old Tooth* as would have bought ye a *new One*.

Certainly (said I to my self) we are now past the worst, unless the Devil himself come next: And in that instant I heard the Brushing of *Guytars*, and the Ratling of *Citterns*, Raking over certain *Passacailles* and *Sarabands*. These are a Kennel of *Barbers* thought I, or I'l be hang'd; and any man that had ever seen a Barber's shop might have told you as much without a Conjurer, both by the Musick, & by the very Instruments, which are as proper a part of a *Barbers Furniture*, as his *Comb-Cases* and *Wash-balls*. It was to me a pleasant entertainment, to see them lather-

lathering of *Asses heads*, of all sorts and sizes, and their Customers all the while winking and sputtering over their Basons.

Presently after these, appear'd a Consort of *loud* and *tedious Talkers*, that tired and deafen'd the Company with their *shrill*, and *restless Gaggle*: but as one told me, these were of several sorts. Some they call'd *Swimmers* from the motion of their Arms in all their Discourses, which was just as if they had been *Padling*. Others they called *Apes*, (and we *Mimicks*) these were perpetually making of *Mopps*, and *Mowes*, and a thousand Antick Ridiculous Gestures, in derision and imitation of Others. In the third place, were *Make-Bates*, and *Sowers of Dissention*, and these were still Rolling their Eyes (like a *Bartlemey-Puppet*, without so much as moving the Head) and leering over their Shoulders, to surprize people at unawares in their Familiarities, and Privacies, and gather matter for *Calumny* and *Detraction*. The *Lyers* follow'd next; and these seem'd to be a jolly contented sort of People, well Fed, and well Clothed;

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and having nothing else to trust to, methought it was a strange Trade to live upon. I need not tell you, that they are never without a full Audience, since *all Fools and Impertinents are of their Congregation.*

After these, came a Company of *Medlers*; a Pragmatical Insolent Generation of men that will have an Oar in every Boat, and are indeed the Bane of honest Conversation, and the Troublers of all Companies and Affairs: The most Prostitute of all Flatterers; and only devoted to their own Profit. I thought this had been the last Scene, because no more came upon the Stage for a good while; and indeed I wonder'd that they came so late themselves, but one of the *Bablers* told me (unaskt) that this kind of Serpent carrying his Venome in his tayl, it seem'd reasonable, that being the most Poysonous of the whole Gang, they should bring up the Rear.

I began then to take into thought, what might be the meaning of this *Oglio* of People of several Conditions and Humours, met together; but I was quickly di-

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diverted from that Consideration, by the Apparition of a Creature which lookt as if 'twere of the Feminine Gender. It was a Person, of a thin and slender *make*; laden with *Crowns, Garlands, Scepters, Scythes, Sheep-hooks, Pattins, Hob-nail'd-shooes, Tiaras, Straw-hats, Miters, Mourmoth Caps, Embroideries, Skins, Silk, Wool, Gold, Lead, Diamonds, Shells, Pearl*, and *Pebles*: She was dreſt up in all the Colours of the Rainbow; she had one eye shut, the other open; young on the one side, and old o' the other. I thought at first, she had been a great way off, when indeed she was very neer me, and when I took her to be at my Chamber-door, she was at my Beds head. How to unridle this mystery I knew not; nor was it possible for me to make out the meaning of an Equipage so extravagant, and so fantastically put together. It gave me no affright however, but on the contrary I could not forbear laughing, for it came just then into my mind that I had formerly seen in *Italy* a *Farce*, where the *Mimick*, pretending to come from the

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other world, was just thus Accoutred, and never was any thing more Nonsensically pleasant. I held as long as I could, and at last, I askt what she was? she answer'd me, I am *Death*. *Death*! (the very word brought my Heart into my Mouth) and I beseech you Madam, quoth I (with great Humility and Respect) whither is your Honour a going? No further (said she) for now I have found you, I am at my Journey's End. Alas, Alas! and must I Dye then (said I) No, no, (quoth *Death*) but I'l take thee Quick along with me: For since so many of the *Dead* have been to visit the *Living*, It is but equal for once, that one of the *Living* should Return a Visit to the *Dead*. Get up then and come along; and never hang an Arse for the matter: for what you will not do willingly, you shall do in spight of your Teeth. This put me in a Cold Fit; but without more delay up I started, and desired leave only to put on my Breeches. No, no, (said she) no matter for Clothes, no body wears them upon this Road; wherefore come away, naked as you are, and you'l Travel the better.

So

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So up I got, without a word more and follow'd her; in such a Terrour, and Amazement, that I was but in an ill Condition to take a strict account of my Passage; yet I remember, that upon the way, I told her; Madam, under Correction, you are no more like the *Deaths* that I have seen, then *an Apple's like an Oyster.* Our *Death* is pictur'd with a *Scyth* in her hand; and a *Carkass* of bones, as clean, as if the Crows had pick'd it: Yes, yes (said she) turning short upon me, I know that very well: but in the mean time your Designers, and Painters, are but a Company of Buzzards. The *Bones* you talk of, are the Dead, or otherwise *the miserable Remainders of the Living*; but let me tell you, that you your selves are your own *Death*, and that which you call *Death, is but the Period of your Life, as the first moment of your Birth, is the beginning of your Death:* And effectually, ye *Dye Living*, and your *Bones* are no more then what *Death* has left, and committed to the Grave. If this were rightly understood, every man would find a *Memento Mori*, or a *Death's Head*

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in his own Looking-glass; and consider every house with a Family in't, but as a Sepulchre fill'd with Dead Bodies; a Truth which you little dream of, though within your daily View and Experience. Can you imagine a *Death* elsewhere, and not in your selves? Believe't y' are in a shameful mistake; for you your selves are *Skeletons* before ye are aware.

But Madam; under Favour, what may all these People be that keep your Ladiship Company? and since you are *Death* (as you say) how comes it, that the *Bablers*, and *Make-bates*, are neerer your Person, and more in your Good Graces, than the *Physicians*? Why (sayes she) there are more People *Talk'd* to Death and dispatcht by *Bablers*, then by all the Pestilential Diseases in the World. And then your *Make-bates*, and *Medlers* kill more then your *Physicians*, though (to give the Gentlemen of the Faculty their due) they labour night and day for the enlargement of our Empire. For you must understand, that though *distemper'd humours* make a man *sick*, 'tis the *Physician Kills* him; and looks

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looks to be well paid for't too: (and 'tis fit that every man ſhould live by his Trade) ſo that when a man is askt, what ſuch or ſuch a one dy'd of; He is not preſently to make anſwer, that he dy'd of a *Fever*, *Pleuriſie*, the *Plague*, *Purples*, or the like; but that *He dy'd of the Doctor*. In one point, however I muſt needs acquit the *Phyſician*; Ye know that the ſtile of *right Honourable*, and *right Worſhipful*, which was heretofore appropriate onely to Perſons of Eminent degree and Quality, is now in our days uſed by all ſorts of little people; Nay the very *Bare-foot Friers*, that live under Vows of *Humility* and *Mortification*, are ſtung with this Itch of *Title* and *Vain-Glory*. And your ordinary *Trades-men*, as *Vintners*, *Taylors*, *Maſons*, and the like, muſt be all dreſt up forſooth in the *Right Worſhipful*: whereas your *Phyſician* does not ſo much Court *Honour* of *Appellation* (though, if it ſhould rain Dignities, he might be perſwaded happily to venture the wetting) but ſits down contentedly with the *Honour* of diſpoſing of your *Lives* and *Moneys*, without troubling himſelf

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self about any other sort of Reputation.

The Entertainment of these Lectures, and discourses made the way seem short and Pleasant, and we were just now entring into a Place, betwixt Light, and Dark; and of Horrour enough, if *Death* and I had not by this time been very well acquainted. Upon one side of the Passage, I saw *three moving Figures*; *Arm'd*, and of *Humane shape*; and so alike, that I could not say which was which. Just Opposite, on the other side, a Hideous *Monster*, and these *Three* to *One*, and *One* to *Three*, in a Fierce, and Obstinate *Combate*. Here *Death* made a stop, and facing about, askt me, if I knew these People. Alas! No (quoth I) Heaven be praised, I do not, and I shall put it in my Litany that I never may. Now to see thy Ignorance, cry'd *Death*; These are thy old Acquaintance, and thou hast hardly kept any other Company since thou wert born. *Those Three* are, the *World*, the *Flesh*, and the *Devil*; the Capital Enemies of thy Soul: and they are so like one another, as well in Quality, as Appearance; that

that Effectually, whoever has One, has All. The Proud, and Ambitious man thinks he has got the *World*, but it proves the *Devil*. The *Lecher*, and the *Epicure*, perſwade themſelves that they have gotten the *Fleſh*, and that's the *Devil* too; and in fine, thus it fares with all other kinds of Extravagants. But what's He there, ſaid I, that appears in ſo many ſeveral ſhapes? and fights againſt the other three? That (quoth *Death*) is the *Devil* of *Money*, who maintains that *He* himſelf *Alone* is Equivalent to them *Three*, and that whatever *He* comes, there's no need of *Them*. Againſt the *World*, He argues from their own Confeſſion, and Experience: for it paſſes for an Oracle; that *There's no World but Money; He that's out of Money, 's out of the World. Take away a man's Money, and take away his Life. Money anſwers All things.* Againſt the *ſecond* Enemy, he pleads that *Money* is the *Fleſh* too: witneſs the *Girles* and the *Ganimedes* it procures, and maintains. And againſt the *Third*, He urges that there's nothing to be done without this *Devil* of *Money*. *Love does much*

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much but Money does All: And Money will make the Pot boyl, though the Devil piss in the Fire. So that for ought I see, (quoth I) *the Devil of Money has the better end of the staffe.*

After this, advancing a little further, I saw on One hand, *Judgment*; *and Hell*, on the other (for so *Death* called them) Upon the sight of *Hell*, making a stop, to take a stricter Survey of it, *Death* askt me, what it was I look't at? I told her, it was *Hell*; and I was the more intent upon it, because I thought I had seen it, somewhere else before. She question'd me, where? I told her, that I had seen it in the *Corruption* and *Avarice* of *Wicked Magistrates*; In the *Pride* and *Haughtiness of Grandees*; In the *Appetites* of the *Voluptuous*; In the *lewd Designs* of *Ruine*, and *Revenge*; In the *Souls* of *Oppressours*; and in the *Vanity* of divers *Princes*. But he that would see it whole, and Entire, in one subject, must go to the *Hypocrite* who *is a kind of a Religious Broker, and puts out at five and forty per Cent. the very Sacraments, and ten Commandments.*

I am very glad too (said I) that I have

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have seen *Judgment* as I find it here, in it's Purity; for That which we call *Judgment* in the World, is a meer Mockery: If it were like This, men would live otherwise than they do. To conclude; if it be expected that *our Judges* should govern Themselves and Us by *This Judgment*, the world's in an ill Case; for there's but little of't there. And to deal plainly, as matters are, I have no great maw to go home again: for 't is better being with the *Dead*, where there's *Justice*, then with the *Living*, where there's *None*.

Our next step was into a fair and spacious *Plain*, encompass'd with a huge wall, where he that's once in, must never look to come out again. Stop here (quoth *Death*) for we are now come to my *Judgment-Seat*, and here it is that I give *Audience*. The *Walls* were hung with *Sighs* and *Grones*, *Ill-News*, *Fears*, *Doubts*, and *Surprizes*. *Tears* did not there avail, either the *Lover* or the *Beggar*; but *Grief* and *Care* were without both *Measure* and *Comfort*; and serv'd as *Vermine*, to gnaw the Hearts of *Emperours*, and *Princes*, feeding upon the Insolent,

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Insolent, and Ambitious, as their proper Nourishment. I saw *Envy* there drest up in a *Widdow's Vail*, and the very Picture of the *Governant* of one of your Noblemen's Houses. She kept a Continual *Fast* as to the *Shambles*, *Preying* only upon *her self*; and could not but be a very *slender Gentlewoman*, upon so *spare* a *Diet*. Nothing came amiss to her *Teeth* (*Good* or *Bad*) which made the whole set of them *Yellow* and *Rotten*, and the reason was, that though she *bit*, and set her *mark* upon the *Good*, and the *Sound*, she could never *swallow* it. Under her, sate *Discord*; the Legitimate Issue of her own Bowels. She had formerly convers'd much with *married people*, but finding no need of her there, away she went to *Colleges* and *Corporations*, where it seems they had more already than they knew what to do withall: and then she betook her self to *Courts*, and *Palaces*, and Officiated there, as the *Devil's Lieutenant*. Next to *Her*, was *Ingratitude*, and she out of a certain *Paste* made up of *Pride* and *Malice*, was moulding of *New Devils*. I was extreme glad of this Discovery,

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very, being of Opinion, till now, that the *Ungrateful* had been the *Devils Themselves*, because I read, that the *Angels* that *fell* were made *Devils* for their *Ingratitude*. To be short, the whole Place Eccho'd with *Rage* and *Curses*. *What a Devil have we here to do*, (said I) *does it rain Curses in this Country?* With that, a *Death* at my Elbow askt me, what a Devil I could expect else, in a place where there were so many *Match-makers*, *Attorneys*, and *Common-Barretters*; who are a Pack of the most Accursed Wretches in Nature? Is there any thing more Common in the World, then the Exclamations of *Husbands* and *Wives?* Oh! that *Damn'd Devil* of a *Pander*: *A heavy Curse upon that Bitch of a Bawd that ever brought us together. The Pillory and ten thousand Gibbets to boot, take that Pick-pocket Attorney, that advised me to this Law-suit; h'as ruin'd me for ever.* But pray'e (said I) what do all these *Match-makers* and *Attorneys* here together? Do they come for *Audience?* *Death* was here a little quick upon me, and called me Fool for so Impertinent a Question. If there were

no

no *Match-makers* (said she) we should not have the Tenth part of these *Skeletons*, and *Desperado's*. *Am not I here the fifth Husband of a woman yet living in the world, that hopes to send twice as many more after me, and drink Maudlin at the fifteenth Funeral?* You say well (said I) as to the business of *Match-makers*; But why so many *Petty-foggers* I pray'e? Nay then I perceive (quoth *Death*) now you have a mind to seize me; for that Rascally sort of Caterpillers have been my undoing. Had not a man better dye by the *Common Hangman*, than by the *Hand* of an *Attorney*? to be killed by *Falsities*, *Quirks*, *Cavils*, *Delays*, *Exceptions*, *Cheats*, *Circumventions*: Yes, yes, And it must not be deny'd, that these *Makers of Matches*, and *Splitters of Causes*, *are the Principal support of this Imperial Throne.*

At these words, I rais'd my Eyes, and saw *Death* seated in her Chair of state, with abundance of little *Deaths* crowding about her; As the *Death* of *Love*, of *Cold*, *Hunger*, *Fear*, and *Laughter*; All, with their several Ensigns and Devices.

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Devices. The *Death* of *Love*, I perceived, had very *little Brain*, and to keep her self in Countenance, she kept Company with *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*; *Hero* and *Leander*, and some *Amadis's* and *Palmerins d' Oliva*; all Embalm'd, steep'd in good Vinegar, and well Dry'd. I saw a great many other sorts of Lovers too, that were brought, in all Appearance, to their last Agonies, but by the singular Miracle of self-Interest recover'd, to the Tune of

Will, if Looking well won't move her,
Looking Ill prevail?

The *Death* of *Cold*, was attended by a many *Prelates*, *Bishops*, *Abbots*; and other *Ecclesiasticks*; who had neither Wives, nor Children, nor indeed any body else that cared for them, further than for their Fortunes. These, when they come to a Fit of *sickness*, are *Pillag'd* even to their *sheets* and *Bedding*, before ye can say a *Pater-noster*. Nay, many times they are *stript*, e're they are *Laid*, and destroy'd for want of Clothes to keep them warm.

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The *Death* of *Hunger* was encompassed with a Multitude of *Avaritious Misers*, that were *Cording* up of *Trunks*; *Bolting* of *Dores*, and *Windows*; *Locking* up of *Cellars*, and *Garrets*; and *Nailing* down of *Trap-doors*; *Burying* of Pots of *Money*, and starting at every Breath of Wind they heard. Their *Eyes* were ready to drop out of their heads, for want of *sleep*; their *Mouths* and *Bellies* complaining of their *Hands*, and their *Souls* turn'd into *Gold* and *Silver* (the Idols they ador'd.)

The *Death* of *Fear*, had the most *Magnificent Train* and *Attendance*, of all the rest, being accompanied with a great number of *Usurpers*, and *Tyrants*, who commonly do Justice upon Themselves, for the Injuries they have done to Others: Their own Consciences doing the Office of Tormentors, and Avenging their Publique Crimes by their Private Sufferings; for they live in a perpetual Anguish of Thought, with Fears and Jealousies.

The *Death* of *Laughter*, was the last of all, and surrounded with a Throng of people, *hasty* to *Believe*, and *slow* to *Repent*;

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Repent; *Living* without *fear* of *Justice*, and *Dying* without *hope* of *Mercy*. These are they that pay all their Debts and Duties with a Jest. Bid any of them give every man his Due, and Return what he has either Borrow'd, or wrongfully taken, His Answer is, *You'd make a man dye with Laughing*. Tell him, my Friend, You are now in years, *Your dancing dayes are done*, and your Body is worn out; what should such a *Scare-Crow* as you are, do with a Bed-fellow? Give over your Bawdy Haunts for shame, and don't make a Glory of a Sin, when you're past the Pleasure of it, and your self upon all Accompts contemptible into the Bargain. *This Fellow* (sayes He) *would make a man break his heart with Laughing*. Come, come, say your Prayers, and bethink your self of Eternity, you have one Foot in the Grave already, and 'tis high time to fit your self for the other World. *Thou wilt absolutely kill me with Laughing*. I tell thee *I'm as sound as a Roche*, and I do not Remember that ever I was better in my Life. Others there are, that, let a man advise them upon their *Death*

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Beds and even at the last Gasp, to send for a *Divine*, or to make some handsome *settlement* of their *Estates*. Alas, Alas! they'l cry; *I have been as bad as this many a time before*, and (with *Falstaffe's Hostess*) *I hope in the Lord there's no need to think of him yet*. These men are lost for ever, before they can be brought to understand their Danger. This Vision wrought strangely upon me, and gave me all the Pains and Marques Imaginable of a true Repentance. Well, (said I) since so it is, that man has but *one life* allotted him, and *so many Deaths*; but *one way into* the World, and so many *Millions out* of it, I will certainly at my Return make it more my Care than it has been to Live with a Good Conscience, that I may dye with Comfort.

These last words were scarce out of my Mouth, when the *Cryer* of the Court with a loud Voice, Called out, *The Dead, The Dead; Appear the Dead*. And so immediately, I saw the *Earth* begin to *Move*, and gently opening it self, to make way, first for *Heads* and *Arms*, and then by Degrees for the *whole Bodies*

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dies of *Men* and *Women*, that came out, half muffled in their Night-Caps, and ranged themſelves in excellent Order, and with a profound ſilence. Now (ſays *Death*) let every one ſpeak in his Turn; And in the inſtant, up comes One of the *Dead* to my very Beard, with ſo much Fury and Menace, in his Face and Action, that I would have given him half the Teeth in my Head for a Compoſition. Theſe *Devils* of the *World* (quoth he) what would they be at? my Maſters, cannot a poor Wretch be quiet in his Grave for ye? but ye muſt be Caſting your Scorns upon him, and charging him with things that upon my Soul, he's as Innocent of as the Child that's Unborn. What hurt has he done any of you (ye Scoundrels you) to be thus Abuſed. And I beſeech you, Sir, ſaid I (under your Favourable Correction) who may you be? for I confeſs I have not the Honour either to Know or to underſtand ye. I am (quoth he) the Unfortunate *Tony*, that has been in his Grave now this many a fair year, and yet your wiſe Worſhips forſooth have not wit enough to make your

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Selves and your Company merry, but *Tony* must still be one half of your Entertainment and Discourse. When any man plays the *Fool* or the *Extravagant*, presently He's a *Tony*. Who drew this or that Ridiculous Piece? *Tony*. Such or such a one was never well taught: No, he had a *Tony* to his Master. But let me tell ye, He that shall call your Wisdoms to shrift, and take a strict accompt of your words and actions, will upon the Upshot find you all a Company of *Tonys*: and in Effect the *Greater Impertinents*. As for Instance; *Did I ever make Ridiculous Wills* (as you do) *to oblige others to pray for a man in his Grave, that never pray'd for Himself in his Life? Did I ever rebell against my Superiors? Or, was I ever so arrant a Coxcomb, as by colouring my Cheeks and Hair, to imagine that I could reform Nature, and make my Self young again? Can ye say, that I ever put an Oath to a Lye? or, broke a solemn Promise, as you do every day that goes over your Heads? Did I ever enslave my self to money? Or, on the other side, make Ducks and Drakes with it? and squander it away in Gaming, Revel-*

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Revelling, and Whoring? Did my Wife ever wear the Breeches? Or, did I ever marry at all, to be reveng'd of a false Mistress? Was I ever so very a fool as to believe any man would be True to me, who had betray'd his Friend? Or, to venture all my Hopes upon the Wheel of Fortune? Did I ever envy the Felicity of a Court-life, that sells and spends all for a Glance? What pleasure did I ever take in the lewd Discourses of Hereticks *and* Libertines? *Or, did I ever List my self in the party, to get the name of a* Gifted-Brother? *Who ever saw me Insolent to my Inferiors, or Basely Servile to my betters? Did I ever go to a Conjurer, or to your Dealers in Nativities, and Horoscopes upon any Occasion of Loss or Death? Now if you your selves be guilty of all these Fopperies, and I innocent, I beseech ye where's the* Tony? So that you see *Tony* is not the *Tony* you take him for. But (to Crown his other Vertues) he is also endued with so large a stock of Patience, that whoever needed it, had it for the asking: Unless it were such as came to borrow money; or in Cases of Women, that claim'd Marriage of him;

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or *Laquais* that would be making sport with his Bauble; and to These, He was as Resolute as *John Florio.*

While we were upon this Discourse, another of the Dead came marching up to me, with a Spanish pace and gravity; and giving me a Touch o'the Elbow; *Look me in the Face* (quoth he with a stern Countenance) *and know Sir, that you are not now to have to do with a Tony.* I beseech your Lordship (said I, saving your Reverence) let me know your Honour, that I may pay my Respects accordingly; for I must confess, I thought all people here had been, *Hail fellow well met*? I am call'd, (quoth he) by mortals, *Queen Dick*; and whether you know me or not, I'm sure you'l think of me often enough: and if the Devil did not possess ye, you would let the Dead alone, and content your selves to persecute One Another. Ye can't see a High-crown'd Hat, a Thred-bare Cloak, a Basket-hilt Sword, or a Dudgeon Dagger, nay not so much as a Reverend Matron well stricken in years, but presently ye cry This or That's of the Mode or Date of

Queen

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Queen Dick. If ye were not every Mother's Child of ye ſtark mad, ye would confeſs that *Queen Dick's* were Golden-daies to thoſe ye have had ſince, and 'tis an eaſie matter to prove what I ſay. Will ye ſee a Mother now teaching her Daughter a Leſſon of good Government? *Child* (ſays ſhe) *you know that modeſty is the great Ornament of your Sex; wherefore be ſure, when ye come in Company, that you don't ſtand ſtaring the men in the Face, as if ye were looking Babies in their Eyes, but rather look a little Downward, as a Faſhion of Behaviour, more ſutable to the Obligations of your Sex.* Downward? (ſays the Girl) I beſeech you, Madam, Excuſe me: This was well enough in the Days of *Queen Dick*, when the poor Creatures knew no better. Let the Men look downward toward the Clay of which they were made, but Man was our Original, and it will become us to keep our Eyes upon the matter from whence we came. If a Father give his Son in Charge, *to Worſhip his Creator, to ſay his Prayers Morning and Evening, to give Thanks before and after Meat, to have a*

care

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care of Gaming and Swearing. Ye shall have the Son make Answer, that 'tis true, this was practis'd in the time of *Queen Dick*; but it is now quite out of Mode: And in plain *English*, men are better known now a daies by their *Atheism* and *Blasphemy*, than by their *Beards*.

Hereupon, *Queen Dick* withdrew, and then appear'd a large *Glass-bottle*, wherein was Luted up (as I heard) a famous *Necromancer*, hackt and minc'd according to his own Order, to render him Immortal. It was boiling upon a Quick fire, and the Flesh by little and little began to piece again, and made first an Arm, then a Thigh, after That a Leg; and at last there was an entire Body, that rais'd it self upright in the Bottle. Bless me (thought I!) what's here? A *man* made of a *Pottage*, and brought into the world out of the Belly of a Bottle? This Vision affrighted me to the very Heart; and while I was yet panting and trembling, a voice was heard out of the Glass. *In what year of our Lord are we.* 1636 (quoth I) And welcome, said he; for 'tis the happy

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py year I have longed for this many a day. Who is it, I pray'e (quoth I) that I now see and hear in the belly of this Bottle? I am (said he) the Great *Necromancer* of *Europe*; and certainly you cannot but have heard both of my Operations in General, and of this particular Design. I have heard talk of you from a Child (quoth I) but all those stories I took only for old Wives Fables. You are the man then it seems: I must confess that at first, at a Distance I took this bottle for the Vessel that the Ingenious *Rablais* makes mention of; but coming neer enough to see what was in it, I did then imagine it might be some *Philosopher by the fire*, or some *Apothecary* doing Penance for his Errors. In fine, it has cost me many a heavy step to come hither, and yet to see so great a Rarity I cannot but think my Time and Pains very well bestow'd. The *Necromancer* call'd to me then to unstop the Bottle, and as I was breaking the Clay to open it: Hold, Hold a little, He cry'd; and I prethee tell me first how go squares in *Spain*? What Mony? Force? Credit? The *Plate-Fleets* go

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and come (said I) reasonably well; but the Forreigners that come in for their snips have half spoil'd the Trade. The *Genoeses* run out as far as the mountains of *Potos*, and have almost drain'd them dry. My Child (quoth He) That Trade can never be secure and open, so long as *Spain* has any Enemy that's Potent at Sea. And for the *Genoeses*, they'l tell you this is no Injustice at all, but on the Contrary, a new way of quitting old scores, and justifying his Catholick Majesty for a good Pay-master. I am no Enemy to that Nation, but upon the Accompt of their Vices and Encrochments; and I confess, rather than see these Rascals prosper, I'd turn my self into a *Bouillon* again, as ye saw me just now; nay, I did not care if 'twere into a *Powder*, though I ended my daies in a *Tobacco-box*. Good Sir, (said I) comfort your self, for these people are as miserable as you'd wish them. You know they are *Cavaliers and Signeurs* already, and now (forsooth) they have an Itch upon them to be *Princes*: A vanity that gnaws them like a *Cancer*; and by drawing on great Expences, breeds

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a Worm in their Traffick, ſo that you'l find little but Debt and Extravagance at the foot of the Accompt. And then the *Devils* in them for a Wench, inſomuch, that 'tis well, if they bring both ends together; for what's gotten upon the *Change* is ſpent in the *Stews*.

This is well (quoth the *Necromancer*) and I'm glad to hear it. Pray'e tell me now, what price bears *Honour and Honeſty* in the World? There's much to be ſaid (quoth I) upon that point: but in brief, there was never more of it in *Talk*, nor leſs in *Effect*. Upon my *Honeſty* cries the *Tradeſman*: Upon my *Honour*, ſays his *Lordſhip*. And in a word, Every man has it, and Every thing is it, in ſome diſguiſe or other: but duly conſider'd, there's no ſuch thing upon the Face of the Earth. The *Thief* ſays 'tis more *Honourable* to *Take* than *Beg*. He that aſks an *Alms*, pleads that 'tis *Honeſter* to *Beg* than *Steal*. Nay the *Falſe Witneſſes* and *Murtherers* themſelves, ſtand upon their points, as well as their Neighbours, and will tell ye that a *Man* of *Honour* will rather be *buried alive* than *Submit*: (though they will

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will not alwayes do as they say) Upon the whole matter, every man sets up a *Court of Honour* within *himself*; pronounces every thing *Honourable* that serves his *Purpose*, and laughs at them that think otherwise. To say the Truth, All things are now *Topsy Turvy*. A good *Faculty* in *Lying* is a fair step to *Preferment*; and to Pack a Game at Cards, or help the frail Dye, is become the *Marque*, and *Glory* of a *Cavalier*. The *Spaniards* were heretofore, I confess, a very Brave, and well govern'd People: But they have Evil Tongues among them now adays, that say they might e'en go to School to the *Indians* to learn *Sobriety*, and *Vertue*. For they are not really *Sober*, but at their own Tables, which indeed, is rather Avarice, than Moderation; for when they Eat or Drink at another man's Cost, there are no greater Gluttons in the World; and for Fudling, they shall make the best *Pot-Companion* in *Switzerland* knock under the Table.

The *Necromancer* went on with his Discourse, and askt me what store of *Lawyers*, and *Attorneys* in *Spain* at present

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ſent ? I told him, that the whole world ſwarm'd with them, and that there were of ſeveral ſorts; ſome, by *Profeſſion*; Others, by *Intruſion*, and *Preſumption*; and ſome again by *Study*, but not many of the laſt, though indeed ſufficient of every kind to make the People pray for the *Egyptian Locuſts* and *Caterpillars* in Exchange for that *Vermine*. Why then (quoth the *Necromancer*) if there be ſuch Plagues Abroad, I think I had beſt e'en keep where I am. It is with *Juſtice* (ſaid I) as with *ſick men*; In time paſt, when we had fewer *Doctors* (as well of *Law* as of *Phyſick*) we had more *Right*, and more *Health*: but we are now deſtroy'd by *Multitudes*, and *Conſultations*, which ſerve to no Other end than to enflame both the *Diſtemper*, and the *Reckoning*. *Juſtice*, as well as *Truth*, went naked, *In the Dayes of Old*; One ſingle *Book* of *Laws* and *Ordinances*, was enough for the beſt Order'd Governments in the world. But *the Juſtice of our Age*, is trickt up with *Bills*, *Parchments*, *Writs*, and *Labels*; and furniſh't with Millions of *Codes*, *Digeſts*, *Pandects*, *Pleadings*,

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Pleadings, and Reports; And what's their use, but to make *wrangling* a *Science*? and to Embroil us in seditions, Suits, and Endless Trouble and Confusion. We have had more books publish't this last Twenty years, than in a Thousand before, and there hardly passes a Term without a New Author, in four or five Volumes at least under the Titles of *Glosses*, *Commentaries*, *Cases*, *Judgments*, &c. And the great strife is, who writes *Most*, not *Best*; so that the whole Bulk, is but a *Body* without a *Soul*, and fitter for a *Church-yard* than a Study. To say the Truth, These *Lawyers* and *Sollicitors*, are but so many *Smoak-Merchants*; *Sellers of Wind*, and *Troublers of the Publick Peace*. If there were no *Atturneys*, there would be no *Suits*; if no *Suits*, No *Cheats*, No *Serjeants*; No *Catchpoles*, No *Prisons*; If no *Prisons*, no *Judges*; No *Judges*, No *Passion*; No *Passion*, No *Bribery* or *Subornation*.

See now what a Train of Mischiefs one wretched *Pettyfogger* draws after him! If you go to him for Counsel, he hears your Story, Reads your Case,

and

and tells you very gravely: Sir, This is a Nice point, and would be well handled; Wee'l see what the Law says. And then he runs ye over with his Eye and Finger, a matter of a Hundred Volums, grumbling all the while, like a Cat that Claws in her Play 'twixt jest and Earnest. At last, down comes the Book, he shews ye the Law, bids ye leave your Papers, and hee'l study the Question. But your Cause is very good (sayes he) by what I see already, and if you'l come again in the *Evening*, or *to morrow morning*, I'le tell ye more. But pardon me, Sir, now I think on't, I am so full of Business at present, It cannot be till *Munday Next*, and then I'm for ye. When ye are to part, and that you come to the Greasing of his Fist; (The best Thing in the World both for the Wit, and Memory) *Good Lord! Sir* (says he) *what do ye Mean? I beseech you Sir*; *Nay, pray'e Sir*, and if he spyes you drawing back, the Paw opens, seizes the *Guinneys*, *and Good morrow Country man*; sayst thou me so? (quoth the good Fellow in the Glas) stop me up close again as thou lov'st me then:

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for the very Air of these Rascals will poyson me, if ever I put my Head out of this Bottle, till the whole Race of them be extinct. In the mean time, take this for a Rule. *He that would thrive by Law, must fee his Enemies Counsel as well as his own.*

But now ye talk of great Cheats; what News of the Venetians? Is *Venice* yet in the World or no? *In the World* do ye say? Yes, marry Is't (said I) and stands just where it did. Why then (quoth He) I prethee give it to the Devil from me as a Token of my Love; for 'tis a Present equal to the severest Revenge. Nothing can ever destroy that Republick but Conscience; and then you'l say 'tis like to be Long-liv'd; for if every man had his own, it would not be left worth a Groat. To speak freely, 'tis an od kind of *Common-wealth*. 'Tis the very *Arsegut*, the *Drain* and *Sink* of *Monarchies*, both in War and Peace. It helps the *Turk* to Vex the *Christians*, and the *Christians* to Gall the *Turk*, and maintains it self to torment Both. The *Inhabitants* are neither *Mores* nor *Christians*,

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ans, as appears by a *Venetian Captain*, in a *Combat* againſt a *Chriſtian Enemy*: *Stand to't my Maſters* (*ſays he*) *Ye were Venetians before ye were Chriſtians.*

Enough enough, of This, cry'd the *Necromancer*, and tell me, how ſtand the people affected? what *Malecontents* and *Mutiners? Mutiny* (ſaid I) is ſo Univerſal a Diſeaſe, that every Kingdom is (in Effect) but a Great Hoſpital, or rather a Bedlam (for all men are mad) to entertain the Diſaffected. There's no ſtirring for me then (quoth the *Necromancer*) but pray'e commend me however to thoſe buſy Fools, and tell them, that carry what Face they will, there's *Vanity and Ambition* in the *Pad. Kings* and *Princes* have in their Nature much of *Quick-ſilver*. They are in *perpetual Agitation*; and without any *Repoſe*. Preſs them too hard, (that is to ſay beyond the Bounds of Duty and Reaſon) and they are loſt. Ye may obſerve, that your *Guilders*; and great Dealers in *Quick-ſilver*, are generally troubled with the *Palſy*; and ſo ſhould all *Subjects Tremble* that have to do with *Majeſty*, and better to do it at firſt, out

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of *Respect*, then *afterward*, upon *Force and Necessity*.

But before I fall to pieces again, as you saw me e'en now (for better so than worse) I beseech ye, One word more, and it shall be my Last. *Who's King of Spain now?* You know (said I) that *Phillip* the 3d. is *Dead*: Right (quoth he) A Prince of Incomparable Piety, and Vertue (or my stars deceive me) After him, (said I) came *Philip* the 4th. If it be so (quoth he) Break, break my Bottle immediately, and help me out; for I am resolv'd to try my Fortune in the world once again, under the Reign of that Glorious Prince. And with that word, he dash't the Glass to pieces against a Rock, crept out of his Case and away he ran. I had a good mind to have kept him Company; but as I was just about to start, Let him go, let him go, cry'd one of the Dead; (and laid hold of my Arm) He has Devillish Heeles, and you'l never overtake him.

So I staid, and what should I see next? but a wondrous Old Man, whose Name might have been *Bucephalus* by his *Head*, and

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and the Hair on his Face might very well have ſtuff'd a Couple of Cuſhions: take him together, and you'l find his Picture in the Map, among the *Savages*. I need not tell ye that I ſtared upon him ſufficiently; and he taking notice of it, came to me, and told me; Friend (ſays he) My Spirit tells me that you are now in Pain to know who I am; Underſtand, that my Name is *Noſtradamus*. Are you the Author then (quoth I) of that *Gallimaufry of Prophecyes* that's publiſh't in your Name? *Gallimaufry* ſay'ſt thou? Impudent and Barbarous Raſcal that thou art; to deſpiſe Miſteries, that are above thy Reach, and to Revile the Secretary of the Stars, and the Interpreter of the Deſtinyes; Who is ſo Brutal as to doubt the Meaning of theſe Lines?

From ſecond Cauſes This I gather,
Nought ſhall befal us, Good, or Ill,
Either upon the Land, or Water,
But what the Great Diſpoſer will.

Reprobated and beſotted Villains that ye are! what greater bleſſing

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could betide the world, then the Accomplishment of this Prophecy? would it not Establish Justice and Holyness, and suppress all the vile suggestions, and motions of the Devil? Men would not then any longer set their Hearts upon Avarice, Cozening and Extortion; and make Money their God; That Vagabond Money, that's perpetually trotting up and down like a wandring whore, and takes up most commonly with the unworthy, leaving the *Philosophers* and *Prophets*, which are the very *Oracles* of the *Heavens* (such as *Nostradamus*) to go barefoot. But let's go on with our *Prophecyes*, and see if they be so frivolous and dark, as the world reports them.

When the marry'd shall Marry,
Then the Jealous will be sorry.
And though Fools will be talking,
To keep their tongues walking;
No man runs well I find,
But with's Elbows behind.

This gave me such a Fit of Laughing, that it made me cast my nose up into the Air,

Air, like a Stone-horse that had got a Mare in the Wind: Which put the *Astrologer* out of all Patience. Buffon, and Dog-whelp, as ye are (quoth he) There's a Bone for you to pick; you must be snarling and snapping at every thing. Will your Teeth serve ye now to fetch out the Marrow of this Prophecy? Hear then in the Devils name, and be Mannerly. Hear, and Learn I say, and let's have no more of that Grinning, unless ye have a mind to leave your Beard behind he. Do you imagine that all that are *Marry'd*, *Marry*? No, not the one half of them. When you are *Marry'd*, the *Priest* has done his part; but after that, to *Marry*, is to do the Duty of a *Husband*. Alack! How many *Marry'd* men live as if they were single; and how many *Batchelors* on the other side, as if they were *Marry'd*! after the Mode of the Times. And *Wedlock*, to divers Couples, *is no other than a more sociable State of Virginity*. Here's one half of my Prophecy expounded already, now for the Rest. Let me see you run a little for Experiment, and try if you carry your El-

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bows before or behind. You'l tell me perhaps, that this is ridiculous, becauſe every body knows it. A pleaſant ſhift: As if Truth were the worſe for being Plain. The things indeed that you deliver for *Truths*, are for the moſt part meer *Fooleries* and *Miſtakes*; and it were a hard matter to put Truth in ſuch a Dreſs as would pleaſe ye. What have ye to ſay now, either againſt my Prophecy or my Argument? not a Syllable I warrant ye, and yet ſomewhat there is to be ſaid, for *There's no Rule without an Exception.* Does not the *Phyſician* carry his *Elbow before* him, when he puts back his hand to take his Patients Money? And away he's gone in a Trice, ſo ſoon as He has made his Purchaſe. But to proceed, here's another of my Prophecies for ye,

Many Women ſhall be Mothers,
And their Babbies,
Their N'own Daddies.

What ſay ye to this now? are there not many *Husbands* do ye think (if the Truth were known) that father *more*

Chil-

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Children than *their own?* Believe me (Friend) *A man had need have good security upon a Womans Belly*, for *Children* are commonly made in the *Dark*, and 'tis no easie matter to know the *Workman*, especially having nothing but the woman's bare word for't. This is meant of the Court of *Assistance*; And whoever Interprets my Prophesies to the Prejudice of any Person of Honour, abuses me. You little think what a world of our Gay folks in their *Coaches and six*, with *Lacquies* at their Heels by the Dozens, will be found *at the last Day*, to be only the *Bastards* of some *Pages*, *Gentlemen-Ushers*, or *Valets de Chambre* of the Family; nay perchance the *Physician* may have had his hand in the wrong Box, and in case of necessity, good Use has been made of a *Lusty Coachman*. Little do you think (I say) how many Noble Families upon that Grand Discovery, will be found Extinct for want of Issue.

I am now convinc'd (said I to the *Mathematician*) of the Excellency of your Predictions; and I perceive (since you have been pleas'd to be your own

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Interpreter) that they have more weight in them, than we were aware of. Ye shall have one more (quoth he) and I have done.

This Year, if I've any skill i'th' Weather,
Shall many a one take Wing with a Feather.

I dare say that your wit will serve ye now to Imagine, that I'm talking of *Rooks* and *Jack-daws*; but I say, No. I speak of *Lawyers*, *Attorneys*, *Clerks*, *Scriveners*, and their Fellows, that with the Dash of a *Pen*, can defeat their *Clients* of their *Estates*, and *flye away with them* when they have done.

Upon these words *Nostradamus* Vanisht, and some body plucking me behind, I turn'd my face upon the most meager, melancholick Wretch that ever was seen, and cover'd all in white. For pitty's sake (says he) and as you are a good Christian, do but deliver me from the Persecution of these *Impertinents* and *Bablers* that are now tormenting me, and I'l be your Slave for ever (casting himself at my Feet in the same Mo-

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Moment, and crying like a Child.) And what art thou (quoth I) for a miserable Creature? I am (says he) an Ancient, and an Honest man, although defam'd with a thousand Reproches and Slanders: And in fine, some call me *Another*, and others *Some-body*, and doubtless ye cannot but have heard of me. As *Some-body* says, cryes one, that has nothing to say for himself; and yet till this Instant, I never so much as open'd my mouth. The *Latines* call me *Quidam*, and make good use of me to fill up Lines, and stop Gaps. When you go back again into the World, I pray'e do me the Favour to own that you have seen me, and to justifie me for one that never did, and never will either speak or write any thing, whatever some Tatling Ideots may pretend. When they bring me into *Quarrels* and *Brawles*, I am call'd forsooth, *A certain Person*: In their *Intrigues*, *I know not who*: and in the Pulpit, *A certain Author*: and all this, to make a Mystery of my Name, and lay all their Fooleries at my Door. Wherefore I beseech ye help me; which I promis'd to do.

And

And ſo this Viſion withdrew to make Place for another,

And That was the moſt frightful piece of *Antiquity* that ever Eye beheld in the ſhape of an *Old Woman*. She came *nodding* towards me, and in a Hollow, Ratling Tone (for ſhe ſpoke more with her *Chops*, than her *Tongue*) Pray'e (ſays ſhe) Is there not ſome body come lately hither from the other World? This Apparition, thought I, is undoubtedly one of the *Devils Scare-Crows*. Her *Eyes* were ſo ſunk in their *Sockets*, that they lookt like a pair of *Dice* in the bottom of a couple of *Red-boxes*. Her *Cheeks* and the *Soles* of her *Feet*, were of the ſame *Complexion*. Her *mouth* was *pale*, and *open* too; the better to receive the *Diſtillations* of her *Noſe*. Her *Chin* was cover'd with a kind of *Gooſe-Down*, as *Toothleſs* as a *Lamprey*; and the *Flaps* of her *Cheeks* were like an *Apes Bags*; Her *Head danc'd*, and her *Voice* at every word *kept time* to't. Her *Body* was vail'd, or rather wrapt up in a ſhroud of *Cre'pe*. She had a *Crutch* in one hand, which ſerv'd her for a *Supporter*; and a *Roſary* in t'other,

t'other, of such a length, that as she stood stooping over it, a man would have thought she had been fishing for *Deaths Heads*. When I had done gaping upon This *Epitome* of *past-ages*; *Hola! Grannum* (quoth I, good lustily in her Ear, taking for granted that she was deaf) what's your Pleasure with me? with that she gave a Grunt and being much in wrath to be called *Grannum*, clapt a fair pair of Spectacles upon her *Nose*, and pinking through them; I am, quoth she, neither *Deaf*, nor *Grannum*; but may be called by my Name as well as my Neighbours (giving to understand, that Women will take it ill to be called Old, even in their very Graves. As she spake, she came still neerer me, with her Eyes dropping, and the smell about her perfectly of a Dead Body. I beg'd her Pardon for what was past, and for the future her Name, that I might be sure to keep my self within the Bounds of Respect. I am call'd (sayes she) *Doüegna*, or *Madam the Gouvernante*. How's that? quoth I, in a great Amazement. Have ye any of those Cattle in this Country?

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Let the Inhabitants pray heartily for Peace then; and all little enough to keep them quiet. But to see my mistake now. I thought the *Women* had *dyed*, when they came to be *Gouvernantes*, and that for the punishment of a wicked World, the *Gouvernantes* had been *Immortal*. But I am now better inform'd, and very glad truly to meet with a Person I have heard so much talk of. For with us, Who but *Madam the Gouvernante*, at every turn? Do ye see that *Mumping Hag*, cryes One? Come here ye *Damn'd Jade* cryes Another. That *Old Bawd*, layes a Third, has forgotten, I warrant ye, that ever she was a *Whore*, and now see if we do not remember ye! You do so, and I'm in your debt for your Remembrance, The *Great Devil* be your *Paymasters*, ye Son of a Whore, you; Are there no more *Gouvernantes* than my self? Sure there are, and ye may have your Choice, without Affronting me. Well, Well, (said I) have a little Patience, and at my Return, I'l try if I can put things in better Order. But in the mean time, what business have you here?

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here? her *Reverence* upon this was a little Qualified, and told me, that she had now been *eight hundred years* in *Hell*, upon a Design to erect an Order of the *Gouvernantes*; but the right *Worshipful the Devil-Commissioners*, are not as yet come to any Resolution upon the Point. For say they, if your *Gouvernantes* should come once to settle here, there would need no other Tormentors, and we should be but so many *Jacks out of Office*. And besides, we should be perpetually at *Daggers drawing* about the *Brands* and *Candles-Ends* which they would still be filching, and laying out of the way; and for us to have our Fewel to seek, would be very Inconvenient. I have been in *Purgatory* too (she said) upon the same Project, but there so soon as ever they set eye on me, all the Souls cry'd out Unanimously, *Libera Nos*, &c. As for *Heaven* That's no place for *Quarrels*, *Slanders*, *Disquiets*, *Heart-burnings*, and consequently None for *Me*. The *Dead* are none of my Friends neither, for They grumble, and bid me let them alone as they do me; and begon into the world

world again if I please, and there (they tell me) I may play the *Gouvernante in sæcula sæculorum.* But truly I had rather be here at my Ease, than spend my Life crumpling, and brooding over a Carpet at a bed-side, like a thing of Clouts, to secure the Poultry of the Family from strange Cocks, which would now and then have a Brush with a Virgin Pullet, but for the Care of the *Gouvernantes.* And yet 'tis she, good woman, beares all the blame, in Case of any Miscarriage: The *Gouvernante* was presently of the Plot, she *had a Feeling in the Cause, a Finger in the Pye.* And 'tis she in fine that must answer for all. Let but a Sock, and old Handkercher, the Greasy Lining of a Masque, or any such Frippery piece of business be missing; Ask the *Gouvernante* for This, or for That. And in short, they take us certainly for so many *Storks, and Ducks*, to gather up all the filth about the house. The *Servants* look upon us as *Spyes and Tell-tales*: My *Cousin* forsooth, and 'tothers *Aunt* dares not come to the house, for fear of the *Gouvernante.* And indeed I have

have made many of them *Croſs* themſelves, that took me for a Ghoſt. Our *Maſters* they curſe us too, for Embroyling the Family. So that I have rather Choſen to take up here, betwixt the *Dead* and the *Living*, than to return again to my Charge of a *Doüegna*, the very ſound of the Name being more Terrible than a Gibbet. As appears by one that was lately Travailing from *Madrid*, to *Vailladolid*, and asking where he might lodge that night. Anſwer was made at a ſmall Village call'd *Doüegnas*. But is there no other place (quoth he) within ſome reaſonable Diſtance, either ſhort or beyond it. They told him no, unleſs it were at a *Gallows*. That ſhall be my *Quarter* then (quoth he) for a *thouſand Gibbets* are not ſo bad to me as one *Doüegnas*. Now ye ſee how we are abus'd (quoth the *Gouvernante*) I hope you'l do us ſome Right, when it lyes in your Power.

She would have talk't me to Death, if I had not given her the ſlip upon the removing of her Spectacles; but I could not 'ſcape ſo neither, for looking about me for a Guide to carry me home

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again, I was arrested by one of the *Dead*; a good proper Fellow, only he had a pair of *Rams-horns* on his head, and I was about to salute him for *Aries* in the *Zodiac*: but when I saw him plant himself, just before me, with his *best Leg* forward, stretching out his Arms, Clutching his Fists, and looking as Soure as if He would have *Eaten* me without *Mustard*; Doubtless, (said I) *the Devil is Dead and This is He.* No, No, cry'd a by-stander, This is a *man*: Why then (sayd I) he's Drunk, I perceive, and *Quarrelsome in his Ale*, for here's no body has touched him. With that as he was just ready to fall on, I stood to my Guard, and we were arm'd at all points alike, only he had the Ods of the Head-piece. Now, Sirrah, (says he) *have at ye*, slave that you are to make a Trade of Defaming Persons of Honour. By the Death that Commands here, I'l ha' my Revenge, and *turn your skin over your Ears*: This Insolent Language stir'd my Choler I confess, and so I call'd to him; Come, come on, Sirrah; A little neerer yet, and if ye have a mind to be twice kill'd,

I'l

I'll do your business; who the Devil brought this *Cornuto* hither to trouble me? The word was no sooner out, but we were immediately at it, Tooth and Nail, and if his Horns had not been flatted to his head, I might have had the worst on't. But the whole King presently came in to part us, and did me a singular kindness in't, for my Adversary had a Fork, and I had none. As they were *staving and Tayling*, you might have had more manners (cry'd one) than to give such Language to your Betters, and to call *Don Diego Moreno, Cuckold*. And is this That *Diego Moreno* then, said I? Rascal that he is to charge me with abusing persons of Honour. A Scoundrel (said I) that 'tis a shame for Death to be seen in's Company, and was never fit for any thing in his whole life, but to furnish matter for a Farce. And that's my Grievance, Gentlemen, (quoth *Don Diego*) for which with your Leave he shall give me satisfaction. I do not stand upon the matter of being a *Cuckold*, for there's many a Brave fellow lives in *Cuckolds-Row*. But why does he not name *others*, as well as me?

me? As if the Horn grew upon no bodies head but mine: I'm sure there are Others that a Thousand times better deserve it. I hope, he cannot say that ever I gor'd any of my Superiors; or that my being *Cornuted* has rais'd the Price of *Post-horns*, *Lanthorns*, or *Pocket-Ink-horns*. Are not *shooing-horns*, and *Knife-handles* as cheap now as ever? Why must I walk the stage then more than my Neighbours? Beyond question there never liv'd a more peaceable Wretch upon the face of the Earth, all things consider'd, than my self. Never was man freer from *Jelousy*, or more careful to step aside at the Time of Visit: for I was ever against the spoiling of sport, when I could make None my self. I confess I was not so charitable to the poor as I might have been; The truth of't is, I watcht them as a Cat would do a Mouse, for I did not love them. But then in Requital, I could have out-snorted the seven sleepers, when any of the better sort came to have a word in private with my Wife. The short on't is, We agreed blessedly well together, she and I; for I did whatever

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ever she would have me: and she would say a Thousand and a Thousand times: *Long live my poor Diego, the best Condition'd, the most complaisant Husband in the World; whatever I do is well done, and he never so much as opens his mouth Good or Bad.* But by her leave that was little to my Credit, and the Jade when she said it, was beside the Cushion. For many and many a Time have I said, *This is Well*, and *That's Ill.* When there came any *Poets* to our house, *Fidlers* or *Morrice-Dancers*, I would say, *This is not well.* But when the *Rich Merchants* came; *Oh very good*, would I say, *This is as well, as well can be.* Sometime we had the hap to be visited by some *Pennyless Courtier*, or *Low-Country Officer* perchance; then should I take her aside, and Rattle her to some Tune: *Sweetheart*, would I say, *Pray'e what ha' we to do with these Frippery Fellows, and Damme Boyes, shake them off, I'd advise ye, and take this for a warning.* But when any came that had to do with the *Mint*, or *Chequer*, and spent freely, (for lightly come, lightly go) *I marry, my Dear* (quoth I) *there's*

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nothing to be lost by keeping such Company. And what hurt in all this now? Nay, on the Contrary, my poor Wife enjoy'd her self happily under the Protection of my shadow, and being a *Femme Couverte*, not an Officer durst come neer her. Why should then this *Buffon* of a *Poetaster* make *me* still the *Ridiculous Entertainment* of all his *Interludes* and *Farces*, and *the Fool in the Play?* By your Favour (quoth I) we are not yet upon even terms; And before we part, you shall know what 'tis to provoke a *Poet*. If thou wert but now alive, I'd *write* the to *Death*, as *Archilocus* did *Lycambes*. And I'm resolv'd to put the History of thy life in a Satyre, as sharp as Vinegar, and give it the Name of *The Life and Death of Don Diego Moreno*; It shall go hard, (quoth he) but I'l prevent That, and so We fell to't again, Hand and Foot, till at length the very Fancy of a Scuffle wak'd me, and I found my self as weary, as if it had been a Real Combat. I began then to reflect upon the Particulars of my Dream, and to Consider what Advantage

vantage I might draw from it: for the *Dead* are paſt *fooling*, and *Thoſe are the ſoundeſt Counſels, which we receive from ſuch as adviſe us without either Paſſion or Intereſt.*

The end of the ſecond Viſion.

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THE THIRD VISION OF THE LAST JUDGMENT.

HOmer makes *Jupiter* the Author, or Inſpirer of Dreams; eſpecially the Dreams of Princes and Governours; and if the matter of them be pious and important. And it is likewiſe the Judgment of the Learned *Propertius*, that *Good Dreams come from above, have their weight, and ought not to be ſlighted*. And truly I am much of his mind, in the Caſe of a Dream I had the other Night. As I was reading a Diſcourſe touching the *End of the World*, I fell aſleep over the Book, and Dreamt of *The Laſt Judgment*. (A thing which in the Houſe of a Poet is ſcarce admitted ſo much as in a Dream.) This Phanſie minded me of a Paſſage in *Claudian*; *That all Creatures dream*

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dream at Night of what they have heard and seen in the Day: as the Hound dreams of Hunting the Hare.

Methought I saw a very handsome Youth towring in the Air, and sounding of a Trumpet; but the forcing of his Breath did indeed take off much of his Beauty. The very Marbles, I perceived, and the Dead obey'd his Call; for in the same moment, the Earth began to open, and set the Bones at Liberty, to seek their Fellows. The First that appear'd, were *Sword-men*; As *Generals of Armies*, *Captains*, *Lieutenants*; *Common-Souldiers*; who supposing that it had *sounded a Charge*, came out of their Graves, methought, with the same Briskness and Resolution, as if they had been going to an Assault or a Combat. The *Misers* put their Heads out, all Pale and Trembling, for fear of a *Plunder*. The *Cavaliers* and *Good-Fellows* believed they had been going to a *Horse-Race*, or *a Hunting-match*. And in fine, though they all heard the *Trumpet*, there was not any Creature knew the meaning of it (for I could read their Thoughts by their Looks and Gestures.)

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ſtures.) After This, there appear'd a great many *Souls*; whereof ſome came up to their *Bodies*, though with much Difficulty and Horrour: Others ſtood wondring at a Diſtance, not daring to come near ſo hideous and frightful a Spectacle. This wanted an Arm, That an Eye, T'other a Head. Upon the whole, though I could not but ſmile at the Proſpect of ſo ſtrange a variety of Figures; yet was it not without juſt matter of Admiration at the *All-powerful Providence*, to ſee *Order* drawn out of *Confuſion*, and every part reſtor'd to the right Owner. I Dream'd my ſelf then in a *Church-Yard*; and there, methought, divers that were loth to appear, were changing of Heads; and an *Attorney* would have *Demurrer* upon Pretence that He had got a Soul was none of his Own, and that his Body and Soul were not fellows.

At length, when the whole Congregation came to underſtand that This was *the Day of Judgment*, it was worth the while, to obſerve what ſhifting and ſhuffling there was among the *Wicked*. The *Epicure* and *Whore-maſter* would not

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not own his *Eyes*, nor the *Slanderer* his *Tongue*, because they'd be sure to appear in Evidence against them. The *Pick-Pockets* ran away as hard as they could drive from their own *Fingers*. There was one that had been Embalm'd in *Egypt*, and staying for his *Tripes*, an Old Usurer askt him, if the *Bags* were to rise with the *Bodies*? I could have laught at this Question, but I was presently taken up with a Crowd of *Cut-purses*, running full speed from their own Ears (that were offer'd them again) for fear of the sad Stories they expected to hear. I saw all this from a Convenient Standing; and in the Instant, There was an Outcry at my Feet, *Withdraw, Withdraw*. The word was no sooner given, but down I came, and immediately a great many *Handsom Ladies* put forth their Heads, and call'd me Clown, for not paying them that Respect and Ceremony which belong'd to their Quality (now you must know that the *Women* stand upon their Pantoffles, even in Hell it self:) They seem'd at first very Gay and Frolick; and truly, well enough pleas'd to be

seen

seen Naked, for they were *clean-skin'd* and *well-made*. But when they came to understand that this was *the great Day of Accompt*; Their Consciences took Check, and all the Jollity was dasht in a moment: Whereupon they took to the Valley, miserably Listless and out of Humour: There was One among the rest, that had had *seven Husbands*, and promis'd every one of them never to marry again, for she could never love any thing else she was sure. This Lady was casting about for Fetches, and Excuses, and what answer she should make to that Point. Another that had been as Common as *Ratcliff Highway*, would *neither Lead nor Drive*, and stood *Huming* and *Hawing* a good while, pretending she had forgot her *Night-Gear*, and such Fooleries; but spight of her heart, she was brought at last within sight of the Throne; where she found a world of her old Acquaintance that she had carry'd part of their way to Hell; who had no sooner set Eye on her, but they fell a *Pointing* and *Hooting*, that she took up her Heels and Herded her self in a Troop of *Serjeants*.

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After This, I saw a many People driving a *Physician* along the bank of a River, and these were only such as He had unnecessarily dispatcht before their time. They follow'd him with Cries of, *Justice, Justice*, and forc'd him on toward the *Judgment-Seat*, where they arriv'd in the end with much ado. While This pass'd, I heard, methought, upon my left-hand a *Paddling* in the *Water*, as if one had been Swimming: and what should this be, but a *Judge* in the middle of a River washing and rinsing his hands, over and over. I askt him the meaning of it; and he told me, that in his life time he had been often dawb'd in the Fist, to make business slip the better, and he would willingly get out the Grease before he came to hold up his hand at the Bar. There follow'd next a Multitude of *Vintners* and *Taylers*, under the Guard of a Legion of *Devils*, arm'd with *Rods*, *Whips*, *Cudgels*, and other Instruments of Correction: and These Counterfeited themselves Deaf, and were very loth to leave their Graves, for fear of a worse lodging. As they were passing on, up started

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ſtarted a *little Lawyer* and askt whither they were going; They made anſwer, that they were going to give an accompt of their Works. With that the *Lawyer* threw himſelf flat upon his Belly in his hole again: if I am to go downward at laſt (ſays he) I am thus much onward of my way. The *Vintner* ſweat as he walkt, 'till one drop follow'd another; That's well done cry'd a *Devil* at's Elbow, to purge out thy water, that we may have none in our Wine. There was a *Tayler* wrapt up in *Sarcenets, crook-finger'd* and *Baker-leg'd*, ſpake not one word all the way he went, but *Alas! Alas!* how can any man be a *Thief* that dies for want of Bread? But his Companions gave him a Rebuke for Diſcrediting his Trade. The next that appeared were a *Band* of *High-way-men*, following upon the Heels one of another, in great Diſtruſt and Jealouſie of Thieves among themſelves. Theſe were fetcht up by a Party of Devils in the *turning of a Hand* and lodg'd with the *Taylers*; for (ſaid one of the Company) your *High-way-man* is but a *Wild Tayler*. They were a little Quarrelſome

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at first, but in the Conclusion, they went down into the Vally, and Kennell'd quietly together. After these came *Folly* with her Gang of *Poets*, *Fidlers*, *Lovers*, and *Fencers*: the People of all the World, that Dream the least of a Day of Reckoning; These were disposed of among the *Hangmen*, *Jews*, *Scribes*, and *Philosophers*. There were also a great many *Sollicitors* wondring among themselves, that they should have so much *Conscience* when they were *Dead*, and none at all *Living*. In fine, the *Word* was given, *Silence*.

The *Throne* being *erected*, and *the great Day come*: a Day of *Comfort* to the *Good*, and of *Terror* to the *Wicked*. The Sun and the Stars waited on the Foot-stool; the *Wind* was *still*; the *Water quiet*; the *Earth* in *suspense* and *Anguish* for fear of her *Children*: And in brief, the whole Creation was in Anxiety and Disorder. The *Righteous* they were employ'd in *Prayers* and *Thanksgivings*; and the Ungodly in framing of *shifts* and *Evasions*, to *Extenuate* their Pains. The *Guardian Angels* were at hand, on the one side to acquit themselves

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ſelves of their Duties and Commiſſions. And on the other ſide, were the *Devils* hunting for more matters of Aggravation and Charge againſt Offenders. The *Ten Commandments* had the Guard of a *Narrow-Gate*, which was ſo ſtrait, that the moſt mortify'd body could not paſs it, without leaving a good part of his ſkin behind him.

On one Hand, there were in Multitudes; *Diſgraces*, *Misfortunes*, *Plagues*, *Griefs*, and *Troubles*; All in a Clamour againſt the *Phyſicians*. The *Plague* Confeſt indeed, that ſhe had ſtruck many; but 'twas the *Doctor* did their buſineſs. *Melancholy* and *Diſgrace* ſaid the like; and *Misfortunes* of all ſorts made open Proteſtation, that they never brought any man to his Grave, without the Help and Advice of a *Doctor*. So that the *Gentlemen of the Faculty* were call'd to Accompt for thoſe they had kill'd. They took their Places upon a Scaffold, with Pen, Ink, and Paper about them; and ſtill as the Dead were call'd, ſome or other of them anſwered to the Name, and declar'd the Year and Day when ſuch a Patient paſs'd through his Hand.

They

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They began the Inquiry at *Adam*, who, methought, was severely chidden about an Apple. Alas! (cry'd *Judas* that was by) if that were such a fault, what will become of me that sold and betray'd my Lord and Master? Next came the *Patriarchs*, and then the *Apostles*, who took their Places by St. *Peter*. It was worth the Noting, that at this Day there was no Distinction between *Kings* and *Beggars*, before the *Judgment-Seat*. *Herod* and *Pilate*, so soon as they put out their Heads, found it was like to go hard with Them. My Judgment is Just (quoth *Pilate*.) Alack! (cry'd *Herod*) What am I to trust to? *Heaven* is no place for me, and in *Limbo* I should fall among the Innocents I have murder'd; so that without more ado I must e'en take up my Lodging in *Hell*: The Common Receptacle of notorious Malefactors.

There came in immediately upon this, a kind of a sowre rough-hewn fellow; Look ye (says he) stretching out his Arm, here are my Letters. The Company wonder'd at the Humour, and askt the Porter what he was; which

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he himself over-hearing, I am (quoth he) a *Master of the Noble Science of Defence*: and plucking out several seal'd Parchments, These (said he) are the Attestations of my Exploits. At which word, all his Testimonials fell out of his Hand, and a Couple of Devils would fain have whipt them up, to have brought them in Evidence against him at his Tryal; but the Fencer was too Nimble for Them, and took them Up himself. At which time, an *Angel* offer'd him his Hand to help him in; but He, for fear of an *Attaque*, leapt a step backward, and with great agility, *alonging* withall, Now (says he) if ye think fit, I'll give ye a Taste of my skill. The Company fell a laughing, and This Sentence was past upon him; *That since by his Rules of Art He had occasioned so many Duels and Murders, He should Himself go to the Devil by a Perpendicular Line.* He pleaded for Himself, that He was no *Mathematician*, and knew no such Line: but while the word was in his Mouth a Devil came up to him, gave him a turn and a half, and down he Tumbled.

After

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After Him, came the *Treasurers*, and with such a Cry following them, for what they had Cheated and Stoln; that some said, the *Thieves* were coming; Others said No; And the Company was divided upon't; They were much troubled at the word, *Thieves*, and desired the Benefit of Counsel to plead their Cause. And very good Reason (said one of the *Devils*) Here's a *Discarded Apostle* that has Executed both Offices, Let them take him, Where's *Judas?* When the *Treasurers* heard that, They turn'd aside, and by chance, spy'd in a Devil's Hand, a Huge Roll of *Accusations* ready drawn into a formal *Charge* against them. With That, One of the boldest among them: *Away, Away* (cry'd he) with these *Informations*; Wee'l rather come in and Compound, though it were for Ten or Twenty Thousand years in *Purgatory*. Ha! Ha! (quoth the Devil, a cunning Snap that drew up the Charge) If ye are upon those Terms, ye are hard put to't. Whereupon the *Treasurers*, being brought to a fore't Put, were e'en glad to make the best of a bad bargain, and follow the Fencer.

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These were no sooner gone, but in came an unlucky *Pastry-man*; They askt him, if he would be try'd. That's e'en as't hitts; (said he) At that Word, the Devil that manag'd the Cause against him, prest his Charge, and laid it Home to him, that He had put off *Catts* for *Hares*; and filled his *Pyes*, with *Bones* instead of *Flesh*; and not only so, but that he had sold *Horse-flesh*, *Dogs* and *Foxes* for *Beef* and *Mutton*. Upon the Issue, it was prov'd against him, that *Noah* never had so many *Animals* in his *Ark* as this poor fellow had put in his *Pyes*, (for we read of no *Rats* and *Mice* there) so that he e'en gave up his Cause, and went away to see if his Oven were hot. Next, came the *Philosophers* with their *Syllogisms*, and it was no ill Entertainment, to hear them *Chop Logic*, and put all their *Expostulations*, in *Mood* and *Figure*. But the Pleasanteſt people in the World, were the *Poets*; who insisted upon it, that they were to be try'd by *Jupiter*: And to the Charge of *Worshiping false Gods*, their Answer was, that through *Them* they worship't the *True*

One,

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One, and were rather mistaken in the *Name*, than in the *Worship*. *Virgil* had much to say for himself, for his *Sicelides Musæ*; But *Orpheus* interrupted him; who being *the Father of the Poets*, desir'd to be heard for them all. What, *He*? (cry'd one of the Devils) Yes; for teaching that *Boyes* were *better Bedfellows* than *Wenches*; But the *Women* had comb'd his Coxcomb for him, if they could have Catch't him. Away with him to Hell Once again then they cry'd; and let him get out now if He can. So they all fil'd off, and *Orpheus* was their *Guide*, because he had been there once before. So soon as the *Poets* were gone, there knockt at the Gate a Rich *Penurious Chuffe*; but 'twas told him, that the *Ten Commandments* kept it, and that he had not kept them. It is Impossible (quoth he) under favour, to prove that ever I broke any One of them. And so He went to Justify himself from Point to Point: He had done This and That; and He had never done That, nor T'other; but in the End, he was deliver'd over to be rewarded according to his Works. And then came

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on, a Company of *Houſe-breakers*, and *Robbers*: ſo Dextrous, ſome of them, that they ſav'd themſelves from the very *Ladder*. The *Scriveners*, and *Atturneys*, obſerving That; Ah! thought they; if we could but paſs for *Thieves* now! And yet they ſet a Face good enough upon the Buſineſs too. And then *Judas*, and *Mahomet*, taking Notice of their Confidence, began to hope well of Themſelves; for (ſaid they) We are well enough, if any of theſe fellows come off, whereupon they advanc'd boldly, with a Reſolution to take their Tryal: Which ſet the *Devils* all a laughing. The *Guardian-Angels* of the *Scriveners*, and *Atturneys*, mov'd that the *Evangeliſts* might be of their *Counſel*; which the *Devils* oppos'd; for (ſaid they) we ſhall inſiſt only upon matter of *Fact*, and leave them without any poſſibility of *Reply*, or *Excuſe*. We might indeed content our ſelves with the bare proof of what they are; for 'tis Crime enough that they are *Scriveners*, and *Atturneys*. With That, the *Scriveners* deny'd their Trade, alleging that they were *Secretaries*;

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taries; and the *Attorneys* call'd themselves *Sollicitors*. All was said, in Effect, that the Case would bear; but the best part of their Plea was *Church-membership*. And in fine, after several *Replications*, and *Rejoynders*, they were all sent to *Old Nick*; save only Two or Three, that found *Mercy*. Well (cry'd one of the *Scriveners*) This 'tis to keep ill Company. The *Devils* called out then, to clear the Bar, and said they should have occasion for the *Scriveners* Themselves, to enter *Protestations* in the Quality of *Publick Notaries*, against Lawless and Disorderly people: but the poor Wretches it seems, could not hear on that Ear. To say the Truth, the *Christians* were much more troublesome, than the *Pagans*, which the *Devils* took exceedingly Ill; but they had This to say for themselves, that they were *Christen'd* when they were *Children*, so that 'twas none of their Fault, and their *Parents* must answer for't. *Judas*, and *Mahomet* took such Courage, when they saw two or three of the *Scriveners*, and *Attorneys* sav'd, that they were just upon the point of *Challenging their Clergy*; but they were

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prevented by the *Doctor* I told ye of, who was set first to the *Bar*, in Company with an *Apothecary*, and a *Barber*, when a Certain *Devil*, with a great Bundle of *Evidences* in his hand, inform'd the Court, that the greatest part of the *Dead* there present, were sent thither by the *Doctor* then at the *Bar*, in Confederacy with his *Apothecary*, and *Barber*, to whom they were to acknowledge their Obligation for that fair Assembly. An *Angel* then interposing for the *Defendent*, recommended the *Apothecary* for a Charitable Person, and one that *Physick'd* the *Poor* for *nothing*; No matter for that, (cry'd the *Devil*); for I have him in my Books, and am able to prove, that he has killed more people with *two little Boxes*, then the *King of Spain* has done with *two thousand Barrels of Powder*, in the *Low-Country-Wars*. All his Medicines are corrupted, and his Compositions hold a perfect Intelligence with the Plague: He has utterly unpeopled a Couple of his Neighbour Villages, in a matter of three weeks time. The *Doctor*, he let fly upon the *Pothecary* too, & said, He would maintain against the whole College,

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College, that his *Prescriptions* were according to the *Dispensatory*: And if an *Apothecary* would play the *Knave*, or the *Fool*, and put in *This*, for *That*, he could not help it. So that without any more words, The *Pothecary* was put to the *Summer-salt*, and the *Doctor* and *Barber*, were brought off, at the Intercession of St. *Cosmus*, and St. *Damian*. After these, came a *Dapper Lawyer*, with a Tongue steep'd in Oyl, and a great Master of his Words, and Actions; A most Exquisite *Flatterer*, and no man better skill'd in the Art of moving the Passions than himself; or more ready at bolting a Lucky President at a dead lift; or at making the best of a Bad Cause; for he had all the shifts and starting-holes in the Law at his Fingers Ends: but all this would not serve, for the Verdict went against him, and He was *Order'd to pay Costs*. In that Instant, there was a Discovery made of a fellow that hid himself in a Corner, and look't like a *Spy*. They askt him, what he was? He made Answer, An *Empirick*; what (said a *Divel*) my Old Friend *Pantæus*: Alas! Alas! Thou hadst ten thousand

thousand times better be in *Covent-Garden* now, or at *Charing-cross*; for upon my word thou't have nothing to do here, unless, perhaps, for an Oyntment for a Burn, or so; And so *Pontæus* went his way. The next that appear'd, were a Company of *Vintners*, who were accused for *Adulterating*, and *mingling Water* with their *Wines*. Their Plea was, that in Compensation they had furnish't the *Hospitals* with *Communion-Wine* that was *Right*, upon *Free Cost*; but this Excuse signify'd as little, as that of the *Taylors* there present, who suggested, that they had *Cloth'd* so many *Friers*, *Gratis*; and so they were dispatch't away together. After These, follow'd a Number of *Banquiers*, that had turn'd *Bankrupt*, to cousen their *Creditors*; who finding there several of their old Correspondents, that they had reduced to a *Morsel of Bread*, began to treat of Composition: but One of the Devils presently cry'd out, All the Rest have had enough to do to answer for themselves; but these people are to Reckon for other men's scores, as well as their own. And hereupon, they

they were forthwith sent away to *Pluto* with Letters of Exchange; but as it happen'd at That time, the Devil was out of Cash.

After this, enter'd a *Spanish Cavalier*, as *Upright*, as *Justice* it self. He was a matter of a Quarter of an hour, in his *Legs*, and *Reverences*, to the Company. We could see no Head He had, for the Prodigious starcht Band he wore, that stood staring up like a *Turkey-Cock's tayl*, and Cover'd it. In fine, It was so Phantastick a Figure, that the Porter stood staring at it, and ask't if it were a *Man*, or No? It is a *Man* (quoth the *Spaniard*) *upon the Honour of a Cavalier*, and his name is *Don Pedro Rhodomontadoso*, &c. He was so long a telling his *Name*, and *Titles*, that one of the Devils burst out a laughing in the Middle of his Pedigree, and demanded, *What he would be at. Glory*; (quoth he) which they taking in the worse sense, for *Pride*, sent him away immediately to *Lucifer*. He was a little severe upon his Guides, for disordering his *Mustachoes*, but they help't him presently to a pair of *Beard-Irons*

to

to set Him Right, and all was well again.

In the next place, came a fellow, weeping, and wayling; but my Masters, (says he) my Cause is never the worse for my *Crying*, for if I would stand upon my Merits, I could tell ye that I have kept as good Company, and had as much to do with the *Saints*, as another Body. What have we here (cry'd one) *Diocletian*, or *Nero*? for They had enough to do with the Saints, though 'twere but to persecute Them. But upon the Upshot, what was this poor Creature, but a small *Officer*, that swept the Church, and dusted the Images and Pictures. His Charge, was for stealing the *Oyl* out of the Lamps, and leaving all in the Dark; pretending that the *Owles*, and *Jack-daws* had drunk it up. He had a Trick too of Clothing himself out of the *Church-habits*, which he got new-dy'd; And of *Crumming his Porrege with Consecrated Bread*, that he stole every *Sunday*. What He said for Himself, I know not: but he had his *Mittimus*, and took the Left-hand way at parting.

With

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With that, a voice was heard, *Make way there, Clear the Passage*: And this was for a *Bevy* of handsome, buxsome *Bona Roba's*, in their *Caps* and *Feathers*, that came *dancing*, *laughing*, and *singing* of *Ballads* and *Lampoons*, and as merry as the Day was long. But They quickly chang'd their Note, for so soon as ever they saw the Hideous Looks of the Devils, they fell into Violent Fits of the Mother; Beating their Breasts, and Tearing their Hair, with all the Horror and Fury Imaginable. There was an Angel offer'd in their Favour, that they had been great Frequenters of *Our Lady's Chappel*. Yes, yes (cry'd a Devil) *less of her Chappel, and more of her Virtue*, would have done well. There was a Notable Whipster, among the rest, that confest, the Devil had reason. And then her Tryal came on, for making a Cloak of a *Sacrament*; and only *Marrying*, that she might play the *Whore* with *Privilege*, and never want a *Father* for her *Bastards*. It was her fortune alone to be condemn'd; and going along, well, she cry'd! If I had thought, 'twould have come to This, I should ne're have trou-

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troubled my self with so many Masses.

And now, after long waiting, came *Judas* and *Mahomet* upon the Stage, and to them *Jack of Leyden*: Up comes an Officer, and askt which of the Three was *Judas?* I am He, quoth *Jack of Leyden*. Nay, but I am *Judas* cry'd *Mahomet*. They're a Couple of *Lying Rascals*, says *Judas* himself, for I am the man: only the Rogues make use of my Name to save their Credit. 'Tis True I sold my Master Once, and the World has ever since been the better for't: But these Villains sell Him and Themselves too, every hour of the Day, and there follows nothing but Misery and Confusion. So they were all Three packt away to their Disciples.

The Angel that kept the Book, found that the *Serjeants* and *Remembrancers* were to come on next; whereupon they were call'd, and appear'd: but the Court was not much troubled with them, for they confest Guilty at first word, and so were ty'd up without any more ado.

The next that appear'd was an *Astrologer*, loaden with *Almanacks*, *Globes*, *Astro-*

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Astrolabes, &c. making Proclamation as loud as He could bawl, that there must needs be a gross Mistake in the Reckoning, for *Saturn* had not finisht his Course, and the world could not be yet at an End. One of the Devils that saw how he came provided, and lookt upon him as his own already: A Provident Slave (quoth he) I warrant him, to bring his firing along with him. But This I must needs tell ye, (says he to the *Mathematician*) 'Tis a strange thing, ye should create so many *Heavens* in your *Life*, and go to the *Devil* for want of one after your *Death*. Nay, for *Going*, (cry'd the *Astrologer*) ye shall excuse me; but if you'l *Carry* me, *Well and Good*. And immediately Order was given to carry him away and Pay the Porter.

Hereupon methought, the Court rose, the Throne Vanisht; the Shadows and Darkness withdrew; the Air sweeten'd; the Earth was cover'd with Flowers; the Heavens Clear: And then I waked; not a little satisfy'd to find that after all this, I was still in my Bed, and among the Living. The Use I made

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made of my Dream was this: I betook my self presently to my Prayers, with a firm Resolution of changing my life, and putting my Soul into such a Frame of Piety and Obedience, that I might attend the coming of the Great Day with Peace and Comfort.

The end of the third Vision.

The

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THE FOURTH VISION OF LOVING FOOLS.

ABout four a Clock, in a Cold Frosty Morning, when it was much better being in a *Warm Bed*, with a *good Bedfellow*, then upon a *Biere* in the *Church-Yard*; as I lay advising with my Pillow, Tumbling and Tossing a Thousand Love-Toyes in my Head, I past from one Phansy to another, till at last, I fell into a slumber; and there appear'd the *Genius* of *Disabuse*; Laying before me all the *Follies*, and *Vanities* of *Love*; and supporting her Opinions, with great Authorities, and Reasons. I was carry'd then (methought I knew not how) into a fair Medow: A Medow, pleasant and agreeable infinitely beyond the very Fictions of your half-witted Poets,

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with all their far-fetch't Gildings, and Enamellings (for a Paper of Verſes is worth nothing with them, unleſs they force Nature for't, and Riffle both the *Indies*. This Delicious Field was water'd with *two Riv'lets*; the *One*, *Bitter*; the *Other*, *Sweet*; and yet they mingled their ſtreams with a pretty kind of Murmur, Equal perhaps to the beſt Muſick in the World. The uſe of theſe *Waters* was, (as I obſerv'd) to temper the Darts of *Love*; for while I was upon the Proſpect of the Place, I ſaw ſeveral of *Cupid's little Officers*, and ſubjects, dipping of *Arrows* there, for their Entertainment, and Eaſe. Upon this, I Phanſy'd my ſelf in one of the Gardens of *Cyprus*, and that I ſaw the very *Hive*, where the *Bee* liv'd, that ſtung my *Young Maſter*, and occaſion'd that Excellent Ode which *Anacreon* has written upon the Subject. The next thing I caſt my Eye upon, was a *Palace*, in the Mid'ſt of the Medow; a *rare piece*, as well for the *Structure*, as *Deſign*. The *Porches*, were of the *Doric Order*, excellently wrought; And the *Pedeſtals*, *Baſes*, *Columns*, *Corniſhes*, *Capitals*, *Architraves*,

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chitraves, *Freezes* (and in short the whole *Front* of the *Fabrick*) was Beautified with Imaginary *Trophies*, and *Triumphs* of *Love*, in *Half Relief*, which as they were intermixt with other Phantastick works and Conceits, carry'd the face of several little *Histories*, and gave a great Ornament to the Building. Over the *Porch*, there was in Golden Letters, upon black Marble, This Inscription.

This is call'd *Fools* Paradise,
From the *Loving Fools* that dwell in't:
Where the *great Fools* rule the *Less*,
The *Rest* Obey, and all do well in't.

The *Finishing*, and *Materials* were pleasant to Admiration. The *Portal*, *spacious*; the *Doors*, always *open*, and the *House* free to *all Comers*, which were very many; the *Porter's* place was supply'd by a *Woman*; Exquisitely handsome, both for *Face* and *Person*; *Tall*; *Delicately shap'd*, and set off with great Advantages of *Dress*, and *Jewells*. She was made up in fine, of Charmes, and her *Name* (as I understood) was

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Beauty. She would let any man in to see the House for a *Look*; and that was all I paid for my Passage. In the first Court, I found a many of Both Sexes, but so alter'd in habit, and Countenance, that they could scarce know one another. They were *sad*, *Pensive*; and their Complexions teinted with a yellow *Paleness* (which *Ovid* calls *Cupid's Livery*) There was no talk of being *True* to *Friends*; *Loyal* to *Superiors*; and *Dutiful* to *Parents*: But Kinred did the Office of *Procurers*; and *Procurers* were call'd *Cousins*. *Wives* lov'd their *Husbands She-Friends*, and *Husbands* did as much for *Them*, in loving their *Gallants*.

While I was upon the Contemplation of these Encounters of Affection, their appear'd a strange *Extravagant figure*, but in the likeness of a *Humane Creature*. It was neither perfectly *Man*, nor perfectly *Woman*, but had indeed a Resemblance of Both. This Person I perceiv'd was Ever busy, up and down, going and coming; beset all over with Eyes and Ears, and had one of the Craftiest distrustful Lookes (methought)

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thought) that ever I saw. And withal (as I observ'd) no small Authority in the Place, which made me enquire after this Creature's *Name*, and *Office*. My *Name* (quoth she) for now it prov'd to be a *Woman*) is *Jelousy*, and methinks, you and I should be better acquainted, for how come you here else? However, for your satisfaction; you are to understand that the greater part of the Distemper'd people you see here, are of my bringing; and yet I am not their *Physician*, but their *Tormentor*; and serve only to *aggravate*, and *Embitter* their *Misfortunes*. If you would know any thing further of the *House*, never ask me, for 'tis Forty to One I shall tell you a Lye; I have not told you half the Truth even of my self; and to deal plainly with you, I am made up of *Inventions*, *Artifice*, and *Imposture*: But the Good Old man that walks there, is the *Major Domo*, and will tell you all, if you will but bear with his slow way of Discourse.

Thereupon I went to the Good Man, whom I knew presently to be *Time*: and desir'd him to let me look into the se-

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veral Quarters and Lodgings of the Houſe, for there were ſome *Fools* of my Acquaintance there I'd fain Viſit; He told me that he was at preſent ſo buſie about making of *Candles*, *Cock-broths*, and *Gellies* for his Patients, that he could not ſtir; but yet he directed me where I might find all thoſe I inquired for, and gave me the freedom of the Houſe to walk at pleaſure.

I paſt out of the *Firſt Court*, into the *Maids-Quarter*, which was the very ſtrongeſt part of the whole Building; and ſo 't had need; for divers of the *Young Wenches* were ſo Extravagant and Furious, that no other place would have held them. (The *Wives* and *Widdows* were in another Room apart.) Here ye ſhould have *One*, ſobbing and raging with *Jelouſie* of a *Rival*. There *Another*, *Stark mad* for a *Husband*; and inwardly bleeding becauſe ſhe durſt not diſcover it. A *Third* was writing of Letters all *Riddle* and *Myſtery*, Mending and Marring, till at laſt the Paper had more *blots* than *whole words* in it. *Some* were practiſing in the *Glaſs* the *Graciqus Smile*, the *Rowle* of the *Eye*, the *Velvet*

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vet Lip, &c. Others again were in a Diet of *Oatmeal, Clay, Chalk, Cole, Hard Wax*, and the like. Some were conditioning with their Servants for a *Ball*, or a *Serenade*, that the whole Town might ring of the *Addreſs*. Yes, yes, they cry'd, *You can go to the* Park *with* This Lady, *and to a* Play *with* That Lady, *and to* Banſtead *with* T'other Lady, *and ſpend whole Nights at* Beſte *or* Ombre *with* my Lady Pen-Tweezel; *but by my Troth, I think you are aſham'd to be ſeen in my Company.* Some I ſaw upon the very point of *Sealing and Delivering. I am Thine* (crys one) *and Thine Alone, or let all the Devils in Hell, &c. But be ſure you be Conſtant. If I be not* (ſays he) *let my Soul, &c.* and the ſilly Jade believes him. In one Corner ye ſhould have them praying for *Husbands*, that they might the better love at *Randome*: In another, nothing would pleaſe them but to be *Marry'd-Mens Wives*, and this Diſeaſe was lookt upon as a little Deſperate. Some again ſtood ready furniſht with *Love-Letters* and *Tickets* to be caſt out at the Window, or thruſt under the Door, and Theſe were lookt upon not only as *Fools* but *Beaſts*.

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I had seen as much already as I desir'd, for I had learnt of Old, that *He that keeps such Company, seldom comes off without a scratcht face*: but if he misses a *Mistress*, he gets a *Wife*, and stands condemn'd to a *Repentance during Life*, without Redemption, unless One of the Two dies. For *Women* in the Case are worse than *Pyrats*; a *Gally-Slave* may compound for his *Freedom*, but there's no thought of *Ransom* in Case of *Wedlock*. I had a good mind to a little Chat with some of them, but (thought I) they'l Phancy I'm in Love with them. And so I e'en march'd off into the *Marry'd Quarter*.

Where there was such *Ranting*, *Damning*, and *Tearing*, as if *Hell* had been broke loose. And what was all This? but a number of *women* that had been lockt up and shackl'd by their *Husbands*, to keep them in Obedience, and had now broken their *Prisons*, and their *Chains*, and were grown ten times madder than before. Some I saw *Caressing* and *Cokesing their Husbands*, *in the very moment they design'd to betray them. Others* were *picking their Husbands Pockets*

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Pockets to pay now and then for a By-Blow. Some again were *upon a Religious point, and all upon the Humour (forsooth) of Pilgrimages and Lectures*; when alas! they had no other buſineſs with the *Altars* or *Churches*, than a *Sacrifice to Venus*, or a *Love-meeting*. Divers there were that went to the *Bath*; but *Bathing* was the leaſt part of their Errand. Others to *Confeſſion*, that miſtook their *Martyr* for their *Confeſſor*: Some to be reveng'd of *Jelous Husbands*, were reſolving to do the thing they fear'd; and pay them in their Coin. Others were for making ſure afore-hand by way of Advance; for that's the Revenge, they ſay, that's as ſweet as *Muſcadine and Eggs*. One was *Melancholy* for a *Delay*; Another for a *Defeat*; a Third is preparing to make her Market at a *Play*. There was One among the reſt, was never out of her *Coach*; and asking her the Reaſon, ſhe told me, ſhe lov'd to be Jolted. In this Crowd of *Women*, you muſt know that there were no *Wives* of *Embaſſadors*, *Souldiers*, or *Merchants* that were abroad upon *Commiſſion*; for ſuch were conſider'd in effect as *ſingle Women*,

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Women, and not allow'd as members of this Commonwealth.

The next Quarter was that of the *Grave* and *Wise*; *the Right Reverend Widdows*; *Women* in appearance of *Marvelous severity* and *reserve*, and yet every One of them had her weak side, and ye might read her *Folly* and *Distemper* through her *Disguise*. One of them I saw *crying with one Eye for the loss of one Husband*, and *laughing with t'other upon him that was to come next*. Another, with the *Ephesian Matron*, was *making the best of a bad Game*, and solacing her self with her *Gallant*, before her *Husband* was thorough *cold in the mouth*; considering, that *he that dy'd half an hour ago, is as dead as* William *the Conqueror*. There were several others passing to and again, quite *out of their mourning*, that lookt so demurely (I warrant ye) as if Butter would not have melted in their mouths, and yet *Apostate Widdows* (as I was told) and there they were kept as strictly, as if they had been in the *Spanish Inquisition*. Some were laying wagers, whose mourning was most *a-la-mode*, and best made;

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made; or whose *Peak* or *Veil* became her Best: and setting themselves off with a Thousand tricks of *Ornament* and *Dress*. The *Widdows* I observ'd that were marching off, with *the marque out of their mouths*, were hugely concern'd to be thought *Young*, and still talking of *Masques*, *Balls*, *Fiddles*, *Treats*; *Chanting* and *Jigging* to every tune they heard, and all upon the *Hoyty-Toyty* like *mad wenches of fifteen*. The *Younger*, on the other side, made use of their time and took pleasure while 'twas to be had. There were too of the *Religious strain*; a people much at their *Beads*, and in *private*; and These were there in the Quality of *Love-Hereticks*, *or Platonicks*, *and under the Penance of perpetual Abstinence from the Flesh they lov'd best* (which is the most *Mortifying Lent* of all Other) Some, that had skill in *Perspective*, were before the Glass with their *Boxes* of *Patch* and *Paint* about them; *Shadowing*, *Drawing out*, *Refreshing*, and in short, *Covering* and *Palliating*, all the *Imperfections* of *Feature* and *Complexion*, every one after her own Humour. Now these women were absolutely

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absolutely insufferable, for they were most of them *Old* and *Head-strong*, having got the *better* of their *Husbands*, so that they would be taking upon them to *domineer here*, as they had done at *home*; and indeed, *they found the Master of the College enough to do.*

When I had tyr'd my self with this Variety of *Folly* and *Madness*, I went to the *Devotes*; where I found a great many *women* and *girles* that had *Cloystered* up themselves from the Conversation of the *World*; and yet were not a jot *soberer* than their *Fellows*. These one would have thought might have been easily cur'd, but many of them were in for their Lives, in despight of Either *Counsel* or *Physick*. The Room where they were was *Barricado'd* with strong Bars of Iron; and yet when the Toy took them, They'd make now and then a *Sally*; for when the Fit was upon them, they'd own no *Superior* but *Love*, come what would on't in the Event. The greater part of these good People, were writing of *Tickets* and *Dispatches*, which had still *the sign of the Cross* at the *Top*, and *Satan* at the

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Bottom, concluding with This, or some such *Postscript*; *I commend this Paper to your Discretion.* The *Fools* of *This Province* would be *Twatling* Night and Day; and if it happen'd that any one of them had talkt her self a weary, (which was very rare) she would presently take upon her very gravely to admonish the Rest, and read a Lecture of *Silence* to the *Company.* There were some that for want of better Entertainment fell in Love with one another; but these were lookt upon as a sort of *Fops* and *Ninnys*, and therefore the more favourably us'd; but they'd have been of another mind, if they had known the Cause of their Distemper.

The Root of all these several Extravagancies was *Idleness*, which (according to *Petrarch's* Observation) never fails to make way for *wantonness.* There was One among the Rest, that had *more Letters of Exchange upon the Credit of her insatiable desires, than a whole Regiment of Banquiers.* Some of them were sick of their *Old Visiter*, and call'd for a *Freshman.* Others, by Intervals, I perceiv'd had their wits about them, and contented

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tented themſelves diſcreetly with *the Phyſician of the Houſe*. In ſhort, It e'en pity'd my heart to ſee ſo many poor people in ſo ſad a Condition, and without any hope of Relief, as I gather'd from him that had them in care: for they were ſtill Puddering and Royling their Bodies; and if they got a little Eaſe for the preſent, they'd be down again, as ſoon as they had taken their Medicine.

From thence, I went to the *ſingle women* (ſuch as made Profeſſion never to marry) which were the leaſt Outragious, and diſcompos'd of all; for they had a thouſand wayes to *Lay the Devil* as well as to *Raiſe* him. Some of them liv'd like *common High-way men*, *by Robbing Peter* to *Pay Paul*; and ſtripping honeſt men to cloth Raſcals, which is (under favour) but a lewd kind of Charity. Others there were, that were abſolutely out of their ſeven ſenſes, and as Mad as *March-Hares* for *This Wit*, and *t'other Poet*; that never fail'd to pay them again in *Rimes*, and *Madrigals*, with *Ruby Lips*; *Pearly Teeth*: ſo that to read their Verſes, a man would ſwear

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ſwear the whole woman to be directly *Petrify'd.*

Of Saphir fair, or Chryſtal cleer,
Is the Forehead of my Dear, &c.

I ſaw One in Conſultation with a *Cunning man* to know her *Fortune*; Another, dealing with a *Conjurer* for a *Philtre*, or *Drink* to make her Belov'd. A Third was *dawbing* and *patching* up an *Old ruin'd Face*, to make it freſh and young again: but ſhe might as well have been *waſhing of a Blackmoor to make him White.* In fine, a world there were, that with their *borrow'd Hair, Teeth, Eyes, Eye-Brows*, look't like fine folks at a Diſtance, but would have been left as Ridiculous, as *Æſop's Crow*, if every Bird had fetch't away his own Feather. 'Deliver me (thought I, ſmiling and ſhaking my head) if *This* be *Woman.*

And ſo I ſtep't into the *Men's Quarter* which was but next door, and only a Thick Wall between. Their great Miſery was that they were *deaf to good advice*, obſtinately *hating*, and *deſpiſing* both

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both *Physick*, and *Physician*: for if they would have either *quitted*, or *chang'd*, they might have been *cured*. But they chose rather to dye, and though they saw their Errour, would not mend it. Which minded me of the Old Rime:

Where Love's in the Case,
The Doctor's an Ass.

These *Fools-male* were all in the same Chamber; and one might perfectly read their *Humour*, and *Distemper*, in their *Looks* and *Gestures*. *Oh! how many a gay Lad did I see there, in his Poynt Band, and Embroyder'd Vest, that had not a whole Shirt to his Back! How many Huffes and Highboyes, that had nothing else in their Mouths, but the Lives and Fortunes they'd spend in their sweet Ladies service! that would yet have run five miles on your Errand, to have been treated but at a Three-penny Ordinary? How many a poor Devil that wanted Bread, and was yet troubled with the Rebellion of the Flesh!* Some there were, that spent much time in setting their

Perriques,

Perruques, Ordering the *Muſtache*, and dreſſing up the very face of *Lucifer* himſelf for a *Beauty:* (The Woman's Privilege, and in truth an Encroachment, to their prejudice) There were Others, that made it their Glory to paſs for *Hectors*; *Sons of Priam*; *Brothers of the Blade*; and Talk't of nothing but *Attacques*, *Combats*, *Reverſes*, *Stramazons*, *Stoccados:* not conſidering that *a Naked Weapon is preſent Death to a Timerous Woman.* Some were taking the Round of their *Ladies Lodgings*, at *Midnight*, and went to bed again as wiſe as they roſe. Others *fell in Love* by *Contagion*, and meerly converſing with the Infected. Some again went Poſt from *Church* to *Chappel*, every *Holy-day*, to hunt for a Miſtreſs; and ſo turn'd a Day of *Reſt* into a Day of *Labour.* Ye might ſee others ſkipping continually from houſe to houſe, like the *Knight* upon a *Cheſs-bord*, without ever catching the (Queen or) *Dame. Some, like crafty Beggars made their Caſe worſe then 'twas: And Others though 'twere ne're ſo bad, durſt not ſo much as open their Mouths.* Really it griev'd me for

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the poor *Mutes*, and I wish't with all my Heart, their *Mistresses* had been *Witches*, that *they might have known their Meaning by their Mumpings*; but they were lost to all Counsel, so that there was no advising them. There was another sort of *Elevated*, and *Conceited Lovers*: and These forsooth were not to be satisfy'd without the *Seven Liberal Sciences*, and *the Four Cardinal Vertues*, in the shape of a *Woman*; and their Case was Desperate. The next I observ'd, were a Generation of *Modest Fools*, that past there under the Notion of people *Diffident of Themselves*. They were generally men of good Underderstanding, but for the most part *Younger Brothers*, of *low fortunes*, and such as for want of wherewithal to go to the Price of *higher Amours*, were fain to take up with *Ordinary Stuffe*, that brought them nothing in the End, but *Beggery*, and *Repentance*. The *Husbands*, I perceiv'd, were horribly furious, although in *Manacles*, and *Shackles*. *Some of them left their own Wives, and fell upon their Neighbours*. Others to keep the *good Women* in *Awe* and *Obedience*,

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ence, would be taking upon them, and playing the *Tyrants*, but upon the Upshot they found their Mistake, and that though they came on as *fierce* as *Lions*, they went off as *Tame* as *Muttons*. Some were making Friendships with their *Wives She-Cousins*: and agreeing upon a *Cross-Gossipping* whoever should have the first Child.

The *Widdowers*, that had bit of the *Bridle*, past from place to place, where they staid more or less, according to their Entertainment, and so were in effect, *as good as marry'd*; *for as long, or as little a while as Themselves pleas'd*. These liv'd single, and spent their time in Visiting, first One Friend, then Another. Here they fell in *Love*; There they kindled a *Jelousy*, which they contracted Themselves in one place, and cur'd it in another. But the Miracle was, that they all knew, and confest themselves a Company of *Mad Fools*, and yet continu'd so. Those that had skill in *Musick*, and could either *Sing* or *Fiddle*, made use of their Gifts, to put the silly Wenches that were but *half Asop'd* before, directly *out of their Wits*.

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They that were *Poetical*, were perpetually hammering upon the Subjects of *Cruelty*, and *Disappointment*. One tells *his Good Fortune* to another, that requites him with the story of *his Bad*. They that had set their Hearts upon *Girls*, were beating the streets *all day*, to find what *Avennes* to a Lady's lodgings *at night*. Some were tampering and Caressing the *Chamber-maid*, as the ready way to the *Mistress*. Others chose rather to put it to the Push, and attempt the Lady Her self. Some were Examining their *Pockets*, and taking a View of their Furniture; which consisted much in *Love-Letters*, delicately seal'd up with *perfum'd Wax*, upon *Raw silk*; and a Thousand pretty Devices within; All wrap't up in *Riddle*, and *Cipher*. Abundance of *Hair Bracelets*, *Lockets*, *Pomanders*, *Knots of Ribband*, and the like. There were others, that were call'd *the Husband's Friends*, who were ready upon all Occasions to do This, and to do That Kindness for the *Husband*. *Their Purse*, *Credit*, *Coach and Horses*, were all at his service: And in the mean time, who but They to *Gallant*

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lant the *Wife?* To the *Park*, the *Gardens*, a *Treat*, or a *Comedy*: where forty to one, by the Greateſt good luck in the World, they ſtumble upon an Aunt, an old Houſe-Keeper of the Family, or ſome ſuch Reverend *Goer-between*, that's a well-willer to the Mathematicks; ſhe takes the hint, performs the Good Office, and the Work is done.

Now there were two ſorts of Fools for the *Widdows*; The one was *Belov'd*; and the Other *not*. The *latter* were content to be a kind of *Voluntary ſlaves*, for the compaſſing their Ends: but the *other*, were the Happier; for they were ever at perfect Liberty to do their Pleaſure, unleſs ſome Friend or Child of the Houſe perchance came in, in the Miſchievous Nick, and then in caſe of a little colour more than Ordinary, or a tumbled Handkercher, 'twas but changing the Scene and ſtrugling for a paper of Verſes or ſome ſuch buſineſs to keep all in Countenance. Some made their Aſſaults both with *Love*, and *Money*, and they ſeldom fail'd, for they came doubly arm'd; and *your Spaniſh Piſtols*

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are a sort of Battery hardly to be resisted.

I came now to reflect upon what I had seen, and as I was walking (in that Meditation) toward another lodging, I found my self (ere I was aware) in the *first Court* again; where I enter'd, and in it I observ'd new Wonders: I saw that the Number of the *Mad fools* increas'd every moment; Although Time (I perceiv'd) did all that was possible to recover them. There was *Jelousy* tormenting even those that were most confident of the Faith of what they lov'd. There was *Memory* rubbing of *Old sores*. There was *Understanding*, lock't up in a *dark Cellar*: and *Reason* with *both her Eyes out*. I made a little pause, the better to observe these Varieties, and Disguises. And when I had look't my self a weary, I turn'd about and spy'd a Door; but so Narrow that it was hardly passable; And yet streight as it was, divers there were that *Ingratitude*, and *Infidelity* had set at *Liberty*; and made a shift to get through. Upon which Opportunity of Returning, I made what haste I could to be One of the first at the Door,

Door, and in that Instant, my Man drew the Curtain of my Bed, and told me, the Morning was far gone. Whereupon I *wak'd*, and recollecting my self, found all was but a *Dream*. The very Phansy however of having spent so much time in the Company of Fools, and Madmen, gave me some Disorder, but with this Comfort, that both sleeping and waking, I had experimented *Passionate Love* to be nothing else then a meer *Phrensy, and Folly*.

The end of the fourth Vision.

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THE FIFTH VISION OF THE WORLD.

IT is utterly Impossible for any thing in this World to fix our *Appetites*, and *Desires*, but they are still flitting and restless like *Pilgrims*; delighted and nourish't with *Variety*: which shews how much we are mistaken in the Value and Quality of the things we covet. And hence it is, that what we *pursue* with the greatest *delight*, and *Passion* Imaginable, yields us nothing but *Satiety*, and *Repentance* in the *Possession*; yet such is the Power of these *Appetites* of ours, that when they *call*, and *command*; we *follow*, and *Obey*; though we find in the End, that what we took for a *Beauty* upon the *Chace*, proves but a *Carkass* in the *Quarry*; and we are sick

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ſick on't as ſoon as we have it. Now the *World*, that knows our *Palate*, and *Inclination*, never fails to feed the Humour, and to flatter, and entertain us, with all ſorts of *Change*, and *Novelty*; as the moſt certain Method of gaining upon our Affections.

One would have thought, that theſe Conſiderations might have put ſober Thoughts and Reſolutions in my Head, but it was my fate to be taken off, in the very Middle of my *Morality* and *Speculations*; and carry'd away from my ſelf by *Vanity*, and *Weakneſs*, into the wide world, where I was for a while after, not much unſatisfy'd with my Condition. As I paſt from one place to another, ſeveral that ſaw me (I perceiv'd) did but make ſport with me: for the further I went, the more I was at a loſs in that *Labyrinth* of *Deluſions*. One while, I was in with the *Sword-men* and *Bravoes*; up to the Ears in *Challenges*, and *Quarrels*; and never without an Arm in a Scarf, or a broken Head. Another Fit; I was never well, but either at the *Fleece-Tavern*, or *Bear* at *Bridg-foot*, ſtuffing my Guts with *Food*, and

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and *Tipple*, till the Hoops were ready to burst. Beside twenty other Entertainments that I found, every jott as Extravagant as these, which to my great Trouble and Admiration, left me not so much as one moment of Repose.

As I was in one of my unquiet, and pensive Moods; some body call'd after me and pluck't me by the Cloak: which prov'd to be *A person of a Venerable age; His Clothes miserably poor and Tatter'd; and his Face, just as if He had been Trampl'd upon in the Streets*, which did not yet hinder, but that *he had still the Ayr and Appearance of one that deserv'd much Honour and Respect.* Good Father, (said I to him) why should you envy me my Enjoyments? Pray'e let me alone, and do not trouble your self with me, or my doings. *You're past the pleasure of Life your self, and can't endure to see other people merry, that have the world before them.* Consider of it; you are now upon the point of leaving the world, and I am but newly come into't. But 'tis the Trick of all Old men to be carping at the Actions of their *Juniors.*

Son

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Son (said the old man, smiling) I shall neither hinder, nor envy thy Delights, but in pure pity I would fain reclaim Thee. *Do'st thou know the Price of a Day; an hour; or a Minute?* Did'st ever examine the value of *Time?* If thou had'st, thou would'st employ it better; and not cast away so many blessed Opportunities upon Trifles; and so Easily, and Insensibly, part with so inestimable a Treasure. *What's became of thy past hours? have they made thee a Promise, to come back again at a Call when thou hast need of them? Or, can'st thou show me which way they went?* No, No; They are gone without Recovery; and in their Flight, methinks, Time seems to turn his Head, and laugh over his shoulder, in Derision of those that made no better use of him, when they had him. Do'st thou not know, that all the Minutes of our life, are but as so many Links of a Chain, that has Death at the End on't? and every Moment brings thee nearer thy Expected End, which perchance, while the word is speaking, may be at thy very door: And doubtless at thy rate of Living, it will be

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be upon thee before thou art aware. *How ſtupid is He, that Dyes while he Lives, for fear of Dying! How wicked is He that Lives, as if He ſhould never Dye; and only fears Death when he comes to feel it!* which is too late for comfort, either to Body, or Soul: And He is certainly none of the Wiſeſt that ſpends all his days in Lewdneſs, and Debauchery; without conſidering, that of his whole Life, any Minute might have been his laſt.

My Good Father (ſaid I) I am beholding to you for your Excellent Diſcourſes, for they have deliver'd me out of the Power of a Thouſand Frivolous and Vain Affections, that had taken poſſeſſion of me. But who are You, I pray'e? And what is your Buſineſs here? *My Poverty and Theſe Rags*, quoth he, *are enough to tell ye that I am an honeſt man; a Friend to Truth, and one that will not be Mealy-Mouth'd, when he may ſpeak it to Purpoſe.* Some call me the *Plain-Dealer*; Others, the *Undeceiver General.* You ſee me all in *Tatters, Wounds, Scars, Bruiſes.* And what is all This, but the *Requital* the *World*

gives

gives me, for my *Good Counsel*, and *Kind Visits*? And yet after all this endeavour to get shut of me; they call themselves my *Friends*: though they Curse me to the Pit of Hell, as soon as ever I come neer them; and had rather be hang'd, then spend one Quarter of an hour in my Company. If thou hast a Mind to see the *World* I talk of, come along with me, and I'l carry thee into a place, where thou shalt have a full Prospect of it; and without any Inconvenience, see all that's in't; or in the People that dwell in't; and look it through and through. What's the Name of this place? quoth I. It is call'd, said he, *The Hypocrites Walk*; and it crosses the *World* from one Pole to t'other. It is *large*, and *Populous*; for I believe there's not any man alive, but has either a *House* or a *Chamber* in't. *Some* live in't for *altogether*; *Others* take it only in *Passage*: for there are *Hypocrites* of several sorts; but all Mortals have, more or less, a *Tang* of the *Leaven*. That fellow there in the Corner, came but t'other day from the *Plow-Tayl*, and would now fain be a *Gentleman*.

Gentleman. But had not he better pay his Debts, and walk alone, then *break* his *Promises* to keep a *Laquey*? There's another *Rascal* that would fain be a *Lord*; and would venture a Voyage to *Venice* for the *Title*, but that He's better at building Castles in the *Air*, then upon the *Water*. In the mean time, he puts on a *Nobleman's Face*, and *Garb*; he *swears* and *Drinks* like a *Lord*, and keeps his *Hounds* and *Whores*, which 'tis fear'd in the end, will devour their Master. Mark now that piece of *Gravity*, and *Form*; He *walks* ye see, as if he mov'd by *Clock-work*; His words are *few*, and *Low*; He makes all his Answers by a *Shrug*, or a *Nod*. This is the *Hypocrite* of a *Minister of State*; who with all his *Counterfeit* of *Wisdom*, is one of the veriest *Noddies* in Nature.

Face about now, and mind those Decrepit Sots there, that can scarce lift a Leg over a Threshold, and yet they must be *Dying* their *Hair*, *Colouring* their *Beards*, and playing the *young fools* again, with a Thousand *Hobby-horse Tricks*, and *Antick Dresses*. On the other side; Ye have a Company of *Silly Boys*, taking

taking upon them to govern the world, under a *Vizor* of *Wisdom*, and *Experience*. *What Lord is That* (said I) *in the Rich Clothes there, and the fine Laces?* That *Lord* (quoth he) is a *Taylor*, in his *Holy-day Clothes*; and if he were now upon his *Shop-board*, his own *Sciſſers* and *Needles* would hardly know him: And you muſt underſtand, that *Hypocriſy* is ſo *Epidemical* a Diſeaſe, that it has laid hold of the *Trades* themſelves, as well as the *Maſters*. The *Cobler* muſt be ſaluted, Mr. *Translator*. The *Groom* names himſelf *Gentleman of the Horſe*; The fellow that carries *Guts* to the *Bears*, writes, *One of his Majeſty's Officers*. The *Hangman* calls himſelf a *Miniſter of Juſtice*. The *Mountebank*, an *Able man*. A *Common Whore* paſſes for a *Courtiſan*. The *Bawd* acts the Puritan. *Gaming Ordinaries* are call'd *Academies*; and *Bawdy-houſes*, Places of Entertainment. The *Page* ſtiles himſelf the *Child of Honour*; and the *Foot-boy* calls himſelf *My Lady's Page*. And every *Pick-Thank* names himſelf a *Courtier*. The *Cuckold-maker* paſſes for *a Fine Gentleman*; and the *Cuckold* himſelf, for *the beſt natur'd Husbands*

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Husband in the World: And a very *Ass*, commences *Master-Doctor*. *Hocus Pocus Tricks* are call'd *Slight of Hand*; *Lust*, *Friendship*; *Usury*, *Thrift*; *Cheating* is but *Gallantry*; *Lying* wears the Name of *Invention*; *Malice* goes for *Quickness of Apprehension*; *Cowardice*, *Meekness* of *Nature*; and *Rashness* carryes the Countenance of *Valour*. In fine, this is all but *Hypocrisy*, and *Knavery* in a *Disguise*; for Nothing is call'd by the right Name. Now there are beside these, certain *General Appellations* taken up, which by long Usage, are almost grown into *Prescription*. Every *little Whore* takes upon her to be a *Great Lady*. Every *Gown-man*, to be a *Counseller*. Every *Huffe* to be a *Soldat*; Every *Gay thing* to be a *Cavalier*; Every *Parish-Clerk* to be a *Doctor*; and Every *writing-Clerk* in the *Office* must be call'd Mr *Secretary*.

So that *the whole world*, take it where you will, is but *a meer Juggle*; and you will find that *Wrath*, *Gluttony*, *Pride*, *Avarice*, *Luxury*, *Murther*, and a Thousand other Hainous sins; have all of them *Hypocrisy* for their *Source*, and thi-

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ther They'l return again. It would be well (said I) if you could prove what you say; but I can hardly see, how so great a *Diversity* of *Waters* should proceed from one *and the same Fountain.* I do not wonder (quoth he) at your Distrust, for you are mistaken in very good Company; to Phansy a *Contrariety* in many things, which are, in effect, so much *alike.* It is agreed upon, both by *Philosophers*, and *Divines*, that *all Sins are Evil*; and you must allow, that *the Will Embraces, or pursues, no Evil but under the Resemblance of Good:* Nor does the *Sin* lye in the *Representation*, or *Knowledg* of what is *Evil*, but in the *Consent* to it. Which *Consent* it self is *sinful*, although without any *Subsequent Act*: It's true the *Execution* serves afterward for an *Aggravation*, and ought to be consider'd under many *Differences*, and *Distinctions.* But in fine; Evident it is, that the *Will entertains* no *Ill*, but under th shape of some *Good.* What do ye think now of *the Hypocrite, that cuts your Throat, in his Arms, and Murders you, under pretence of Kindness? What is the Hope of*

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an Hypocrite? says *Job.* He neither has, nor can have any: For he is *Wicked* as he is an *Hypocrite*; and even his best Actions are worth nothing, because they are not what they seem to be. So that of all Sinners, he has the most to answer for. Other Offenders sin only *against God.* But the Hypocrite sins *with Him*, as well as *against Him*, making use of *his Holy Name* as a *Cloak* and *Countenance* for his *Wickedness.* For which reason, our Blessed Saviour, after many *Affirmative Precepts* deliver'd to his Disciples, for their *Instruction*; gave only *This Negative. Be not sad as the Hypocrites*: which lays them open in few words; And he might as well have said, *Be not Hypocrites and ye shall not be Wicked.*

We were now come to the Place the Old Man told me of, where I found all according to my Expectation, and took the higher ground, that I might have the better Prospect of what past. The first remarkable thing I saw was a long *Funeral Train* of *Kinred*, and *Guests*, following the *Corps* of a Deceas'd Lady, in Company with the Disconsolate *Wid-*

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Widdower; who march't with his Chin upon his Breast; a sad and a heavy pace; muffled up in a Mourning Hood, enough to have stiffled him, with at least Ten yards of Cloth upon his Body, and no less in his Train. Alack, Alack! cry'd I, that ever I should live to see so dismal a Spectacle! Oh Blessed Woman! How did this Husband love Thee in thy *Life-Time*, that follows thee with this Infinite Faith and Affection, even to thy Grave! And happy the Husband doubtless, in a Wife that deserv'd this Kindness! and in so many tender Friends, and Relations, to take part with him in his Sorrows. My Good Father, let me entreat you to observe this doleful Encounter. With that (shaking his Head and smiling) My Son, quoth he, Thou shalt by and by perceive, that all is Nothing in the world but *Vanity*, *Imposture*, and *Constraint*; and I will shew thee the Difference between *Things Themselves*, and their *Appearances*. To see this Abundance of *Torches*, with the Magnificence of the *Ceremony* and *Attendance*, One would think there should be some mighty matter in the

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buſineſs: but let me aſſure thee, that all this Pudder comes to no more, then *much ado about Nothing*. The *Woman* was *Nothing* (effectually) even while ſhe liv'd: The *Body* now in the *Coffin*, is ſomewhat a leſs *Nothing*; and the *Funeral Honours*, which are now paid her, come to juſt *Nothing* too. But the *Dead* it ſeems muſt have their *Vanities*, and their *Holy-days* as well as the *Living*. Alas! What's a *Carcaſs*? but *the moſt Odious ſort of Putrefaction? A Corrupted Earth*; fit neither for *Fruit*, nor *Tillage*. And then for the *ſad Looks* of the *Mourners*; They are only troubled at the *Invitation*; and would not care a pin, if the *Inviter*, and *Body* too were both at the *Devil*. And That you might ſee by their *Behaviour*, and *Diſcourſes*; for when they ſhould have been *Praying for the Dead*, they were prating of her *Pedegree*, and *Her laſt Will and Teſtament*. *I'm not ſo neer a kin* (ſays one) *but I might have been ſpar'd*; *and I had twenty other things to do*. Another ſhould have met Company at a *Tavern*; A Third, at a *Play*. A fourth mutters that he is not placed according to his *Quality*.

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Quality. Another cryes out, *A Pox o' your meetings where there is nothing stirring but Worms-meat.* Let me tell ye further, that the *Widdower Himself* is not griev'd as you Imagine for the *Dead Wife*; but for the Damn'd Expense, in *Blacks* and *Scutcheons*, *Tapers*, and *Mourners*; and that she was not fairly laid to *Rest*, without all this Ado: for He perswades himself, that *she might have found the way to her Grave without a Candle.* And since she was to *Dye*, 'tis his opinion, that she should have made quicker work on't: For a *Good Wife*, is like a *Good Christian*, to put her Conscience in order betimes, and get her gone; without lingring in the Hands of *Doctors*, *Pothecaries*, and *Surgeons*, to murder her Husband too. Or (to save Charges) she might have had the discretion to have dy'd of the *Plague*, which would have stav'd off *Company*. This is the *Second Wife*, he has already turn'd over, and (to give the Man his Due) He has had the wit to secure himself of a *Third*, while *This* lay on her *Death-bed.* So that this Case is no more then Chopping of a *Cold Wife* for

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a *Warm one*, and Hee'l recover this Affliction, I warrant ye.

The Good man, methought, ſpoke wonders; and being throughly convinc't of the danger of truſting to *Appearances*, I took up a Reſolution, *never to conclude upon any thing, though never ſo plauſible, without due Examination, and Inquiry.* With that, the *Funeral* Vaniſh't, leaving Us behind; and for a *farewell, This Sentence. I am gone before; you are to follow; and in the mean time, to accompany others to their Graves, as you have done Me; and as I, when time was, have attended many others, with as little Care, and Devotion as your ſelves.*

We were taken off from this Meditation, by a Noiſe we heard in a houſe behind Us; where we had no ſooner ſet foot over the Threſhold, but we were entertained with a Conſort of *Six Voices*, that were *Set* and *Tun'd* to the *Sighs* and *Grones* of a *Woman* newly become a *Widdow*. The Paſſion was Acted to the Life; but the Dead little the better for't. They would be ever and anon, Clapping, and Wringing of their Hands;

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Hands; Groning, and Sighing, as if their Hearts would break. The *Hangings*, *Pictures*, and *Furniture* were all taken down, and remov'd; The *Rooms* hung with *Black*, And in one of them lay the *poor Disconsolate*, upon a Couch with her Condoling Friends about her. It was as Dark as Pitch, and so much the Better, for the Parts they had to play; for there was no discovering of the *Horrid Faces*, and *Strains* they made, to fetch up their *Artificial Tears*, and *Lamentations*. *Madam* (says one) *Tears are but thrown away*; and *really the Grief to see your Ladyship in this Condition, has made me as lost a woman to all thought of Comfort as your self: I beseech you Madam, chear up*; (cryes another, with almost as many *Sighs* as *words*) *your Husband's e'en happy that he is out of this miserable world. He was a Good man, and now He finds the sweet on't. Patience, Patience*; *Dear Madam*, (cryes a Third) *'Tis the will of Heaven, and there's no Contending.* Do'st talk of *Patience* (says she) and *no Contending? Wretched Creature that I am! to outlive that Dear man! Oh that Dear Hus-*

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band of Mine! Oh that I should ever live to see this Day! And then she fell to *blubbering*, *Sobbing* and *Raving* a thousand times worse then before. *Alas, Alas, who will trouble himself with a poor Widdow! I have never a friend left to look after me; what shall become of me!*

At this pause, came in the *Chorus*, with their *Nose-Instruments*; and there was such *Blowing*, *Snobbing*, *Sniveling* and *throwing Snot about*, that there was no enduring the House. And all this, you must know, serv'd them to a double purpose; that is to say; for *Physick* and for *Complement*: for it past for the *Condoling Office*, and purg'd their *Heads* of *ill Humours* all under one. I could not chuse but compassionate the poor *Widdow*; a Creature forsaken of all the world; and I told my Guide as much; and that a Charity (as I thought) would be well bestow'd upon her. The *Holy Writ* calls them *Mutes*; according to the *Import* of the *Hebrew*: in regard that they have no body to speak for them. And if at any time they take heart to speak for themselves, They had

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had e'en as good hold their tongues, for no body minds them. Is there any thing more frequently given in Charge throughout the whole *Bible*, then to *Protect the Fatherless, and Defend the Cause of the Widdow?* as the higheſt and moſt Neceſſary point of *Chriſtian Charity*; in regard that they have neither *Power*, nor *Right* to defend themſelves. Does not *Job* in the Depth of his *Miſery*, and *Diſgraces*, make Choice to clear himſelf toward the *Widdow*, upon his *Expoſtulations* with the *Almighty?* [*If I have caus'd the Eyes of the Widdow to fail*] (or *conſum'd the Eyes of the Widdow*; *after the Hebrew*) ſo that it ſeems to me, beſide the general Duty of *Charity*, We are alſo bound by the Laws of *Honour*, and *Generoſity*, to aſſiſt them: for the poor Souls are fain to *plead* with their *Eyes*; and *Beg with their Eyes*, for want of Either *Hands* or *Tongues* to help themſelves. Indeed you muſt pardon me (My good Father ſaid I) if I cannot hold any longer from bearing a *part* in this *Mournful Conſort*, upon this ſad Occaſion. And is This (quoth the old man) the fruit of your boaſted

Divinity?

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Divinity? to sink into *Weakness* and *Tears*, when you have the greatest Need of your *Resolution*, and *Prudence*. Have but a little Patience, and I'l unfold you this Mystery; though (let me tell ye) *'Tis one of the hardest things in Nature, to make any man as wise as he should be, that conceits himself wise enough already.* If this Accident of the *Widdow* had not happen'd, we had had none of the fine things, that have been started upon't: for 'tis *Occasion* that awakens both our *Virtue*, and *Philosophy*; And 'tis not enough to know the *Mine* where the *Treasure* lyes; unless a man has the skill of *Drawing it out*, and making the *best* of what he has in his *Possession*. What are you the better, for all the Advantages of *Wit*, and *Learning*, without the faculty of reducing what you know, into apt and proper Applications?

Observe me now, and I will shew you, that this *Widdow* that looks as if she had nothing in her *Mouth*, but *The Service for the Dead*, and only *Hallelujahs* in her *Soul*; that *This Mortify'd piece of Formality*, has *green Thoughts*, under

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der her *black-Vail*; and *brisk Imaginations* about her, in despight of her *Calamity*, and *Misfortune*. The *Chamber* you see is *dark*; and their *faces* are *muffled up* in their *Funeral Dresses*. And what of all This? when *the whole Course of their mourning is but a Thorough-Cheat*. Their *Weeping* signifies Nothing more, then *Crying, at so much an hour*; for their *Tears* are *Hackney'd* out, and when they have *wept* out their *stage*, they take up, and are quiet. If you would relieve them, leave them to Themselves; and as soon as your Back is turn'd, you shall have them *Singing*, and *Dancing*, and as merry as *Greeks*: for take away the *Spectators*; their *Hypocrisy* is at an End; and *the play is done*: And now the *Confidents Game* begins. *Come, Come, Madam, 'faith we must be Merry*; (cryes one) *we are to live by the Living, and not by the Dead. For a Bonny Young Widdow as you are, to lye whimpering away your Opportunities, and lose so many brave Matches! There's, You know who, I dare swear, has a Months Mind to you; By my Troth I would you were in Bed together, and I'd be hang'd, if you did not find*

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find one warm Bed-fellow worth twenty Cold ones. Really, Madam (cryes a second) *she gives you good Counsel; and if I were in your Place, I'd follow it, and make use of my Time. 'Tis but One Lost, and Ten found.* Pray'e tell me, Madam, If I may be so bold; *what's your Opinion of that Cavalier that was here Yesterday? Certainly He has a great Deal of Wit; and methinks, he's a very handsome, proper Gentleman. Well! If that man has not a strange Passion for you, I'l never believe my Eyes again for his sake; and, in good faith, if all parties were agreed, I would you were e'en well in his Arms the night before to morrow. Were it not a burning shame to let such a Beauty lye fallow?* This sets the *Widdow* a *Pinking*, and *Simpering* like a *Frumety-Kettle*; at length she makes up the *pretty little Mouth*, and sayes, *'tis somewhat of the soonest to talk of those affairs; but let it be as Heaven pleases. However, Madam, I am much beholden to you for your Friendly Advice.* You have here the very bottom of her *Sorrow*: *she has taken a second Husband into her Heart, before her first was in his Grave.*

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Grave. I should have told you, that *your right Widdow, Eats, and Drinks more the first day of her Widdow-hood, then in any other of her whole life*: for there appears not a *Visitant*; but presently out comes the *Groning Cake*; a *Cold bak'd meat*, or some *Restorative Morsel* or Other, to *comfort* the *Afflicted*; and the *Cordial Bottles* must not be forgotten neither, for *Sorrow's Dry*. So to't they fall, and at every *Bit* or *Gulp*, the *Lady Relict*, fetches ye up a heavy Sigh, pretends to *chew false*, and makes *protestation* that for her part, she can taste nothing; she has quite lost her *Digestion*; and has such an oppression in her stomach, that she dares not eat any more, for fear of over-charging Nature. And (in truth says she) how can it be otherwise; since (Unhappy creature that I am!) He is gone that gave the Relish to all my Enjoyments: But there is no Recalling him from the Grave, and so, *no remedy but Patience*. By this time, you see, (quoth the Old Man) whether your *Exclamations* were *reasonable*, or *no*.

The words were hardly out of his Mouth,

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Mouth, when hearing an uproar among the Rabble in the Street, we look't out to see what was the matter. And there we saw a *Catchpole*, without either *Hat*, or *Band*, *out of Breath*, and his *face* all *bloody*, crying out *Help*, *Help*, *in the King's name*; *stop Thief*, *stop Thief*: and all the while, running as hard as he could drive after a Thief that made away from him, as if the Devil had been at his Breech. After him, came an *Atturney*, *all dirty*; *a world of papers in his hand*; *an Inkhorn at his Girdle*; *and a Crowd of Nasty people about him*; and down He sat himself just before us, to write somewhat upon his Knee. Bless me (thought I) how a Cause prospers in the Hand of one of these fellows, for he had fill'd his Paper in a Trice. These *Catchpoles* (said I) had need to be well paid, for the Hazards they run to secure us in our *Lives* and *Fortunes*; and indeed they deserve it. Look how the poor Wretch is Torn, Bruis'd and Batter'd, and all this for the Good and Benefit of the Publick.

Soft and fair, quoth the old man; I think

think thou wouldſt never leave Talking, if I did not ſtop thy Mouth ſometime. You muſt know, that *He that made the Eſcape, and the Catchpole are a Couple of Ancient Friends, and Pot-Companions.* Now the *Catchpole* quarrels the *Thief* for not giving him a ſnip in the laſt Booty; and the *Thief*, after a great ſtruggle, and a good luſty Rubber at Cuffs, has made a ſhift to ſave himſelf. You'l ſay the Rogue had need of Good heels, to outrun this *Gallows-Beagle*; for *there's hardly any Beaſt will outſtrip a Bayliff that runs upon the View of a Quarry.* So that there's not the leaſt thought of a *publick Good* in the *Catchpoles* Action; but meerly a proſecution of his own *Profit*, and a ſpight to ſee himſelf Chous'd. Now if the *Catchpole* I confeſs, without any *Private Intereſt*, had made this Attempt upon the *Thief*, (being his Friend) to bring him to *Juſtice*; It had been well: And yet, take this along with you: *It is as Natural to let ſlip a Sergeant at a Pick-pocket, as a Greyhound at a Hare.* The *Whip*; The *Pillory*; The *Axe*, and the *Halter* make up the beſt part of the

Catch-

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Catchpole's Revenue. These people are of all sorts the most odious to the world; and if men in Revenge would resolve to be Virtuous, though but for a year or two, they might starve them all. It is in fine an unlucky Employment, and *Catchpoles*, as well the *Devils* themselves have the *Wages* of *Tormenters*.

I hope, said I to my Guide, that the *Atturneys* shall have your good word too. Yes, yes, ye need not doubt it (said the old man) for *your Atturny*, and *your Catchpole always hunt in Couples*. The *Atturny* draws the *Information*, and has all his forms ready, so that 'tis no more then, but to fill up the *Blanks*, and away to the *Jayl* with the *Delinquent*: if there be any thing to be gotten 'tis not a half-penny matter, whether the party be *guilty*, or *Innocent*: Give but an *Atturny*, *Pen*, *Ink*, and *Paper*, and let him alone for *Witnesses*. In case of an *Examination*, he has the Grace not to insist too much upon *plain* and *Naked Truth*; but to set down only what makes for his purpose, and then when they come to signing, to read over in

the

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the Deponents ſenſe (for his Memory is good) what he has written in *his own*: And by this Means, the Cauſe goes on as He pleaſes. To prevent this Villany *it were well, if the Examiners were as well ſworn to write the Truth, as the Witneſſes are to ſpeak it.* And yet there are ſome honeſt men of all ſorts, but among the *Attorneys*; the very *Calling* does by the *honeſt Catchpoles*, *Marſhal's men*, and *their Fellows*, as the *Sea* by the *Dead*: It may Entertain them for a while, but in a very ſhort ſpace it ſpews them up again.

The Good man would have proceeded, if He had not been taken off, by the Rattling of a *Gylt-Coach*, wherein was a *Courtier*, that was blown up as big, as *Pride*, and *Vanity* could make him. He ſat ſtiffe, and Upright, as if He had ſwallow'd a ſtake; and made it his Glory to ſhew himſelf in that poſture: It would have hurt his Eyes, to have exchang'd a Glance with any thing that was Vulgar, and therefore He was very ſparing of his Looks. He had a *deep lac'd-band* on, that was right *Spaniſh*, which He wore *Erect*, and *ſtiffe ſtarch't*,

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that a man would have thought He had Carry'd his *Head* in a *paper-Lanthorn*. He was a great Studier of *Set-faces*; and much affected with looking *Politick*, and *Big*. But, for his *Arms*, *and Body*, He had utterly loſt, or forgotten the uſe of them: For He could neither *Bow*, nor move his *Hat* to any man that ſaluted him: No, nor ſo much as turn from One ſide to the Other; but ſate as if He had been *Box'd up*, like a *Bartlemy-Baby*. After this *Magnificent Statue*, follow'd a ſwarm of *Gawdy Butterfly-Laquais*: And his Lordſhips Company in the Coach, was a *Buffon*, and a *Paraſite*. *Oh bleſſed Prince!* (ſaid I) *to live at this rate of Eaſe, and ſplendor, and to have the world at Will!* What a Glorious Train is that! Beyond all doubt, there never was a great Fortune better beſtow'd. With that, the old man took me up, and told me; that the Judgment I had made upon this Occaſion, from one end to the other, was all *Dotage*, and *Miſtake*; ſave only, when I ſaid he had the world at Will: And in that (ſays he) you have reaſon; for what is the *World*, but *Labour*, *Vanity*,

Vanity, and *Folly*; which is likewise the *Composition*, and *Entertainment* of this *Cavalier*.

As for the *Train* that follows him; let it be Examin'd, and my Life for yours, you shall find more *Creditors* in't, then *Servants*: There are *Banquiers*, *Jewellers*, *Scriveners*, *Brokers*, *Mercers*, *Drapers*, *Taylors*, *Vintners*; and these are properly the *Stayes*, and *Supporters* of *this Animated Machine*. The *Money*, *Meat*, *Drink*, *Robes*, *Liveries*, *Wages*; All comes out of *their Pockets*; They have his *Honour* for their *Security*; and must content themselves with *Promises*, and *fair Words* for *full satisfaction*, unless they had rather have a *Foot-man* with a *Cudgel* for their *Pay-master*. And after all, if this *Gallant* were taken to *Swift*, or that a man could enter into the *Secrets* of his *Conscience*, I dare undertake, it would appear, that *He that digs in a Mine for his Bread, lives ten thousand times more at Ease, then the other; with Beating of his Brains, Night and Day for new Shifts, Tricks and Projects to keep himself above water.*

Observe his *Companions* now; his

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Fool, and his *Flatterer*. They are too hard for him ye see; and Eat, Drink, and make Merry at his Expence. *What greater Misery, or shame in the World, then for a Man to make a Friendship with such Rascals, and to spend his Time, and Estate, in so Brutal, and Insipid a Society*! It costs him more (beside his Credit) to maintain that Couple of Coxcombs, then would have bought him the Conversation of as many Grave, and learned Philosophers. But will ye now see the Bottom of this Scandalous and Dishonorable Kindness? *My Lord* (says the *Buffon*) *you were most infallibly wrapt in your Mother's Smock; for let me* be ---- *if ye have not set all the Ladies about the Court, Agog. The very Truth is* (cryes the *Parasite*) *all the rest of the Nobility look like Corn-Cutters to you; and indeed, wherever you come you have still the Eyes of the whole Company upon you.* Go to, Go to, Gentlemen (says my Lord) you must not flatter your Friends. This is more your Courtesy then my Desert; and I have an Obligation to you for your Kindness. After this Manner, *these Asses*

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Asses Knab and Curry one Another, and play the Fools by Turns.

The old Man had his words yet between his Teeth, when there past just by us *a Lady of Pleasure*, of so Excellent a shape, and Garb, that it was Impossible to see her without a Passion for her, and no less impossible to look upon any thing else, so long as she was to be seen. They that had seen her once, were to see her no more, for she turn'd her face still to *New-Comers*. Her Motion was graceful, and Free. One while she'd stare ye full in the Eyes, under colour of opening her Hood, to set it in better Order. By and by, shee'd steal a look at ye with one Eye, and a side face, from the Corner of her Vizor; like a *Witch* that's afraid to be discover'd, when she comes from a *Catterwall*. And then out comes the Delicate Hand, and discovers the more Delicious Neck, and Breasts, to adjust the Handkercher or the Scarfe; or to remove some other Grievance that made her Ladyship uneasy. Her Hair was most artificialy dispos'd into Careless Rings; And the best Red and White in Nature was in

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her Cheeks; if that of her Lips and Teeth did not Exceed it. In a word, all she look't upon was her own; and This was the Vision for my Money, from all the Rest. As she was marching off, I could not chuse but take up a Resolution to follow her. But my old man laid a Block in the way, and stop't me at the very starting; which was an Affront, to a Man that was both in *Love*, and in *Haste*, that might very well stir his Choler. My Officious Friend (said I) *He that does not love a Woman, suck't a Sow.* And questionless, He must be either Blind or Barbarous, that's Proof against the Charms of so Divine a Beauty. Nor would any but a Sot, let slip the blessed Opportunity of so fair an Encounter. A Handsome Woman? why, *what was she made for, but to be Lov'd?* And He that has Her, has all that's Lovely, or Desireable in Nature. For my own part, I would renounce the World for the fellow of her, and never desire any thing either beyond her, or beside her. What Lightning does she carry in her Eyes! What Charms, and Chains in her Looks, and Motions,

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Motions, for the very Souls of her Beholders! Was ever any thing so clear as her forehead? Or so black as her Eye-brows? One would swear, that her Complexion had taken a Tincture of Vermilion, and Milk: and that Nature had brought her into the World with Pearl, and Rubies in her Mouth. To speak all in little, she's the Masterpiece of the Creation, worthy of Infinite Praise, and Equal to our largest Desires.

Here the Old man cut me short, and bad me make an end of my Discourse, for thou art, said He, a Man of *much wonder*, and *small Experience*, and deliver'd over to the Spirit of *Folly*, and *Blindness*. Thou hast thy Eyes in thy Head, and yet not Brain Enough to know either why they were given Thee, or How to Use them. Understand then that the *Office* of the *Eye* is to *see*, but 'tis the *Privilege* of the *Soul*, to *distinguish*, and *Chuse*: whereas you either do the Contrary, or else Nothing, which is worse. *He that trusts his Eyes, exposes his Mind to a Thousand Torments and Confusions*: He shall take *Clouds*, for

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Mountains; *Streight* for *Crooked*; *One Colour* for *Another*, by reason of an *Undue distance*, or an *indispos'd Medium*. We are not able sometimes to say what way a River runs, till we throw in a Twig, or a straw to find out the Current. And what will you say now, if this Prodigious Beauty, your New Mistress, prove as Gross a Cheat, and Imposture, as any of the Rest? She went to Bed last night as Ugly as a Witch; and yet this Morning she comes forth in your Opinion as Glorious as an Angel. The Truth of it is, she Hires all by the Day; and *if you did but see this Puppet taken to pieces, you would find her little else but Paint, and Plaister.* To begin her *Anatomy* at the *Head*. You must know that the *Hair* she wears, is borrow'd of a *Tire-woman*, for her own was blown off by an Unlucky Wind from the Coast of *Naples*. Or if she has any left, she keeps it *private*, as a *Memorial* of her *Antiquity*. She is beholden to the *Pencil*, for her *Eye-brows*, and *Complexion*. And upon the whole matter, she is but *an old Picture, refresh't*. But the wonder is, to see a *Picture*, with *Life*, and

and *Motion*; unleſs perchance ſhe has got the *Neeromancer's Receit*, that made himſelf Young again in his *Glaſs-Bottle*. For all that you ſee of her that's *Good*, comes from *Diſtill'd Waters*, *Eſſences*, Powders, and the like; and to ſee the Waſhing of her Face would fright the Devil. She abounds in *Pomanders*, *Sweet waters*, *Spaniſh-Pockets*, *Perfum'd Drawers*; and all little Enough to qualify the *Poyſonous Whiffs* ſhe ſends from her *Toes*, and *Arm-Pits*, which would otherwiſe out-ſtink Ten thouſand Pole-Cats. She cannot chuſe but *Kiſs well*, for her *Lips* are perpetually bath'd in *Oyl*, and *Greaſe*. And he that Embraces her, ſhall find the better half of her, the Taylors, and only a *ſtuffing of Cotton and Canvas, to ſupply the Defects of her Body*. When ſhe goes to Bed, *ſhe puts off one half of her Perſon with her Shooes*. What do ye think of your ador'd Beauty now? or have your Eyes betray'd ye? Well, well; confeſs your Errour and mend it: and know that (without more Deſcant upon this woman) 'tis the Deſign, and Glory of moſt of the Sex to lead Silly Men Captive.

Nay

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Nay take the best of them, and what with the Trouble of getting them, and the Difficulty of pleasing them, he that comes off best, will find himself a Loser at the foot of the Accompt. I could recommend you here to other Remedies of Love, inseparable from the very Sex, but what I have said already, I hope, will be sufficient.

The end of the fifth Vision.

The

THE SIXTH VISION OF HELL.

BEing one *Autumn*, at a Friend's house in the Country, (which was indeed a most delicious Retreat) I took a walk one Moon-light into the Park; where all my past Visions came fresh into my Head again, and I was well enough pleas'd with the Meditation. At length, the Humour took me to leave the Path, and go further into the wood: what Impulse carry'd me to this, I know not. Whether I was mov'd by my good Angel, or some higher Power, but so it was, that in half a quarter of an hour, I found my self a great way from home, and in a place where 'twas no longer Night; with the Pleasantest Prospect round about

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about me that ever I saw since I was born. The Air was calm, and Temperate; and it was no small Advantage to the Beauty of the Place, that it was both Innocent, and Silent. On the one hand, I was entertain'd with the Murmurs of Christal Rivolets; On the Other, with the whispering of the Trees; The Birds singing all the while either in Emulation, or Requital of the Other Harmonies. And now, to shew the Instability of our Affections, and Desires, I was grown weary even of Tranquillity it self, and in this most agreeable Solitude, began to long for Company.

When in the very Instant, (to my great wonder) I discover'd *two Paths*, issuing from One, and the same Beginning; but dividing themselves forwards, more and more, by Degrees, as if they liked not One Another's Company. That on the *right Hand* was *Narrow*, almost beyond Imagination; and being very little frequented, it was so overgrown with *Thorns* and *Brambles*; and so stony withal, that a man had all the Trouble in the world to get into't.

One

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One might see however, the Prints and Marks of several Passengers, that had rubb'd through, though with Exceeding Difficulty; for they had left pieces of Heads, Arms, Legs, Feet, and many of them their whole skins behind them. Some we saw yet upon the way, pressing forward, without ever so much as looking back; and these were all of them *Pale-faced, Lean, Thin*, and *Miserably Mortify'd*. There was no passing for *Horse-men*; and I was told, that *St. Paul himself* left his Horse, when He went into't. And indeed, there was not the footing of any Beast to be seen. Neither Horse, nor Mule; Nor the Track of any Coach, or Chariot. Nor could I learn that any had past that way, in the memory of man. While I was bethinking my self of what I had seen, I spy'd at length, a *Beggar*, that was Resting himself a little to take Breath; and I ask'd him what Inns or Lodging they had upon that Road? His Answer was, that there was no stopping there, till they came to their Journey's End. For This (said he) is the way to *Paradise*, and what should they

they do with *Inns* or *Taverns*, where there are so *few Passengers?* Do not you know that in the Course of Nature, to *Dye*, is to be *Born*; to *Live*, is to *Travel*; and the *world* is but *a great Inn*, after which, it is but one stage Either to *Pain* or *Glory*. And with these words he March'd forward, and bad me God b'w'y'; telling me withal, that it was time lost to linger in the way of Virtue, and not safe to entertain such Dialogues, as tend rather to Curiosity, then Instruction. And so he pursued his Journey, stumbling, tearing his Flesh, and Sighing, and Groning at every step; and weeping as if he thought to soften the Stones with his Tears. This is no way for me, thought I to my self; and no Company Neither; for they are a sort of *Beggarly*, *Morose people*, and will never agree with my Humour. So I drew back and struck off into the left hand way.

And there I found Company Enough, and Room for more. What a world of *Brave Cavaliers! Gallant Coaches, Rich Liveries*, and *handsome, lively Lasses*, as Glorious as the Sun! Some *were Singing*,

Singing, and *Laughing*; Others *tickling One another*, and *Toying*; Some again, at their *Cheese-Cakes* and *China-Orenges*; Or appointing a Set at *Cards*: So that taking all together, I durst have sworn I had been at the *Park*. This minded me of the Old Saying, *Tell me thy Company, and I'l tell thee thy Manners*: and to save the Credit of my Education, I put my self into the *Noble Mode*, and Jogg'd on. And there was I at the first Dash up to the Ears, in *Balls, Plays, Masquerades, Collations, Dalliances, Amours*, and as full of Joy as my Heart could hold.

It was not here, as upon t'other Road, where folks went *bare-foot*, and *Naked*, for want of *Shoo-makers*, and *Taylors*: for here were Enow, and to spare. Beside *Mercers, Drapers, Jewellers, Bodys-makers, Perriwig-makers, Milleners*, and a *French Ordinary* at every other Door. You cannot imagine the Pleasure I took in my New Acquaintance; And yet there was now and then, some Justling and Disorder upon the way: Chiefly between the *Physicians* upon their *Mules*, and the *Infantry* of the *Lawyers*, that

that march't in great Bodies before the *Judges*; and contested for Place. But the *Physicians* carry'd it, in favour of their *Charter*, which gives them *Priviledge* to *Study*, *Practise*, and *Teach* the *Art of Poysoning*; and to read *Lectures* of it in the *Universities*. While this point of Honour was in dispute, I perceiv'd divers crolling from one way to the Other, and changing of parties. Some of them stumbled, and Recover'd; Others fell down right. But the pleasantest Gambole of all, was that of the *Printers*. A whole Litter of them tumbled into a Pit together, one over another, but finding they were out of their Element, they got up again as fast as they could. Those that were in the *right hand way*, which was the way of *Paradise*, or *Virtue*, advanc'd very heavily, and made us Excellent sport. *Prithee look what a Friday-face that fellow makes!* cryes one; *Hang him, Prick-Ear'd Cur*, says another; *Dam me cryes a Third, if the Rogue be not Drunk with Holy water; If the Devil had raked Hell, he could not have found such a Pack of Ill-look't Rascals*, sayes Another.

Some

Some of them stop't their Ears, and went on without minding us. Others we put out of Countenance, and they came over to us. And a Third sort came out of pure Love to our Company.

After this, I observ'd a great many People afar off in a *By-path*: with as much *Contrition*, and *Devotion*, in their *Looks*, and *Gestures* as ever I saw in Men: They walk'd *shaking their Heads*, and *lifting up their hands to Heaven*; and they had most of them *large Ears*, and to my thinking *Geneva-Bibles*. These thought I, are a People of singular Integrity, and strictness of Life, above their Fellows; but coming nearer, we found them to be *Hypocrites*; and that though they'd none of *our Company* upon the *Road*, They would not fail to *meet us* at our *Journey's End*. *Fasting*, *Repentance*, *Prayer*, *Mortification*, and *other Holy Duties*, which are the *Exercise* of *Good Christians*, in Order to their *Salvation*, are but a Kind of *Probation* to *these men*, to fit them for the *Devil*. They were follow'd by a Number of *Devotes*, and *Holy Sisters*;

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that Kiss't the Skirts of their Garments all the way they went, but whether out of *Zeal*, *Spiritual*, or *Natural*, is hard to say; and undoubtedly, *some Women's Kisses* are worse then *Judas's*. For though *his Kiss* was *Treacherous* in the *Intention*, it was *right* yet in the *Application*: but This was *one Judas Kissing Another*, which makes me think there was more of the *Flesh*, then of the *Spirit* in the Case. Some would be drawing a Thred now and then out of the Holy-man's Garment, to make a Relique of. Others would cut out large Snips, as if they had a Mind to see them Naked. *Some again desir'd they would remember them in their Prayers; which was just as much as if they had commended themselves to the Devil by a Third Person.* Some Pray'd for *good Matches* for their *Daughters*; *Others*, beg'd *Children* for *themselves*: And *sure the Husband that allows his Wife to ask Children abroad, will be so Civil as to take them Home, when they are given him.* In fine, these *Hypocrites* may for a while perchance impose upon the world, and Delude the Multitude; but no Mask, or Disguise

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guise is proof against the all-piercing Eye of the Almighty. There are I must confess many Religious, and Godly men, for whose Persons and Prayers, I have a great Esteem. But these are not of the *Hypocrites* Humour, to build their Hopes, and Ambition upon Popular applause, and with a Counterfeit Humility, to proclaim their Weaknesse, and Unworthiness; their Failings; Yea and their Transgressions in the Market place; All which is indeed but a *True Jest*; for they are really what they say, though they would not be thought so.

These went apart, and were look't upon to be *neither Fish, nor Flesh, nor Good Red-Herring.* They wore the *Name* of *Christians*; but they had neither the *wit*, nor the *honesty* of *Pagans*. For they content themselves with the Pleasures of this Life, because they know no better. But the *Hypocrite*, that's instructed both in the *Life Temporal*, and *Eternal*, lives without either *Comfort* in the *One*, or *Hope* in the *Other*; *and takes more pains to be damn'd, then a Good Christian does to Compass his Sal-*

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vation. In short, we went on our way in Discourses. The *Rich* follow'd their *Wealth*, and the *poor* the *Rich*; begging there, what Providence had deny'd them. The *Stubborn*, and *Obstinate* went away by *Themselves*, for they would hear no Body that was wiser then themselves, but ran hudling on, and prest still to be foremost. The *Magistrates* drew after them, all the *Sollicitors*, and *Atturneys*. *Corrupt Judges* were carry'd away by *Passion*, and *Avarice*. And *Vain*, and *Ambitious Princes*, trayl'd along with them, *Principalities*, and *Commonwealths*. There were a world of *Clergy* upon *this Rode* too. And I saw one *full Regiment of Souldiers* there, which would have been brave Fellows indeed, if they had but been half so good at *Praying*, and *Fighting*, as they were at *Swearing*. Their whole discourse was of their Adventures, How Narrowly they came off at such an Assault; What wounds they receiv'd upon t'other Breach; and then what a Destruction they made at such a time, of Mutton, and Poultry. But all they said, came in at one Ear, and went out at t'other.

Do'n't

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Do'n't you remember, Sirrah, sayes one, how we claw'd it away at such a Place! Yes, ye Damn'd Rogue you, cryes t'other, when you were so drunk you took your Aunt for the Bawd. These and such as these were the Only Exploits they could truly brag of.

While they were upon these Glorious *Rhodomontades*, certain generous Spirits from *the Right Hand way*, that knew what they were, by the Boxes of *Pass-ports*, *Testimonials*, and *Recommendations* they wore at their Girdles, cry'd out to them, as if it had been to an Attacque: *Fall on, Fall on, my Lads, and Follow me. This, This is the Path of Honour, and if you were not Poultrons you would not quit it for fear of a Hard March, or an ill Lodging. Courage Camerades; and be assur'd, that this Combat well fought, makes all your Fortunes, and Crowns ye for ever. Here, ye shall be sure both of Pay, and Reward, without casting the Issue of all your Hazzards, and Hopes upon the Empty Promises of Princes. How long will ye pursue this Trade of Blood and Rapine? And Accustom your Ears, and tongues to the*

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Tragical out-cryes of, Burn; No Quarter; Kill, or Dye. It is not pay, or Pillage, but Virtue that's a Brave man's Recompence. Trust to her, and shee'l not deceive ye. If it be the War, *ye Love, Come to Us; Bear Arms on the right side, and wee'l find you work. Do not you know,* that *Man's Life is a Warfare? That the* World, *the* Flesh, *and the* Devil, *are Three Vigilant Enemies? And that it is as much as his Soul is worth, to put himself, but for one Minute out of his Guard. Princes tell ye, that your Bloods, and your Lives are Theirs, and that to shed the One, and lose the Other, in their Service, is no Obligation, but a Duty. You are still however to look to the Cause; Wherefore turn head, and come along with us, and be happy.* The *Souldiers* heard all this with Exceeding Patience, and Attention: But the Brand of *Cowardice* had such an effect upon them, that *without any more ado, like men of Honour, they presently quitted the Rode; Drew; and as bold as Lyons, charg'd headlong into a Tavern.*

After this, we saw a great Troop of *Women* upon *the High-way to Hell,* with their

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their *Rags*; and their *fellows*, at their Heels, ever, and anon, hunching, and Justling one Another. On the *other side*; A number of *Good people*, that were almost at the End of their Journey, came over into *the wrong Rode*; for the *Right-hand way*, growing *Easier*, and *Wider* toward the *End*, and that on the *left hand*, on the Contrary, *Narrower*, they thought they had been out of their way, and so came in to *Us*; As many of *Ours*, went over to *Them*, upon the same Mistake. Among the Rest, I saw *a great Lady*, without either *Coach*, *Sedan*, or any living Creature with her, foot it all the way to *Hell*: which was to me so great a wonder, considering how she had liv'd in the world, that I presently look't about for a *Publick Notary*, to make an *Entry* of it. The *Woman* was in a most Miserable Pickle; and I did not know what design she might Drive on, under that Disguise; but finding never a *Notary*, or *Register* at hand, though I mist my Particular Aim, yet I was well Enough pleas'd with it, for I took it then for Granted that I was in my Ready way to *Heaven*.

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But when I came afterward to reflect upon the *Crosses*, *Afflictions* and *Mortifications*, that lye in the way to *Paradise*: And to Consider, that there was Nothing of That upon *this Rode*. But on the Contrary, *Laughing*, *Singing*, *Frollicking*, and all manner of *Jollity*: This I must confess, gave me a *Qualm*, and made me a little doubtful whither I was going.

But I was quickly deliver'd of that Doubt, by a Gang of *Marry'd Men*, that we overtook, with *their Wives in their Hands*, in Evidence of their *Mortifications*: *My Wife's my Witness* (cryes one) *that every day since I marry'd her has been a Fasting day to me*; *To Pamper her with Cock-Broth, and Jellyes. And my Wife knows how I have humbled my Body, by Nakedness*; *for I have hardly allow'd my self a Rag to my Back-side*; *or a Shoe to my Foot, to maintain her in her Coach, Pages, Gowns, Petty-Coats, and Jewels.* So that upon the matter, I perceive *an Unlucky hit with a Wife, gives a Man as much Right to the Catalogue of Martyrs, as if He had ended his Dayes at the stake.*

The

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The Misery these poor Wretches endur'd, made me think my self in the Right again; till I heard a Cry behind me, *Make Way there*; *Make Way for the Apothecaries*. Bless me, thought I, If *They* be here we are certainly going to the *Devil*. And so it prov'd, for we were just then come to a little Door, that was made like a *Mouse-Trap*, where 'twas Easy to get in, but there was no getting out again.

It was a strange thing, that scarce any body so much as Dream't of *Hell*, all the way we went; and yet every body knew where they were, as soon as they came there: and cry'd out with one Voice, *Miserable Creatures! we are Damn'd, we are Damn'd*. That Word made my Heart Ake; And is it come to that then? said I. I began then with Tears in my Eyes, to Reflect upon what I had left in the World, As my *Relations*, *Friends*, *Ladyes*, *Mistresses*, and in fine, all my *Old Acquaintance*: When with a Heavy Sigh, looking behind me, I saw the greater part of them Posting after me. It gave me, methought, some Comfort, that I should have so

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good Company; vainly imagining that even Hell it self might be Capable of some Relief.

Going further on; I was gotten into a Crowd of *Taylors*, that stood up sneaking in a Corner, for fear of the Devils. At the first Door, there was *Seven Devils*, taking the Names of those that Came in: and they ask't me *mine*, and my *Quality*, and so they let me pass. But examining the *Taylors*; *These fellows* (cry'd one of the Devils) *come in such shoals, as if Hell were made only for Taylors. How many are they?* (says another) Answer was made, *about a Hundred. About a Hundred? They must be more then a Hundred, says t'other, if they be Taylors; for they never come under a Thousand, or Twelve hundred strong.* And we have so many here already I do not know where we shall stow them. Say the word, my Masters, *shall's let them in or no?* the poor *Prick-Lice* were damn'dly startled at that, for fear they should not get in: but in the End, they had the Favour to be admitted. Certainly, said I, these folks are but in an ill Condition, when 'tis a Menace

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Menace for the Devils themselves to refuse to receive them: Thereupon, a Huge, *over-grown, Club-footed, Crump-shoulder'd Devil*, threw them all into a Deep Hole. Seeing such a Monster of a Devil, I ask't him, how He came to be so deform'd. And He told me, He had spoyl'd his Back with Carrying of *Taylars*: for said he, I have been formerly made use of as a Sumpter to fetch them; but now of late they save me that Labour, and come so fast of themselves, that 'tis one Devils work to dispose of them. While the word was yet speaking, there came Another Glut of them, and I was fain to make way, that the Devil might have Room to work in, who pil'd them up, and told me they made the best Fewel in Hell.

I pass'd forward then into a little *Dark Ally*, where it made me start to hear one call me by my Name, and with much ado I perceiv'd a fellow there all wrapt up in *Smoke*, and *Flame*. Alas! Sir says he; *Have you forgotten your old Book-seller in Pope's Head-Alley?* I cry thee Mercy, quoth I, What? *art thou here?*

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here? Yes, Yes, Sir (says he) *'tis e'en too True.* I never dream't it would have come to This. He thought I must needs pity him, when I knew him: but truly I reflected rather upon the Justice of his Punishment. For in a word, his Shop was the very Mint of *Heresy*, *Schisme*, and *Sedition*. I put on a Face of *Compassion* however, to give him a little Ease, which He took hold of, and vented his Complaint. *Well Sir* (sayes He) *I would my Father had made me a Hangman, when He made me a Stationer*; for we are call'd to Accompt for Other Men's works, as well as for our Own. And one thing that's cast in our Dish, is the selling of *Translations*, so *Dog-cheap*, that every *Sot* knows now as much, as would formerly have made a *Passable Doctor*, and every *Nasty Groom*, and *Roguy Lacquay* is grown as familiar with *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Ovid*, as if 'twere *Robin the Devil*; *The seven Champions*; *or a piece of George Withers*. He would have talk't on, if a Devil had not stop't his Mouth with a Whiffe from a rowle of his own Papers, and Choak't him with the smoak on't. The Pestilent

Fume

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Fume would have dispatch't me too, if I had not got presently out of the Reach on't. But I went my way, saying this to my self; If the *Book-seller* be thus Criminal, what will become of the *Author?*

I was diverted from this Meditation, by the ruful Grones, of a great many Souls that were *under the Lash*, and the *Devil* Tyrannizing over them with *Whips*, and *Scourges*. I ask't what they were; and it was told me, that there was a *Plot* among the *Hackney-Coach-men* to exhibit an *Information* against the *Devils*, for taking the *Whip* out of their Hands, and *setting up a Trade they had never serv'd to*, (which is Contrary to *Quinto Elizabethæ.*) Well, said I: But why are they tormented here? With That, an old Sowr-look't *Coach-man* took the Answer out of the Devil's Mouth, and told me; that it was *because they came to Hell a Horseback*, which they pretended, was a Privilege that did not belong to Rogues of their Quality. Speak Truth, and be hang'd, cry'd the Devil; and make an honest Confession here. Say, Sirra h,

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Sirrah, *How many Bawdy Voyages have you made to Hackney? How many Nights have you stood Pimping at Marybone? How many Whores, and Knaves have you Brought together? And how many Lyes have you told, to keep all Private, since you first set up this Scandalous Trade?* There was a *Coach-man* by, that had serv'd a *Judge*, and thought 'twas no more for his *old Master* to fetch a Rascal out of *Hell*, then out of *Newgate*; which made this fellow stand upon his Points, and ask the Devil, how he durst give that Language to so Honourable a Profession: for (says he) *who wears better Clothes then your Coachmen? Are not we in our Velvets, Embroyderies, and Laces? and as Glorious as so many Phaetons? Have not our Masters reason to be good to us, when their Necks are at stake, and their Lives at our Mercy?* Nay, *we govern those, many times, that Govern Kingdomes; And a Prince is almost in as much Danger of his Coach-man as of his Physician. And There are, that understand it too, and Themselves, and Us; and that will not stick to trust their Coach-men as far as they would do their Con-*

Confessors. There's no Absurdity in the Comparison; for *if They know some of their Privacies, we know more*; yes, and perhaps more then Wee'l speak of. What have we here to do? cry'd a Dévil that was ready to break his heart with Laughing. *A Coach-man*, in his *Tropes*, and *Figures*? An *Orator* instead of a *Waggoner*? The slave has broke his Bridle, and got his Head at Liberty, and now hee'l never have done. No, why should he? (says another that had serv'd a great Lady more wayes then One) Is this the best Entertainment you can afford your Servants? your daily Drudges? I'm sure *we bring you good Commodity, well pack't; well Condition'd; well perfum'd; Right, Neat,* and *Clean*: Not like your *City-ware* that comes dirty to you, up to the Hocks; and yet *every Daggle-Tayl'd Wench*, and *Skip-Kennel*, shall be better us'd then *We*. Ah! The Ingratitude of this Place! If we had done as much for some-body else, as we have done for you, we should not have been now to seek, for our Wages. When you have nothing else to say, you tell me that

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I am punish't for carrying the *Sick*, the *Gowty*, the *Lame*, to *Church*; to *Mass*; or *some straggling Virgins*, back again to their *Cloyster*: Which is a Damn'd Lye; for I am able to prove, that all my Trading lay at the *Play-houses*, *Bawdy-houses*, *Taverns*, *Balls*, *Collations*: Or else at the *Tour à la Mode*, where there was still appointed some *after-meeting*, to treat of certain affairs, that highly Import the Interest, and Welfare of your Dominions. I have indeed carry'd my *Mistress* sometimes to the *Church-Door*, but it signify'd no more then if I had carry'd her to a *Conventicle*; for *all her Business there, was to meet her Gallant, and to agree when they should meet next; according to the way of Devotion now in Mode.* To conclude; It is most certain, that I never took any Creature (knowingly) into my Coach, that had so much as a *Good Thought*: And it was so well known to us, that *it was all one, to ask, If a Lady were a Maid; or, if she had ever been in my Coach.* If it appear'd she had; He that marry'd her, knew before-hand, what he had to trust to. And after all this, ye

ye have made us a fair Requital. With That, the Devil fell a Laughing, and with five or six Twingeing Jerks, half flay'd the poor *Coach-man*; so that I was e'en glad to Retire; in pity partly to the *Coach-man*, and partly to *my self*; for *the Currying of a Coach-man, is little better then the turning up of a Dunghil.*

My next Adventure was into a *Deep Vault*, where I began immediately to *shudder*, and *my Teeth chatter'd in my Head.* I ask't the Meaning of it; and there came up to me a Devil, with *Kib'd Heels*, and his *Toes* all *Mortify'd*; and told me that That Quarter was alotted to the *Buffons* and *Drolls*, which are a people (says he) of so starv'd a Conceipt, and so cold a Discourse, that we are fain to Chain, and Lock them up, for fear they should spoil the Temper of our Fire. I ask't if a man might see them. The Devil told me yes, and shew'd me One of the lewdest Kennels in Hell. And there were they at it, pecking at One Another; and nothing but the same fooleries over and over again, that they had practis'd upon

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Earth. Among the *Buffons*, I saw divers that pass'd here in the World for *Men of Honesty*, *and Honour*: which were in, as the Devil told me, for Flattery, and were a sort of *Buffon*, that goes *betwixt the Bark and the Tree.* But, why are they condemn'd? said I. The *other Buffons* are condemn'd (quoth the Devil) *for want of Favour*; and *These*, for having *too much*, and *abusing* it. You must know, they come upon us, still at Unawares; and yet they find all things in Readiness; the Cloth laid, and the Bed made, as if they were at home. To say the Truth, we have some sort of Kindness for them; for they save us a great deal of Trouble, in Tormenting one another.

Do you see him there? That, was a *wicked*, and a *Partial Judg*; and all he has to say for himself, is, that he remembers the Time when *he could have broke the Neck of two Honest Causes, and He put them only out of Joynt.* That good-fellow there, was a *careless Husband*, and him we lodge too with the *Buffons.* He sold his *Wives Portion, Wife and all*, to please his Companions; and

and turn'd *both* into an *Annuity*. *That Lady* there (though a great One) is fain to take up too with the *Buffons*, for they are both of a Humour: What *They* do with their *Talk*, *she* does with her *Body*, and *seasons it to all Appetites*. In a word, you shall find *Buffons* in all Conditions; and in effect, there are nigh as many, as there are men and Women: For the whole world is given to *Jeering*, *Slandering*, *Back-biting*, and there are more *Natural Buffons*, then *Artificial*.

At my going out of the *Vault*, I saw a matter of a Thousand Devils, following a Drove of *Pastry-men*, and Breaking their Heads as they pass'd along, with *Iron Peels*. Alack! cry'd one of them, that was yet in a whole Skin, it is hard the Sin of the *Flesh* should be laid to our charge, that never had to do with *Women*. *Impudent*, *Nasty Rascals* (quoth a Devil) *who has deserv'd Hell*, *if they have not*? How many thousand men have these slovens poyson'd, with the *Grease* of their *Heads*, and *Tailes*, instead of *Mutton-Sewet*? With *Snot-Pies* for *Marrow*; and *Flies*

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for *Currants?* How many *Stomachs* have they turn'd into *Layſtals* with the *Dogs-Fleſh*; *Horſe-Fleſh* and other *Carrion* that they have put into them? And do theſe Rogues complain (in the Devil's Name) of their ſufferings? Leave your Bawling, Ye Whelps, (ſays he) and know, that the Pain you endure, is nothing to that of your Tormenters. And for your Part (ſays he, with a ſowr Look) becauſe you are a ſtranger, you may go about your Buſineſs; but *we have a Crow to pluck with theſe fellows, before we part.*

I went next, down a pair of ſtairs into a huge Cellar, where I ſaw men burning in unquenchable Fire; and one of them Roaring, Cry'd out, *I never over ſold; I never ſold, but at Conſcionable Rates, why am I puniſh't* thus? I durſt have ſworn it had been *Judas*, but going Nearer him, to ſee if He had a *Red-head*, I found him to be a Merchant of my Acquaintance, that dy'd not long ſince. How now, old *Martin*, (ſaid I) art thou there? He was *dogged*, becauſe I did not call him *Sir*, and made no Anſwer. I ſaw his Grief, and told him

him how much He was to blame, to cherish that *Vanity* even in *Hell*, that had brought him thither. And what do ye think on't now (said I) *Had not you better have traded in* Blacks *then* Christians? *Had not you better have contented your self with a Little, honestly got, then run the Hazard of your Soul, for an Estate; and have gone to Heaven a foot, rather then to the Devil on Horse-back?* My Friend was as Mute as a Fish; whether out of Anger, Shame, or Grief, I know not. And then *a Devil in Office* took up the Discourse. *These Pick-Pocket Rogues*, (says he) *Did they think to govern the World with their own Weights and Measures, in Secula Seculorum.* Methinks, the Blinking, and *false lights* of their *Shops*, should have Minded them of their *Quarter* in *the Other World*, aforehand. And 'tis all a Case, with *Jewellers*, *Goldsmiths*, and *Other Trades*, that serve only to *Flatter* and *Bolster* up the World in *Luxury*, and *Folly*. But if people would be wise, these Youths should have little Enough to do. For what's their *Cloth of Gold, and Silver*, their *Silks*, their *Diamond*,

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and *Pearl*, (which they sell at their own Price) but matter of meer *Wantonness*, and *Superfluity*? These are they that inveigle ye into all sorts of *Extravagant Expences*, and so ruine ye Insensibly; under colour of *Kindness*, and *Credit*. For they set every thing at double the Rate; and if you keep not touch at your Day, your Persons are imprison'd; your Goods Seiz'd; and your Estates Exended. And *they that help't to make you Princes before, are now the forwardest to put you into the Condition of Beggars.*

The Devil would have talk't on, if I had given him the hearing, but there was such a Laugh set up on one side of me, as if they would all have split; and I went to see what the Matter was; for 'twas a strange thing, me thought, to hear them so merry in Hell. The Business was, there were two men upon a Scaffold, in Gentile habits, gaping as lowd as they could Bawl. One of them had a great *Parchment* in his Hand, display'd, with Divers Labels hanging at it, and several Seals. I thought at first it might have been *Execution-day*, and

took

took the *Writing* for a *Pardon*, or *Reprieve*. At every word they spoke, a matter of Seven or Eight Thousand Devils burst out a Laughing, as they would have crack't their Sides. And This again made me think, it might be some *Jack-pudding*, or *Mounte-bank*, shewing his Tricks, or his Attestations; with his Congregation of fools about him. But nearer hand, I found my Mistake; and that the Devils Mirth made the Gentlemen angry. At last, I perceiv'd that this great Earnestness of theirs was only to make out their *Pedegree*, and get themselves past for *Gentlemen*; the *Parchment* being a *Testimonial* from the *Heralds Office*, to that Purpose. My Father (says he with the writing in's Hand) bore Arms for his Majesty in many Honourable Occasions, of *Watching*, and *Warding*; and has made many a Tall Fellow speak to the Constable, at all hours of the Night. My Uncle was the first man that ever was of the Order of the *black-Guard*: And we have had *five Brave Commanders* of *our Family*, by my Father's side, that have serv'd the State

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in the Quality of *Marshal's-men*, and *Turn-Keys*, and given his Majesty a fair Accompt of all the Pris'ners committed to their Charge. And by my Mother's side, it will not be deny'd, but that I am honourably descended; For my *Grandmother* was never without *a Dozen Chamber-maids*, and *Nurses* in Family. It may be 'twas her Trade (quoth the Devil) to procure Services, and Servants, and consequently to deal in that Commodity. Well, Well, (said the Cavalier) she was what she was; and I'm sure I tell you Nothing but Truth. Her Husband wore a Sword, by his Place, for he was a *Deputy-Marshal*; and to prove my self a Man of Honour, I have it here in Black and White, under the Seal of the Office. Why must I then be quarter'd among a Pack of Rascals? My Gentleman Friend; (quoth the Devil) your *Grandfather* wore a *Sword*, as He was *Usher* to a *Fencing School*; and we know very well what his Son, and Grandchild can pretend to. But let that pass; you have led a Wicked and infamous Life, and spent your time, in Whoring, Drinking,

Blas-

Blaſpheming, and in Lewd Company; and do you tell us now of the *Privileges* of your *Nobility*? Your *Teſtimonials*; and *the Seal of the Office*? A Fart for your *Privileges, Teſtimonials, Office and all. There is no Honour, but Virtue.* And if your Children, though they had a Scoundrel to their Father, ſhould come to do honourable and worthy things, we ſhould look upon them as Perſons Sacred, and not dare to Meddle with them. But Talking is Time loſt; You were ever a Couple of Pitiful fellows, and your Tayls ſcarce worth the Scalding. *Have at ye*, (ſays he) and at that word, with a huge Iron Bar He gave him ſuch a Salute over the Buttocks, that He took two or three turns in the Air, Heels over Head, and dropt at laſt into the Common-ſhore; where never any man as yet found the Bottom.

When his Companion had ſeen him Cut that Caper; This Uſage (ſays he) may be well enough for a *Parchment Gentleman*: but for a *Cavalier* of *my Extraction*, and *Profeſſion*, I ſuppoſe you'l Treat him with ſomewhat more

of

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of *Civility*, and *Respect*. Cavalier (quoth the Devil) if you have brought no better Plea along with you, then the Antiquity of your House, you may e'en follow your Camerade, for ought I know, for *we find very few ancient Families, that had not Some Oppressor or Usurper for their Founder*; and they are commonly continu'd by the same means, they were begun. How many are there of our *Titular Nobility*, that write *Noble*, purely upon the Accompt of their *Violence*, and *Injustice*? Their Subjects, and Tenants, what with Impositions, hard services, and Rack't Rents, are they not Worse then slaves? If they happen to have any thing Extraordinary, as a pleasant Fruit; A Handsome Colt; a Good Cow; and that the Landlord, or his Sweet Lady take a liking to it, they must either submit to part with it *Gratis*, or else take their *Pay* in *foul Language*, or *Bastinadoes*. And 'tis well if they 'scape so: For many times when the sign's in *Gemini*; their Wives and Daughters go to Pot, without any regard of Laws either Sacred or Prophane. What

Damn'd

Damn'd Blasphemies and Imprecations do they make use of, to get Credit with a *Mistress* or a *Creditor*, Upon a Faithless Promise! How intolerable is their Pride, and Insolence, even towards many Considerable Officers, both in Church and State! for They behave themselves as if all people below their Quality and Rank in the World, were but as so many Brutes, or Worse. As if Humane Blood were not all of a Colour: As if Nature had not brought them into the world the Common way, or Moulded them of the same Materials with the Meanest Wretches upon the Earth. And then for such as have Military Charges, and Commands; How many Great Officers are there, that without any Consideration of their Own, or Their Princes Honour, fall to spoil and Pillage? Cousening the State with false Musters, and the Souldiers of their Pay; and giving them, instead of their Due from the Prince, a Liberty of taking what is not their due from the People; forcing them to take the Bread out of the poor Labourers Mouths, to fill their own Bellies,

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lies, and protecting them when they have done, in the most Execrable Outrages Imaginable. And when the poor Souldier comes at last to be dismist, or disbanded; Lame, Sick, Beggerly, Naked almost, and Enraged; with Nothing left him to trust to, but the high-way to keep him from starving. What Mischief is there in the world, that these men are not the Cause of? How many good Families are utterly ruin'd, and at this day in the Hospital, for trusting to their Oaths and Promises! and becoming bound for them, for vast sums of Money to maintain them in Tipple, and Whores, and in all sorts of Luxury, and Ryot? This Rhetorical Devil would have said a Thousand times more; but that his Companions call'd him off, and told him they had business elsewhere. The Cavalier hearing that, my Friend, (said he) your Morals are very good, but yet with your Favour, all men are not alike. *There's never a Barrel better Herring*, (said the Devil) You are all of ye tainted with *Original Sin*, and if you had been any better then your fellows, you

you had never been sent hither. But if you are indeed so Noble, as you say, you're worth the *Burning*, if 'twere but for your *Ashes*. And that you may have no Cause of Complaint, you shall see, Wee'l treat you like a person of your Condition. And in that Instant, Two Devils presented themselves; the one of them Bridled, and Sadled; and the other, doing the Office of the Squire; holding the Stirrop, with his left hand, and giving the Gentleman a Lift into the Saddle with the Other. Which was no sooner done, but away he went like an Arrow out of a Bow. I ask't the Devil then into what Countrey he carry'd him. And he told me, Not far: for 'twas only matter of *Decorum*, to send the Nobility to Hell, *a Horse-back*. Look on that side now, says he, and so I did; and There I saw the poor Cavalier in a huge Furnace, with the first Inventers of Nobility, and Arms: As *Cain*; *Cham*; *Nimrod*; *Esau*; *Romulus*; *Tarquin*; *Nero*; *Caligula*; *Domitian*; *Heliogabalus*; and a world of other Brave fellows, that had made themselves famous by Usurpation, and Blood. The

Place

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Place was a little too hot for me, and so I retir'd, meditating on what I had heard; and not a little satisfied with the Discourse of so learned a Devil. Till that time, I took the Devil for a Notorious Lyer; but I find now that He can speak the Truth too, when he pleases; and I would not for all I am worth, but have heard him Preach.

When I was thus far, my Curiosity carry'd me still farther; and within Twenty Yards, I came to a huge Muddy, Stinking Lake, near 'twice as big as that of *Geneva*; and heard in't so strange a Noise, that I was almost out of my Wits, to know what it was. They told me that the *Lake* was stor'd with *Doüegna's*, or *Governantes*, which are turn'd into a kind of Frogs in Hell, and perpetually Driveling, Sputtering, and Croaking. Me thought, The Conversion was apt enough; for they are Neither Fish, nor Flesh, no more then Frogs; And Only the lower Parts of them are Man's-Meat, but their Heads are Enough to turn a very good Stomach. I could not but Laugh, to see how

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how they Gaped, and stretch't out their Legs as they swam, and still as we came Neer, They'd Scud away and Dive.

This was no place to stay in, there was so Noysome a Vapour; and so I struck off, upon the Left-Hand; where I saw a Number of old men, beating their Breasts, and Tearing their Faces; with bitter Grones, and Lamentations. It made my Heart ake to see them, and I ask't what they were: Answer was made, that I was now in The Quarter of *the Fathers that damn'd themselves, to raise their Posterity*; which were called by some, The Unadvised. Wretch that I am! (cry'd one of them) The greatest Penitent that ever liv'd, never suffer'd the Mortification I have endur'd; I have *Watch'd*; I have *Fasted*; I have scarce had any *Clothes* to my *Backs*; My whole Life has been a Restless Course of *Torment*, both of *Body*, and *Mind*: and all This, to get *Money* for my *Children*; that I might see them *well Marry'd*; *Buy them Places at Court*, or procure them some other Preferment in the World: starving my self in the Conclusion, rather then I would lessen the Provi-

Provision, I had made for my Posterity. And yet Notwithstanding this my fatherly care, I was scarce sooner Dead, then forgotten: and my *Next Heir* bury'd me without *Tears*, or *Mourning*; and indeed without so much as paying of *Legacies*, or *praying* for my *Soul*: as if they had already received certain Intelligence of my *Damnation*. And to aggravate my Sorrows, The *Prodigals* are now *Squandering*, and *consuming* that *Estate* in *Gaming*, *Whoring*, and *Debauches*, which I had scraped together by so much *Industry*, *Vexation* and *Oppression*, and for which I suffer at this Instant such *Insupportable Torments*. This should have been thought on before (cry'd a Devil) for sure you have heard of the Old saying. *Happy is the Child whose Father goes to the Devil.* At which word, the *Old Misers* brake out into fresh Rage, and Lamentation, Tearing their Flesh, with Tooth and Nayl, in so ruful a manner, that I was no longer able to endure the Spectacle.

A Little further, there was a *Dark*, *Hideous Prison*, where I heard the *Clattering* of *Chains*; the *Crackling* of *Flames*;

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Flames; the *Slapping* of *Whips*; and a confused *out-cry* of *Complaints*. I ask't what Quarter this was; and they told me it was the Quarter of the *Oh that I had's*! What are those said I? Answer was made, that they were a Company of Brutish Sots, so absolutely deliver'd up to Vice, that they were damn'd insensibly, and in Hell before they were aware. They are now reflecting upon their Miscarriages, and Omissions, and perpetually crying out; *Oh that I had Examin'd my Conscience*! *Oh that I had frequented the Sacraments*! *Oh that I had humbled my self with Fasting, and Prayer*! *Oh that I had serv'd God as I ought*! *Oh that I had Visited the Sick, and Reliev'd the Poor*! *Oh that I had set a Watch before the Door of my Lips*!

I left these *late Repentants*, (as it appear'd) in Exchange for worse, which were shut up in a Base Court, and the Nastiest that ever I saw. These were such as had ever in their Mouths. *God is Merciful, and will pardon me.* How can this be, (said I) that these people should be *Damn'd*? When *Condemna-*

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tion is an Act of *Justice*, not of *Mercy*; I perceive you are simple, (quoth the Devil) for half these you see here, are condemn'd with the *Mercy of God* in their Mouths. And to Explain my self, Consider I pray'e, how many Sinners are there, that go on in their Wayes, in spight of Reproof, and Good Counsel: and still this is their Answer; *God is Merciful, and will not damn a Soul for so small a Matter.* But let them talk of *Mercy* as they please; so long as they persist in a Wicked Life, we are like to have their Company at last. By your Argument (said I) there's no trusting to *Divine Mercy*. You mistake me (quoth the Devil) for *every good Thought, and Work, flows from that Mercy.* But This I say: He that perseveres in his Wickedness, and makes use of the Name of *Mercy*, only for a Countenance to his Impieties, does but Mock the Almighty, and has no Title to that *Mercy*. For 'tis vain to expect *Mercy* from above, without doing any thing in order to it. It properly belongs to the Righteous, and the Penitent; and they that have the most

of

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of it upon the *Tongue*, have commonly the least thought of it in their *Hearts*: And 'tis a great Aggravation of Guilt, to Sin the more, in Confidence of an Abounding Mercy. It is True that many are receiv'd to *Mercy*, that are utterly Unworthy of it; which is no wonder, since No man of himself can deserve it: But men are so Negligent of seeking it betimes, that they put that off, to the last, which should have been the first part of their business; and many times their Life is at End, before they begin their Repentance. I did not think so Damn'd a Doctor could have made so good a Sermon. And there I left him.

I came next, to a Noysome Dark hole, and there I saw a Company of *Dyers*, all in *Dirt*, and *Smoke*, intermixt with the Devils, and so alike, that it would have posed the subtlest *Inquisitor* in *Spain*, to have said, which were the *Devils*, and which the *Dyers*.

There stood at my Elbow, a strange kind of *Mungrel Devil*, begot betwixt a *Black*, and a *White*; with a Head so bestuck with Little *Horns*, that it look't

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at a Distance like a *Hedg-hog*. I took the Boldness to ask him, where they quarter'd the *Sodomites*, the *Old Women* and the *Cuckolds*. As for the *Cuckolds*, (said He) they are all over Hell, without any Certain Quarter, or Station; and in Truth, 'tis no easie matter to know a *Cuckold* from a *Devil*, for (like kind Husbands) they wear their Wives favours still, and the very same Head-pieces in Hell, that they wore living in the world. As to the *Sodomites*, we have no more to do with them, then needs must; but upon all Occasions, we either Fly, or Face them: for if ever we come to give them a Broad-side, 'Tis ten to one but we get a Hit betwixt Wind and Water; and yet we fence with our Tayls, as well as we can, and they get now and then a Flap o're the Mouth into the Bargain. And for the *Old women*, we make them stand off; for we take as little pleasure in them, as you do: And yet the Jades will be persecuting us with their Passions; and *ye shall have a Bawd of five and fifty, doye all the Gamboles of a Girl of fifteen.* And yet after all this, *There's not an old*

Woman

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Woman in Hell; for let her be *as old as Pauls*; *Bald, Blind, Toothless, Wrinckled, Decrepit*: *This is not long of her Age*, shee'l tell you; *but a Terrible Fit of sickness last year, that fetch't off her Hair, and brought her so low, that she has not yet recover'd her flesh again. She lost her* Eyes *by a Hot Rheum: and utterly spoil'd her* Teeth *with Cracking of Peach-stones, and Eating of Sweet-meats, when she was a Maid.* And when the Weight of her Years has almost brought both Ends together, 'Tis nothing shee'l tell ye but a Crick she has got in her Back: And *though she might recover her Youth again, by confessing her Age, shee'l never acknowledge it.*

My next encounter was, a Number of People making their mone, that they had been taken away by *sudden Death.* That's an Impudent Lye (cry'd a Devil) saving this Gentleman's presence) for *no man dyes suddenly. Death surprizes no man, but gives all men sufficient warning, and Notice.* I was much taken with the Devil's Civility, and Discourse; which he pursu'd after this manner. *Do ye complain* (says He) *of*

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sudden Death? that have carry'd Death about ye, ever since you were Born; That have been entertain'd with daily Spectacles of Carkasses and Funerals; That have heard so many Sermons upon the subject; and read so many good Books upon the Frailty of Life, and the Certainty of Death. Do ye not know that every Moment ye live, brings ye nearer to your End? Your Cloaths wear out; Your Woods, and your Houses decay; and yet ye look that your Bodies should be Immortal. What are the Common Accidents and Diseases of Life, but so many warnings to provide your self for a Remove? Ye have Death at the Table, in your Daily Food, and Nourishment; for your Life is maintain'd by the Death of Other Creatures. And you have the Lively picture of it, every Night for your Bedfellow. With what Face then can you Charge your Misfortunes upon sudden Death? that have spent your whole Life, both at Bed, and at Bord, among so many Remembrances of your Mortality. No, No; change your stile, and hereafter confess your selves to have been *Careless* and *Incredulous*. *You Dye, thinking you*

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you are not to Dye yet; and forgetting that Death grows upon you, and goes along with ye from one End of your Life to the Other, without Distinguishing of Persons, or Ages; Sex, or Quality: and whether it finds ye Well, or Ill-doing; As the Tree falls, so it Lies.

Turning toward my left Hand, I saw a great many Souls that were put up in *Gally-pots*, with *Assa fœtida*, *Galbanum*, and a Company of *Nasty Oyls* that served them for *Syrrup*. What a Damn'd stink is here (Cry'd I, stopping my Nose) We are now come undoubtedly to *the Devil's house of Office*; No, No, (said their Tormenter) which was a kind of a Yellowish Complexion'd Devil) 'Tis a Confection of *Apothecaries*. *A sort of people, that are commonly Damn'd for Compounding the Medicines by which their Patients hope to be saved.* To give them their due; These are your only *True*, and *Chymical Philosophers*; and worth a thousand of *Raymund Lullius*, *Hermes*, *Geber*, *Ruspicella*, *Avicen*, and their Fellows; 'Tis true, they have written fine things of *the Transmutation of Mettals*; but did they

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ever *make* any *Gold*? Or if they did, We have lost the Secret. Whereas your *Apothecaries*, out of a Little *Puddle-water*; *a Bundle of Rotten sticks*; *a Box of Flies*; Nay out of *Toads*, *Vipers*, and a *Sir Reverence it self*, will fetch ye *Gold ready Minted*, and fit for the Market; which is more then all your *Philosophical Projecters* ever pretended to. There is no *Herb* so *Poysonous*, (let it be *Hemlock*) nor any *stone* so *dry*, (suppose the *Pumice* it self) but they'l draw *silver* out of it. And then for *words*, 'tis Impossible to make up any word out of the four and twenty Letters, but they'l shew ye a Drug, or a Plant of the Name; and turn the *Alphabet* into as good Money as any's in your Pocket. Ask them for an *Eye-Tooth* of a *Flying Toad*; they'l tell ye, yes, ye may have of it, in *powder*; Or if you had rather have the Infusion of *a Tench of the Mountains*, in a little *Eeles Milk*, 'tis all one to them. If there be but any Money stirring, you shall have what you will, though there be no such thing in Nature. So that it looks as if all the Plants, and stones of the

the Creation, had their several powers and Vertues given them, only for the *Apothecaries* sakes; and as if *Words* themselves had been only made for their Advantage. Ye call them *Apothecaries*; but instead of That, I pray'e call them *Armorers*; and their *Shops*, *Arsenals*; Are not their *Medicines* as *Certain Death*, as *Swords*, *Daggers*, or *Musquets?* while their Patients are Purg'd and Blouded into the other World, without any regard either to Distemper, Measure, or Season.

If you will now see the Pleasantest sight you have seen yet, walk up but these two steps, and you shall see *a Jury* (or Conspiracy) *of Barber-Surgeons, sitting upon life and Death.* You must think that any Divertisement there was welcome, so that I went up, and found it in Truth a very pleasant Spectacle. These *Barbers* were most of them Chain'd by the Middle; their *Hands* at Liberty; and Every one of them, a *Cittern* about his Neck; and upon his knees a *Chess-board*; and still as he reach't to have a Touch at the *Cittern*, the Instrument Vanish't; and so

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so did the *Chess-board*, when he thought to have a Game at *Draughts*; which is directly *Tantalizing* the poor Rogues, for *a Cittern it as Natural to a Barber, as Milk to a Calf.* Some of them were washing of Asses Brains, and putting them in again; and scouring of *Negroes* to make them *White.*

When I had laught my Fill at these fooleries, my next Discovery was, of a great many people, Grumbling and Muttering, that There was no Body look't after them; No not so much as to torment them; *as if Their Tayls were not as well worth the Toasting, as their Neighbours.* Answer was made, that being a kind of Devils themselves, they might put in for some sort of Authority in the Place, and Execute the Office of *Tormenters.* This made me ask what they were. And a Devil told me (with Respect) that they were a Company of Ungracious, *Left-handed* Wretches, that could do Nothing aright. And their Grievance was that they were Quarter'd by Themselves; but not knowing whether they were Men or No; or indeed what else

to

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to make of them, we did not know how to Match them, or in what Company to put them. In the world they are look't upon as *Ill Omens*; And let any man meet one of them, upon a Journey in a Morning, Fasting; 'tis the same thing as if a Hare had cross't the way upon him; He presently turns head in a Discontent, and goes to bed again. Ye know that *Scævola*, when he found his Mistake, in killing *Another*, for *Porsenna* (the *Secretary*, for the *Prince*) burn't his *Right-Hand* in Revenge of the Miscarriage: Now the severity of the Vengeance, was not so much the Maiming or the Cripling of Himself, but the Condemning of himself to be for ever *Left-handed*. And so 'tis with a Malefactor that suffers Justice; The Shame, and Punishment, does not lye so much in the Loss of his *Right-Hand*, as that the other is *Left*. And it was the Curse of an old Bawd, to a fellow that had vex'd her, *That He might go to the Devil by the stroke of a Left-handed Man*. If the Poets speak Truth, (as 'twere a Wonder if they should not) The *Left* is the *Unlucky side*; and there-

never

never came any Good from it. And for my last argument against these Creatures; The *Goats*, and *Reprobates* stand upon the *Left-hand*: And *Left-handed men* are, in Effect, a sort of Creature that's made to do Mischief; Nay whether I should call them Men, or no, I know not.

Hereupon, a Devil becken'd me to come softly to him; and so I did, without a word speaking or the least Noise in the World. Now (says he) if you'l see the Daily Exercise of *Ill-favour'd Women*, look through that *Lattice-Window*. And there I saw such a Kennel of *Ugly Bitches*, you would have blest your self. Some, with their *faces* so *pounced*, and *speckled*, as if they had been *scarify'd*, and newly past the *Cupping-Glass*; with a world of little *Plaisters*, *long*, *round*, *square*; and briefly, cut out into such Variety, that it would have posed a good *Mathematician* to have found out another Figure; And you would have sworn that they had been either at *Cats-play*, or *Cuffs*. Others, were *scraping their faces with pieces of Glass*; *tearing up their Eye-brows*

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brows by the Roots, like Mad: And some that had none to tear, were fetching out of their *black Boxes*, such as they could get, or make. Others were *powd'ring*, and *curling* their *false Locks*; or fast'ning their *new Ivory Teeth*, in the place of their *old Ebony Ones*. Some were *Chewing Lemon-pill*, or *Cinamon*, to countenance *a foul Breath*; And raising themselves upon their *Ciopines*, that their View might be the fairer, and their fall the Deeper. Others were quarrelling with their *Looking-Glasses*, for shewing them such *Hags-faces*: and cursing *the State of Venice* for Entertaining no Better *workmen*. Some were *stuffing* out their *Bodies*, like *Pack-saddles*, to cover secret Deformities: And some again had so many Hoods over their faces, to conceal the Ruines, that I could hardly discern what they were; And These past for *Penitents*. Others, with their pots of *Hogs Grease*, and *Pomatum*, were *sleeking*, and *polishing* their faces, and indeed their *fore-heads* were *bright*, and *shining*, though there were neither *Suns*, nor *Stars* in *That Firmament*. Some there were (in Fine) that would

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would have fetch't a man's Guts up at's mouth, to see them with their *Masques of After-Births*; and with their *Menstruous Slibber Slobbers*, dawbing one another to take away the *Heats*, and *Bubos*. Nasty and Abominable! I cry'd. Well (quoth the Devil) you see now how far a Woman's Wit, and Invention will carry her to her own Destruction. I could not speak one word for Astonishment at so horrid a spectacle; till I had a little recollected my self: and then (said I) If I may deal freely without Offence; I dare Defy all the Devils in Hell, to out-do these Women. But pray'e let's be gone, for the sight of them, makes my very Heart ake.

Turn about then, (said the Devil) and there was *a fellow* sitting in a *Chair, all alone*; never a *Devil* near him; No *Fire*, or *Frost*; No *Heat*, or *Cold*; or any thing else, that I could perceive, to torment him; and yet crying and Roaring out the most hideously of any thing I had yet heard in Hell: Tearing his Flesh; and Beating his Body, like a Bedlam; and his Heart, all the while, Bleeding at his Eyes. Good Lord, thought

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thought I, what ails this Wretch, to yell out thus when no Body Hurts him! So I went up to Him; Friend (said I) what's the meaning of all this Fury, and Transport? for, so far as I can see, there's nothing to trouble you. *No, No,* (says he with a Horrid Out-cry, and with all the Extravagances of a Man in Rage, and Despair) *you do not see my Tormentors; but the all-searching Eye of the Almighty, sees my Pains, as well as my Transgressions; and with a severe, and Implacable Justice, has condemn'd me to suffer Punishments answerable to my Crimes.* (Which Words He utter'd with redoubled Clamours) *My Executioners are in my Soul, and all the Plagues of Hell in my Conscience. My* Memory *serves me instead of a Cruel Devil. The* Remembrance *of the Good I should have done, and Omitted; And of the Ill, I should not have done, and did. The* Remembrance *of the wholesome Counsels I have rejected, and of the Ill example I have given. And for the Aggravation of my Misery; where my* Memory *leaves afflicting me, my* Understanding *begins: shewing me the Glories,*

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ries, and Beatitudes I have lost, which others enjoy, who have gain'd Heaven, with less Anxiety, and Pain then I have endur'd, to compass my Damnation. Now am I perpetually meditating on the Comforts, Beauties, Felicities, and Raptures of Paradise, only to enflame, and exasperate my Despair in Hell: begging in Vain, but for one moments Interval of Ease, without obtaining any; for my Will *is also as Inexorable, as either my* Memory, *or my* Understanding. *And These* (my Friend of the other world) *are the Three Faculties of my Soul, which Divine Justice, for my Sins, has converted into three Tormentors, that Torture me without Noise; Into Three Flames, that burn me without consuming. And if I chance at any time to have the least Remission, or Respite; The Worm of my Conscience gnaws my Soul, and finds it, to an Insatiable Hunger, an Immortal Aliment, and Entertainment.* At that word, turning towards me with a Hellish Yell; *Mortal* (says he) *learn, and be assur'd from me, that all those that either bury or misemploy their Talents, carry a Hell within themselves, and are Damn'd*

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Damn'd even above ground; and so He return'd to his Usual Clamours. Upon this, I left him, miserably sad and pensive. Well, thought I, what a weight of sin lyes upon this Creatures Conscience! Whereupon the Devil observing me in a Muse, told me in my Ear, that this Fellow had been an *Atheist*, and believ'd neither *God*, nor *Devil*. *Deliver me* then, said I, *from that Unsanctify'd Wisdom, that serves us only for our further Condemnation.*

I was gone but a step or two aside, and I saw a world of people running after *Burning Chariots*, with a great many Souls in them, and the Devils tearing them with Pincers: and before them, march't Certain Officers, making *Proclamation* of their *Sentence*, which with much ado I got near enough to hear, and it was to this effect. *Divine Justice hath appointed this Punishment to the Scandalous, for giving Ill Examples to their Neighbours.* And at the same time, several of the Damn'd laid their sins to their Charge, and cry'd out, that *'twas long of Them they were thus Tormented.* So that *the Scandalous were*

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punish't both for their own Sins, and for the Offences of those they had misled to their Destruction. And these are they of whom 'tis said, that *They had better never have been born.*

My very Soul was full of Anguish, to see so many Doleful Spectacles; and yet I could not but smile, to see the *Vintners* every where up and down Hell, as free, as if they had been in their *Taverns*, and only *Pris'ners upon Parole.* I ask't how they came by that Privilege; and a Devil told me, there was no need of shackling them, or so much as shutting them up; for there was no fear of their making a 'scape, that took so much pains in the World, and made it their whole Business to come thither. Only, says he; if we can keep them from throwing *Water* in the *Fire*, as they do in their *Wines*, we are well Enough. But if you would see somewhat worth the while, leave these fellows, and follow me; and I'le shew ye *Judas* and his *Brethren*, the *Stewards*, and *Purse-bearers*: so I did as he bad me, and he brought me to *Judas*, and *his Companions*, who had *no Faces*, divers

divers of them, and most of them *no Foreheads.*

I was well enough pleas'd to see him, and to be better inform'd; for I had ever Phansy'd him to be a kind of *an Olive-colour'd Tawny Complexion'd fellow*, without a *Beard*; and an *Eunuch* into the Bargain: which perhaps (nay probably) He was; for nothing but a *Capon, a Thing un-man'd*, could ever have been guilty of so sordid, and Treacherous a Villany, as to sell, and betray his Master, with a Kiss; and after That, so Cowardly, as to hang himself in Despair, when he had done. I do believe, however, what the Church says of him: That He had a *Carrot Beard*, and a *Red Head*; but it may be his *Beard* was *burnt*, and as he appear'd to me in Hell, I could not but take him for an *Eunuch*, which to deal freely, is my Opinion of all the *Devils*, for they have no Hair; and they are for the most part all *wrinkled*, and *Baker-legg'd.*

Judas was beset with a Great many *Money-Mongers*, and *Purse-bearers*, that were telling him stories of the pranks

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they had play'd, and the Tricks they had put upon their Masters, after his Example. Coming up to them, I perceiv'd that their Punishment was like that of *Titius*, who had a *Vultur* continually gnawing upon his *Liver*; for there were a Number of *Ravenous Birds* perpetually preying upon them, and tearing off their Flesh; which grew again as fast as they devour'd it; a Devil in the mean time crying out, and the Damn'd filling the whole place with Clamour and Horrour; *Judas*, with his *Purse*, and his *Pot* by his side, bearing a large part in the *Out-cry*, and *Torment*. I had a huge mind (me thought,) to have a word or two with *Judas*; and so I went to him with this Greeting: *Thou Perfidious, Impudent, Impious Traytor*, (said I) *to sell thy Lord and Master at so base a Price, like an Avaricious Rascal.* If men, (said he) were not ungrateful, they would rather pity, or Commend me, for an Action so much to their Advantage, and done in Order to their Redemption. The Misery is Mine that am to have no part my self, in the Benefit I have procured to others.

Some

Some *Heretiques* there are, (I must confess to my Comfort) that adore me for't. But do you take *me* for the *only Judas?* No, No. There have been many since the Death of my Master, and there are at this Day, more wicked, and ungrateful, Ten thousand times then my self; that *buy* the Lord of Life, as well as *sell him*, scourging and Crucifying him daily with more Spite, and Ignominy then the *Jews*. The Truth is, I had an Itch to be fingering of Money, and Bartering, from my Entrance into the *Apostleship*. I began, you know, with *the Pot of Oyntment*, which I would fain have sold, under colour of a *Relief* to the *Poor*. And I went on, to *the selling of my Master*, wherein I did the World a greater good then I intended, to my own irreparable ruine. My *Repentance*, now signifies Nothing. To conclude, *I am the only Steward that's condemn'd for* Selling; *All the rest are damn'd for* Buying; And I must entreat you, to have a better Opinion of me; for if you'l look but a little lower here, you'l find people a Thousand times worse then my self. With-

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draw then (said I) for I have had talk enough with *Judas*.

I went down then, some few steps, as *Judas* directed me; and There, I saw a world of Devils upon the March, with *Rods*, and *Stirrup-leathers* in their Hands, lashing a Company of *handsome Lasses*, *stark naked*, and driving them out of Hell (which me thought was pity, and if I had had some of them in a Corner, I should have treated them better) With the *Stirrup-Leathers*, they disciplin'd *a Litter of Bawds*. I could not Imagine why These, of all others, should be expell'd the place, and ask't the Question. Oh, says a Devil, *These* are our *Factresses* in the *world*, and the best we have, so that we send them back again to bring more Grist to the Mill: And indeed, *if it were not for Women, Hell would be but thinly peopled*; for what with the *Art*, the *Beauty*, and the *Allurements* of the *Young Wenches*; and the *Sage Advice* and *Counsel* of the *Bawds*, they do us very great services. Nay; for fear any of our Good Friends should tire upon the Rode, they send them to us on *Horse-back*, or bring them

them themselves, e'en to the very Gates, lest they should miss their way.

Pursuing my journey, I saw, a good way before me, a large Building, that lookt (me thought) like some *Enchanted Castle*, or the *Picture of Ill-Luck*: It was all ruinous, the *Chimneys* down, the *Planchers* all to pieces, only the *Bars* of the *Windows* standing: The *Doors* all bedaw'd with dirt, and patcht up with *Barrel-Heads*, where they had been broken. The *Glass* gone, and here and there a *Quarrel* supply'd with *Paper*. I made no doubt at first but the house was forsaken; but coming nearer, I found it otherwise, by a horrible confusion of tongues and noises within it. As I came just up to the Door; one open'd it, and I saw in the house many *Devils*, *Thieves*, and *Whores*. One of the craftiest Jades in the Pack, placed her self presently upon the Threshold, and made her address to my Guide and me. Gentlemen, says she, *how comes it to pass, I pray'e, that people are damn'd both for giving and taking?* The *Thief* is condemn'd for *taking* away from another; and *we* are condemn'd for *giving* what

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is our own. I do not find, truly, any injustice in our Trade; and if it be lawful to give every one their own, and out of their own; why are we condemn'd? We found it a nice point, and sent the Wench to *Counsel learned in the Law*, for a resolution in the Case. Her mentioning of *Thieves* made me inquire after the *Scriveners* and *Notaries*. Is it possible (said I) that you should have none of them here? for I do not remember that I have seen so much as one of them upon the way; and yet I had occasion for a *Scrivener*, and made a search for one. I do believe indeed (quoth the Devil) that you have not found any of them upon the Road. How then? (said I) what, are they all sav'd? No, no (cry'd the Devil) but you must understand, that they do not *foot it* hither, as other mortals; but come upon the *Wing*, in Troops like *Wild geese*; so that 'tis no wonder you see none of them upon the way. We have *millions* of them, but they cut it away in a trice, for they are damn'dly *rank-wing'd*, and will make a flight, in the third part of a minute, betwixt

Earth

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Earth and *Hell*. But if there be so many (said I) how comes it we see none of them? For that (quoth the Devil) we change their names, when they come hither once, and call them no longer *Notaries or Scriveners*, but *Cats*: and they are so good *mousers*, that though this place is large, old, and ruinous; yet you see not so much as a *Rat* or a *mouse* in *Hell*: how full soever of all other sorts of *Vermine*. Now ye talk of *Vermine* (said I) are there any *Catchpoles* here? No not one (says he.) How so (quoth I?) when I dare undertake there are five hundred Rogues of the Trade for one that's ought. The Reason is (says the Devil) that every *Catchpole* upon *Earth*, carries a *Hell* in's *Bosom*. You have still (said I, crossing my self) an aking tooth at those poor Varlets. Why not (cry'd he) for they are but Devils incarnate, and so damn'dly verst in the art of tormenting, that we live in continual dread of losing our places, and that his Infernal Majesty should take these Rascals into his Service.

I had enough of this, and travelling on, I saw a little way off, a great enclosure,

sure, and a world of Souls shut up in't; some of them weeping and lamenting without measure, others in a profound silence. And this I understood to be the *Lovers Quarter.* It sadn'd me to consider, that Death it self could not kill the lamentations of Lovers. Some of them were discoursing their passions, and teizing themselves with *fears* and *jealousies*; casting all their miseries upon their *appetites* and *phansies*, that still made the *Picture* infinitely fairer than the *Person.* They were for the most part troubled with a simple disease, call'd (as the Devil told me) *I Thought.* I askt him what that was, and he answer'd me, it was a Punishment suitable to their Offence: for your Lovers, when they fall short of their Expectations, either in the pursuit, or enjoyment of their Mistresses, they are wont to say, Alas! *I Thought* she would have lov'd me: *I Thought* she would never have prest me to marry her; *I Thought* she would have been a Fortune to me: *I Thought* she would have given me all she had: *I Thought* she would have cost me nothing: *I Thought* she would have

askt

ask me nothing: *I Thought* she would have been true to my Bed: *I Thought* she would have bin dutiful and modest: *I Thought* she would never have kept her Gallant. So that all their Pain and damnation comes from *I thought* This or That, or So, or So.

In the middle of them was *Cupid*, a little beggarly Rogue, and as naked as he was born, only here and there cover'd with an odd kind of *Embroidery*, but whether it was the workmanship of the *Itch*, *Pox*, or *Measles*, I could not perfectly discover; and close by him was this Inscription.

Many a good Fortune goes to wrack;
And so does many an able back;
With following Whores, & Cards & Dice,
We're Pox'd and beggar'd in a trice.

A ha! (said I) by these *Rimes* methinks the *Poets* should not be far off; and the word was hardly out of my mouth, when I discovered millions of them through a *Park-Pale*, and so I stopt to look upon them. (It seems in Hell they are not call'd *Poets* now, but *Fools*)

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Fools) One of them shew'd me the *Women's Quarter* there hard by, and askt me what I thought of it, and of the *handsome Ladies* in it. Is it not true (says he) that a *Buxome Lass* is a kind of *half-Chambermaid* to a *man*? when she has stript him and brought him to Bed, she has done her business, and never troubles her self any further about the helping him up again, and dressing him. How now (said I?) have ye your Quirks and Conceipts in Hell? In troth ye are pleasant: I thought your edge had been taken off. With that, out stept the most miserable Wretch of the whole Company laden with Irons: Ah! (quoth he) I would to God the first Inventer of *Rimes* and *Poetry* were here in my Place, and then he went on with this following and sad Complaint.

A Complaint of the Poets in Hell.

Oh, this damn'd trade of *Versifying*
Has brought us all to Hell for *lying*!
For writing what we do not think,
Meerly to make the Verse cry *clink*.

For

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For rather than abuse the meeter,
Black shall be *white*, *Paul* shall be *Peter*.
One time I call'd a *Lady*, *Whore*;
Which in my Soul she was no more
Than I am; a brave Lass, no Beggar,
And *true*, *as ever man laid leg o're*.
Not out of *malice*, *Jove's* my witness,
But meerly for the Verses *fitness*.
Now we're all made, said I, if *luck*
hold,
And then I call'd a fellow *Cuckold*;
Though the *Wife* was (or I'll be hang'd)
As good a Wench as ever twang'd.
I was once plaguely put to't;
This would not hit, that would not do't;
At last, I *circumcis'd* ('tis true)
A *Christian*, and *baptiz'd* a *Jew*.
Nay I've made *Herod Innocent*
For Riming to *Long-Parliament*:
Now to conclude, we are all *damn'd* ho,
For nothing but a game at *Crambo*.
And for a little jingling pleasure,
Condemn'd to Torments without measure:
Which is a little hard in my sense,
To fry thus for *Poetick Licence*.
'Tis not for sin of *Thought* or *Deed*,
But for bare *sounds*, and *words* we bleed.

While

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While the Cur *Cerberus* lies *growling*
In consort with our *catterwowling*.

So soon as he had done; There is not in the world (said I) a more ridiculous *phrensie*, than yours, to be *poetizing* in *Hell*. The humour sticks close sure, or the fire would have fetcht it out. Nay (cry'd a Devil) these *Versifiers* are a strange Generation of *Buffons*. The time that others spend in *Tears* and *Groans* for their *sins* and *follies*; these Wretches employ in *Songs* and *Madrigals*; and if they chance to light upon the critical minute, and get a snap at a Lady, all's worth nothing, unless the whole Kingdom ring of it, in some miserable Sing-song or other, under the name forsooth of *Phillis*, *Chloris*, *Sylvia*, or the like: and the goodly Idol must be deckt and drest up with *Diamond*, *Pearl*, *Rubies*, *Musque*, and *Amber*, and both the *Indies* are too little to furnish *Eyes*, *Lips*, and *Teeth* for this *Imaginary Goddess*. And yet after all this *magnificence* and bounty, it would put the poor Devil's credit upon the stretch, to take up an *Old Petty-coat* in *Long-Lane*,

Lane, or a pair of *Cast-shooes*, at the next *Coblers*. Beside; we can give no Account either of their *Countrey*, or *Religion*. They have *Christian Names*, but most *Heretical Souls*; They are *Arabians* in their *Hearts*: and in their *Language*, *Gentiles*; but to say the Truth, they fall short of the *right Pagans* in their *Manners*. If I stay here a little longer, (said I to my self) This spiteful Devil will hit me over the Thumbs e're I'm aware; for I was half Jealous, that he took me already for a piece of a *Poet*.

For fear of being Discover'd, I went my way, and my Next Visit was to the *Impertinent Devotes*; whose very *Prayers* are made up of *Impiety*, and *Extravagance*. Oh! what *Sighing* was there, and *Sobbing*! *Groning*, and *Whining*! Their *Tongues* were ty'd up to a *perpetual Silence*; Their *Souls*, *Drooping*; and their *Ears* condemn'd to hear eternally the hideous cryes and Reproaches of a wheasing Devil, greeting them after this manner. Oh, Ye Impudent and Profane Abusers of Prayer, and Holy Duties! that treat *the Lord of Heaven*

and

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and Earth, in His own house, with *less respect* then ye would do a *Merchant* upon the *Change,* sneaking into a Corner with your Execrable Petitions, for fear of being over-heard by your Neighbours; and yet without any scruple at all, ye can Expose, and offer them up to that Eternal Purity! shameless Wretches that ye are! *Lord,* (says one) *take the Old man, my Father, to thy self, I beseech Thee, that I may have his Office and Estate. Oh, that this Uncle of mine would but march off!* There's a *Fat Bishoprick,* and a good *Deanery; I would the Devil had the Incumbent so I had the Dignity.* Now for a lusty *Pot* of *Guinneys,* or a *Lucky hand at Dice* if it be thy pleasure, and then I would not doubt of good Matches for my Children. *Lord, make me His Majesties Favourite* and *Thy Servant; that I may get what's Convenient, and keep what I have gotten. Grant me This, and I do here engage my self, to entertain six Blew-Coats, and Bind them out to good Trades; to set up a Lecture for every day of the Week; to give one Third part of my clear gains to Charitable Uses; and another,*

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another, toward the Repairing of Pauls; *and to pay all honest Debts, so far as may stand with my Private Convenience.* Blind and Ridiculous Madness! for *Dust and Ashes* thus to *reason* and *Condition* with the *Almighty*! for *Beggars* to talk of *Giving*, and obtrude their Vain and unprofitable Offerings upon the Inexhaustible fountain of Riches and Bounty! To Pray for Those things as *Blessings*, which are commonly showr'd down upon us for our *Confusion* and *Punishment*. And then in Case your Wishes take effect; what becomes of all the Sacred Vows and Promises ye made, in *storms*, (perhaps) *Sickness*, or *Adversity*? so soon as ye have *gain'd* your *Port*, *recover'd* your *Health*; or *Patch'd up* a *Broken Fortune*, you shew your selves, all of ye, a pack of Cheats; Your *Vows*, and *Promises* are not worth so many *Rushes*; They are forgotten with your Dreams; and *to keep a Promise upon Devotion, that you made out of Necessity, is no Article of your Religion.* Why do ye not ask for *Peace of Conscience? Encrease of Grace? The Aid of the Blessed Spirit?*

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But you are too much taken up with the Things of this World, to attend those spiritual Advantages and Treasures; and to consider, that the most acceptable Sacrifices and Oblations you can make to the Almighty, are *Purity of Mind, an humble Spirit*, and a *Fervent Charity*. The Almighty takes delight to be often call'd upon, that He may often pour down his Blessings upon his Petitioners. But such is the Corruption of Humane Nature, that Men seldom think of him, unless under affliction; and therefore it is, that they are often Visited; for by *Adversity*, they are brought to the Knowledg, and Exercise of their *Duty*. I would now have you consider, how little *Reason* there is in your Ordinary *Demands*. Put Case you have your Asking; what are you the better for the Grant? since it fails you at last; because you did not ask aright. When you die, your Estate goes to your Children; and for their parts, you are scarce cold, before you are forgotten. You are not to expect they should bestow much upon Works of Charity; for if nothing went that way

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way while you were living: They'l live after your Example when you are Dead. And beside; there's no Merit in the Case. At this word some of the poor Creatures were about to Reply; but the Devils had put Barnacles upon their Lips, that Hindred them.

From thence, I went to the *Witches* and *Wizards*; such as pretend to cure Man and Beast by *Charms*, *Words*, *Amulets*, *Characters*: and These were all burning alive. These (says a Devil) are a Company of Cousening Rogues; the most accursed Villains in Nature. If they help one man, they kill another, and only remove the Disease from a *worse* to a *Better*: And yet there's no great Clamour against them neither; for if the Patient recover, hee's well enough content, and the Doctor Gets both Reputation and Reward for his Pains. If He dyes, his mouth is stop't, and forty to one the next Heir does him a good turn for the Dispatch. So that, *Hit*, or *Miss*; All is well at last. If you enter into a Debate with them about their Remedies, They'll tell you, *they learn't the Mystery of a certain Jew*; and

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There's the *Original* of the *Secret*. Now to hear these *Quacks* give you the History of their Cures, is beyond all the *Playes* and *Farces* in the World. You shall have a fellow tell you of fifteen people that were run clean through the Body, and glad for a matter of three dayes to carry their Puddings in their Hands; that in four and twenty hours he made them as whole as Fishes, and no so much as a *Scar* for a Remembrance of the *Orifice*. Ask him, *when* and *where?* you'l find it some Twelve Hundred Leagues off, in a *Terra Incognita*, by the Token, that at that time he was *Physician in Ordinary* to a great Prince that dy'd about five and twenty years ago.

Come, Come; (Cry'd a Devil) make an End of this Visit, and you shall see those now, that *Judas* told you were ten times Worse then himself. I went along with him, and he brought me to a Passage into a great Hall, where there was a Damn'd smell of Brimstone, and a Company of *Match-makers*, as I thought at first; but they prov'd afterward to be *Alchymists*, and the Devils examining them

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them upon *Interrogatories*, who were filthily put to't, to understand their *Gibbrish*. Their *Talk* was much of the *Planetary Mettals*; *Gold* they call'd *Sol*; *Silver*, *Luna*; *Tin*, *Jupiter*; *Copper*, *Venus*. They had about them, their *Fornaces*, *Crucibles*, *Coal*, *Bellows*, *Clay*, *Minerals*, *Dung*, *Man's Bloud*, *Powders*, and *Alimbecks*. Some were *Calcining*; Others *Washing*; Here *Purifying*; There *Separating*. *Fixing* what was *Volatile*, in one place; and *Rarifying* what was *Fix* in another. Some were upon the Work of *Transmutation*, *and Fixing* of *Mercury* with Monstrous Hammers, upon an Anvile. And after they had *resolv'd* the *Viscous matter*, and sent out the subtler parts, that they came to the *Coppel*, All went away *in Fume*. Some again were in a hot dispute, What *Fual* was best; and whether *Raymund Lullius* his *Fire*, *and no Fire*, could be any thing else then *Lime*; or otherwise to be understood of the *Light Effective* of *Heat*, and not of the *Effective Heat* of *Fire*. Others were making their Entrance upon *the Great Work*, after the *Hermetical* Method. Here they were

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watching the Progress of their Operations, and making their Observations upon *Proportions*, and *Colour*. While all the rest of these blind Oracles lay waiting for the Recovery of the *Materia Prima*: till they brought themselves to the last Cast both of their Lives and Fortunes: and instead of turning Base Mettals and Materials into Gold, as they pretended; they made the Contrary Inversion, and were glad at length to take up with *Beggarly Fools*, and *False Coiners*. What a stir was there, with crying out, ever and anon! *Look ye, Look ye! The old Father is got up again; Down with him, Down with him;* What *Glossing*, and *Commenting* upon the old *Chymical Text*, that says; *Blessed be Heaven, That has order'd the most Excellent thing in Nature out of the Vilest.* If so, (quoth one) let's try, if we can fetch the *Philosophers Stone* out of a *Common Strumpet*, which is of all Creatures undoubtedly the Vilest. And the Word was no sooner out, but a matter of Three and Twenty Whores went to Pot, but the Flesh was so Cursedly Mawmish and Rotten, that they soon gave

gave over the Thought of that Projection. And then they entred upon a fresh Consultation, and concluded, *Nemine Contradicente*, that the *Mathematicians*, by that rule, were the only fit matter to work upon; as being most damnably dry, (to say nothing of their Divisions, among, and against themselves) so that with one Voice, they call'd for a parcel of *Mathematicians*, to the Fornace, to begin the Experiment. But a Devil came in just in the *God-speed*, and told them; *Gentlemen Philosophers*, (says he) if you would know the Wretched'st, and most contemptible thing in the World; It is an *Alchymist*; and we are of Opinion, that you'l make as Good *Philosopher's stones*, as the *Mathematicians*. However, for Curiosity's sake, wee'l try for Once; and so he threw them all together into a great *Caldron*; and to say the Truth, the poor Snakes suffer'd very contentedly; out of a desire I suppose, to help on toward the perfecting of the Operation.

On the other side, were a Knot of *Astrologers*, and one among the rest that had

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had study'd *Chiromancy* or *Palmestry*; who took all the Damn'd by the Hands, one after another. One he told, that it was as plain as the Nose on his Face, that he was to go to the Devil, for he perceiv'd it by the *Mount* of *Saturn*. You (says he to another) have been a *Swindging Whore-master* in your Days; I see that by the *Mount* of *Venus* here, and by her *Girdle*; and in short; every Man's Destiny he read in his *Fist*. After him advanced another, Creeping upon all four; with a pair of *Compasses* betwixt his Teeth; his *Spheres* and *Globes* about him; his *Jacob's staffe* before him; and his *Eyes* upon the *Stars*, as if he were taking a *Height*, or making an *Observation*. When he had gazed a while, up he starts of a sudden, and wringing his Hands, *Good Lord* (says he) *What an Unlucky Dog was I! If I had come into the World, but one half quarter of an hour sooner, I had been sav'd*; for Just then *Saturn shifted*, and *Mars* was lodg'd in the *house of Life*. One that follow'd him, bad his Tormentors be sure he was *Dead*, for (says he) I am a little doubtful of

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it my self; in regard that I had *Jupiter* for my *Ascendent*, and *Venus* in the *House of Life*, and no *Malevolent Aspect* to cross me. So that by the Rules of *Astrology*, I was to live, precisely, *a hundred years and one; Two Months, Six days, four Hours, and Three Minutes.* The next that came up was a *Geomancer*; one that reduced all his Skill to Certain little *points*, and by them would tell you, as well *things past*, as to *come*: These *points* he bestow'd at a Venture, among several unequal lines; some *long*, others *shorter*, like the Fingers of a Man's Hand; and then with a certain *Ribble-Rabble* of *Mysterious Words*, he proceeds to his *Calculation*, upon *Even*, or *Odd*, and challenges the whole world to allow him the most learned, and Infallible of the Trade.

There were Divers great Masters of the Science that follow'd him. As *Haly*, *Gerard*, *Bartlemew* of *Parma*, and one *Toudin*; a familiar Friend, and Companion of the Great *Cornelius Agrippa*, the famous *Conjurer*: who though he had but *one Soul*, was yet burning in *four Bodies*. (I mean the *four Damnable Books*

Books he left behind him.) There was *Trithemius* too, with his *Polygraphy*, and *Stenography*: that had Devils now, his *Belly full*, though in his Life time his Complaint was, that He could never have enough of their Company: Over against him was *Cardan*; but they could not set their horses together, because of an old Quarrel; whether was the more Impudent of the Two. And there I saw *Mizaldus*, tearing his Beard, in Rage, to find himself Pumpt dry; and that he could not fool on, to the End of the Chapter. *Theophrastus* was there too, bewailing himself for the Time he had spent at the *Alchymists Bellows*. There was also the Unknown Author of *Clavicula Salomonis*, and *The Hundred Kings of Spirits*; with the Composer of the Book, *Adversus Omnia pericula Mundi*. *Taxsnerus* too, with his Book of *Physiognomy*, and *Chiromancy*; and He was doubly punish't, first for the *Fool* he *was*; and then for *those* he had *made*. Though to give the Man his Due, He knew himself to be a Cheat, and that he that gives a Judgment upon the Lines of a Face, takes but

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but a very uncertain aim. There were *Magicians*, *Necromancers*, *Sorcerers*, and *Enchanters*, innumerable, beside divers *private boxes* that were kept for Lords and Ladies; and other Personages of great quality, that put their trust in these Disciples of the Devil, and go to *Strand-Bridge* or *Billeter-Lane*, for resolution in cases of *Death*, *Love*, or *Marriage*, and now and then to recover a *Gold Watch* or a *Pearl Neck-lace*.

Not far from these, were a company of *handsome Women*, that were tormented in the quality of *Witches*; which griev'd my very heart to see it: but to comfort me, What? (says a Devil) Have you so soon forgot the roguery of these Carrions? Have you not had tryal enough yet of them? they are the very poyson of life, and the only dangerous *Magicians* that corrupt all our senses, and disturb the faculties of your soul; these are they that cousen your *Eyes* with *false appearances*, and set up your *wills* in opposition to your *Understanding* and *Reason*. 'Tis right, said I, and now you mind me of it, I do very well remember, that I have found them

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them so; but let's go on and see the rest.

I was scarce gone three steps further, but I was got into so hideous a dark place, that it was e'en a mercy we knew where we were. There was first at the entrance, *Divine Justice*, which was most dreadful to behold; and a little beyond stood *Vice*, with a countenance of the highest pride and insolence imaginable: There was *Ingratitude*, *Malice*, *Ignorance*, *obstinate* and *incorrigible Infidelity*, *brutish* and *head-strong Disobedience*, *rash* and *imperious Blasphemy*, with Garments dipt in *blood*, *Eyes sparkling*, and a *hundred pair of Chops*, *barking at Providence*, *and vomiting rage and poyson*. I went in (I confess) with fear and trembling) and there I saw all the Sects of *Idolaters* and *Heretick*s, that ever yet appeared upon the stage of the Universe: And at their feet, in a glorious array, was lascivious *Barbara*, *second Wife* to the Emperor *Sigismund*, and *the Queen of Harlots*: One that agreed with *Messalina* in This, *that Virginity* was both a *burden* and a *folly*; and that in her whole life she was never either

wearied

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wearied or *satisfy'd*; but herein she went beyond her; in that she held the *mortality* as well of the *Soul* as of the *Body*; but she was now better instructed, and burnt like a bundle of *Matches*.

Passing forward still, I spy'd a fellow in a corner, all alone, with the flames about his ears, gnashing his teeth, and *blaspheming* through *fury* and *despair*. I askt him what he was, and he told me he was *Mahomet*. Why then (said I) thou art the damn'dest Reprobate in Hell, and hast brought more Wretches hither than half the World beside: and *Lucifer* has done well to allot thee a Quarter here by thy self, for certainly thou hast well deserv'd the first place in his Dominions. But since every man chuses to talk of what he loves, I prethee good *Impostor* tell me, What's the reason that thou hast forbidden *Wine* to all thy *Disciples*? Oh (says he) I have made them so drunk with my *Alchoran* they need no *Tipple*. But why hast thou forbidden them *Swines-flesh* too (said I?) because (says he) I would not affront the *Jambon*; for *Water* upon

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on *Gammon*, would be *false Heraldry*. And beside I never lov'd my people well enough to afford them the pleasure, either of the *Grape* or the *Spare-Rib*. Nay, and for fear they should chance to grope out the way to Heaven, I have establisht my power and my Dominion by force of Arms; without subjecting my Laws to idle disputes and discourses of reason. Indeed there is little of *Reason* in my *Precepts*, and I would have as little in their *obedience*. A world of Disciples I have, but I think they follow me more out of *appetite* than *Religion*, or for the *miracles I work*. I allow them *Liberty of Conscience*; they have as many Women as they please, and do what they list, provided they meddle not with the Government. But look about ye now, and you'l find that there are more Knaves than *Mahomet*.

I did so, and found my self presently surrounded with a Ring of *Heretick*s, and *their Adherents*; many of which were ready to tear out the Throats of their *Leaders*. One among the rest was beset with a brace of Devils, and either of them a pair of Bellows, puffing into each

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each ear *Fire* instead of *Air*, which made him a little *hot-headed*. There was another, that, as I was told, was a kind of a *Symoniac*, and had taken up his seat in a *Pestilential Chair*; but it was so dark I could not well discern whether it was a *Pope* or a *Presbyter*.

By this time I had enough of Hell, and began to wish my self out again; but as I was looking about for a Retreat, I stumbled upon a *Long Gallery* before I was aware: and there I saw *Lucifer* himself with all his *Nobility* about him, *male* and *female*. (For let *marry'd men* say their pleasure, there are *she-Devils* too) I should have been at a damn'd loss what to do, or how to behave my self among so many strange faces, if one of the *Vshers* had not come to me, and told me, that being a stranger, it was his Majesties pleasure, I should enter and have free liberty of seeing what was there to be seen. We exchang'd a couple or two of Compliments, and then I began to look about me, but never did I see a Palace so furnisht, nor indeed comparable to it.

Our Furniture at the best is but a choice

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choice collection of *dead* and *dumb Statues*, or *paintings* without *life*, *sense*, or *motion*: But *there*, all the pieces were *animated*, and no trash in the whole Inventory. There was hardly any thing to be seen, but *Emperors* and *Princes*, with some few (perhaps) of their choicest Nobility and *Privados*. The first *Banque* was taken up by the *Ottoman Family*; and after them sate the *Roman Emperors*, in their order; and the *Roman Kings* down to *Tarquin the proud*; beside *Highnesses* and *Graces*, *Lords Spiritual* and *Temporal* innumerable. My *Lungs* began now to call for a little *fresh air*, and I desired my Guide to shew me the way out again. Yes, yes, with all my heart (says he) follow me then: And so he carry'd me away by a *back passage* into *Lucifer's House of Office*, where there was I know not how many Tun of *Sr Reverence*, and Bales of *flattering Panegyricks*, not to be number'd; all of them *Licens'd*, and *Enter'd according to Order*. I could not but smile at this provision of *Tail-Timber*, and my Guide took notice of it; who was a good kind of a *damn'd Droll*. But

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I call'd still to be gone, and at length he led me to a little hole like the vent of a Vault, and I crept through it as nimbly as if the Devil himself had given me a lift at the Crupper; when to my great wonder, I found my self in the *Park* again, where I begun my story: not without an odd medly of Passions, partly reflecting upon what others endur'd, and in part, upon my own condition of ease and happiness, that had deserv'd, perhaps, the contrary as well as they. This thought put me upon a resolution of leading such a course of life, for the future, that I might not come to *feel* these torments in *Reality*, which I had now only seen in *Vision*.

And I must here entreat the Reader to follow my example, without making any further experiment; and likewise not to cast an *ill construction* upon a *fair meaning*. My design is to discredit, and discountenance the works of darkness, without scandalizing of Persons; and since I speak only of the *damn'd*, I'm sure no honest man alive will reckon this discourse a Satyre.

The end of the sixth Vision.

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THE SEVENTH VISION OF HELL REFORM'D.

THere happen'd lately so terrible an *Uproar*, and *Disorder* in *Hell*, that (though it be a place of perpetual *Outrage*, and *Confusion*) the oldest Devil there never knew the Fellow of it; and the Inhabitants expected nothing less then an absolute *Topsy-Turvy*, and *Dissolution of their Empire*. The *Devils* fell upon the *Damn'd*; and the *Damn'd* fell upon the *Devils*, without knowing One from t'other: and all running *helter-skelter*, to and again, like Mad; for in fine, it was no other then a general *Revolt*. This *Hurly-Burly* lasted a good while, before any Mortal could imagine the meaning of it; but at length, there came certain Intelligence of a *Monstrous Talker*; A *Pragmatical*,

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matical, Medling Undertaker, and an *old Bawd* of a *Gouvernante*, that had knock't off their Shackles, and made all this Havock: *Which may give the Reader to Understand what kind of Cattel These are, that could make Hell it self more Dangerous, and Unquiet.*

Lucifer, in the Mean time, went *Peeping* up and down, and *Bawling*, for *Chains*, *Hand-Cuffes*, *Bolts*, *Manacles*, *Shackles*, *Fetters*, to tye up his Prisoners again; when, in the Middle of his *Carriere*, He and the *Babler*, or *Talker*, I told ye of, met *full-butt*; and after a little staring one Another in the Face, upon the Encounter, the *Babler* open'd. Prince mine, (says he) you have a pack of *Lazy*, *Droning Devils* in your *Dominions*, that look after Nothing, but sit with their Arms and Legs across, and leave all your affairs at *Six and Seven*. And you have divers abroad too, upon *Commission*, that have staid out their Time, and yet give you no Accompt of their Employment. The *Gouvernante*, that had been blowing the *Coal*, and Whispering *Sedition* from one to another, chanc'd to pass by in the *Interim*,

and stopping short, addres'd her self to *Lucifer*: Look to your self; (she cry'd) there is a *Desperate plot* upon your *Diabolical Crown*, and *Dignity*. There are *Two Tyrants* in't; *Three Parasites*; A world of *Physicians*, and whole *Legions* of *Lawyers*, and *Atturneys*. One word more in your Ear. There is among them, a *mungrel Priest* (a kind of a *Lay-Elder*) that will go near to sit upon your Skirts, if you have not a care of him.

At the very name of *Priest*, and *Lay-Elder*, *Lucifer* look't as Pale as Death; stood stone-still; as mute as a Fish; and in his very looks, discover'd his Apprehensions. After a little pause, he rous'd himself, as out of a Trance; A *Priest* do ye say? a *Lay-Elder*? *Tyrants*? *Lawyers*? *Physicians*? A Composition (he cryes) to poyson all the Devils in Hell, and purge their very Guts out. With that, away he went to visit the *Avennes*, and set his *Guards*, and who should he meet next, but the *Medler*? in a monstrous hast, and hurry. Nay then (says he) here is *the Forerunner of Ill-Luck*. But *what's the Matter?*

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ter? The Matter? cry'd the *Medler*; And then with a huge deal of tedious, and Impertinent Circumstance, he up, and told him, that a great many of the *Damn'd* had Contriv'd an *Escape*; and that there was a Design to call in *four* or *five Regiments* of *Hypocrites*, and *Usurers*, under colour forsooth of Establishing a better *Intelligence* betwixt *Earth*, and *Hell*, with a Hundred other Fopperies; and had gone on till this time, if *Lucifer* would have found Ears. But he had other Fish to fry; for Neck and All was now at Stake; and so he went about his Business of putting all in a posture, and strengthening his Guards. And for the further Security of his Royal Person, he entertain'd into *his own Immediate Regiment*, several *Reformadoes* of the *Society*, that he particularly knew to be no Flinchers.

He began his Survey in the *Vaults*, and *Dungeons*, among his *Jaylers*, and *Pris'ners*. The *Make-Bate Babler* March't in the *Van*, breathing an Air that kindled, and Enflam'd wherever he past, without giving any Light (set-

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ting People together by the Ears, they know not why) In the second Place the *Gouvernante*, as full of *News*, and *Tittle-Tattle* as she could hold, and telling her tale all the way she went. In the Breech of her, follow'd the *Medler*, leaning as he past along, first on one side, then on the Other, without ever moving his Head, and making fair with every Soul He saw in's way. He gave *One*, a *Bowe*; T'*other*, a *Kiss*; *Your most humble Servant*, to a *Third*; *Can I serve you Sir* to a *Fourth*: But every Complement was worse to the poor Creatures, then the Fire it self. Ah Traytor! says one; For Pity's sake, away with this new Tormenter! crys another. This Fellow is Hell upon Hell, says a Third. As he trudg'd on, there was a Rabble of Rascals, got together; and in the Middle of the Crowd, a most Eminent *Knight of the Post*, (a great Master of his Trade) that was *reading a Lecture to that Venerable Assembly, of the Noble Mystery of Swearing and Lying*; and would have taught any man in one Quarter of an hour, to prove any thing upon Oath, that he never saw,

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ſaw, nor heard of in his life. This Doctor had no ſooner caſt his Eye upon the *Intermedler*, but up he ſtarted in a Fright. How no? ſays he; *Is that Devil here?* I came hither on purpoſe to avoid him; and if I could but have dream't, hee'd have been in Hell, beyond all Diſpute, I'd have gone my ſelf to Paradiſe.

As He was ſpeaking, we heard a great, and a confuſed Noiſe of *Arms*, *Blows*, and *Out-cryes*; and preſently we diſcover'd ſeveral Perſons falling one upon Another like lightning; and in ſhort with ſuch a Fury, that 'tis not for any Tongue, or Pen to Deſcribe the Battle. One of them appear'd to be an *Emperour*; for he was *crown'd* with *Lawrel*, and ſurrounded with a grave ſort of People, that look't like *Counſellors* or *Senators*; and had all the *Old Statutes*, and *Records* at their Fingers End: by which they endeavour'd to make it out; *That a King might be kill'd in his Perſonal Capacity, and his Politick Capacity never the worſe for't.* And upon this point, were they at *Daggers Drawn* with the *Emperour*. *Lucifer*

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came then roundly up to him, and with a Voice that made Hell quake; what are you Sir, (says he) that take upon you thus in my Dominions? I am the Great *Julius Cæsar*, (says he) that in this general Tumult, thought to have reveng'd my self upon *Brutus*, and *Cassius*, for Murthering me in the *Senate*, under colour (forsooth) of asserting the *Common Liberty*: Whereas these Traytors did it merely out of *Envy*, *Avarice*, and *Ambition*. It was the *Emperour* not the *Empire* they hated. They pretended to destroy *Me*, for Introducing a *Monarchy*; But did they overthrow the *Monarchy* it self? No; but on the Contrary, they confirm'd it; and did more Mischief, in taking away *my life*, than I did in dissolving *their Republick*. However, *I dy'd an Emperour, and these Villains carry'd only the Infamy, and Brand of Regicides, to their Graves, and the World has ever since, ador'd my Memory, and abhorr'd theirs. Tell me* (quoth he) *ye curs'd Bloud-Hounds*; (turning towards them) *Whether was your Government better, think ye? in the hands of your Senators; a Company of talking*

talking Gown-men, that knew not how to keep it; Or in the hands of a Souldier, that won it by his Merit? It is not the Drawing of a Charge, or the making of a fine Oration, that fits people for Government; nor will a Crown sit well upon the Head of a Pedant; but let him wear it that deserves it. *He is the true Patriot that advances the Glory of his Country, by Actions of Bravery and Honour. Which has more right to Rule, think ye, he that only* knows *the Laws, or He that* Maintains *them? The one only* studies *the Government; The other* Protects *it. Wretched Republick! Thou call'st it Freedom, to obey a Divided Multitude, and slavery, to serve a single Person; and when a Company of Covetous little Fellows are got together, they must be stil'd* Fathers of their Countrey, *forsooth; And shall one Generous Person take up with the Name of* Tyrant? *Oh! how much better had it been for* Rome *to have preserv'd that one Son that made her Mistress of the World, than that Multitude of Fathers, who by so many Intestine Wars, render'd her but a step-mother to her own Children. Barbarous, and Cruel that you are! so*

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much as to mention the name of a Common-wealth, considering that since the people tasted of Monarchy, they have prefer'd even the worst of Princes, as Nero, Tiberius, Galigula, Heliogabalus, *&c. before your Tribe of Senators.*

This discourse of *Cæsars* struck *Brutus* with exceeding *shame* and *confusion*; but at length with a feeble and trembling voice, he deliver'd himself to this effect. "Gentlemen of the Senate (*says* "*he*) do ye not hear *Cæsar?* or will ye "adde sin to sin, and suffer all the blame "to be cast upon the *Instruments*, when "you your selves were the *Contrivers* of "the Villany? Why do ye not answer? "for *Cæsar* speaks to you, as well as to "us. *Cassius* and my *self* were but *your* "*Bravos*, and govern'd by *your persua-*"*sions and advice*, little dreaming of "that insatiable ambition that lay lurk-"ing under the gravity of your long "Beards and Robes. But 'tis the pra-"ctice of you all, to arraign that Ty-"ranny in the Prince, which you would "exercise your selves: in effect, when "you have gotten Power, and the co-"lour of Authority in your hands, it is "more

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"more dangerous for a Prince not to "comply with you, than for a Vassal to "rebel against his Prince. To what end "serv'd your perfidious and ungrateful "Treason? Make answer to *Cæsar*. But "for our parts, in the conscience of our "sin, we feel the severity of our Punish-"ment.

At these words a *hollow Ey'd, supercilious Senator* (that had been of the Conspiracy, and was then *blazing* like a *Pitcht Barrel*) rais'd himself, and with a faint voice, askt *Cæsar* what reason he had to complain? "For *Prince* (*says* "*he*) if King *Ptolomy* murther'd *Pom-*"*pey the Great*, upon whose score he "held his Kingdom: why might not "the *Senate* as well *kill you*, to recover "what you had taken from them? "And in the case betwixt *Cæsar* and "*Pompey*, let the Devils themselves be "Judges. As for *Achillas* (*who was one* "*one of the murtherers*) what he did, "was by *Ptolomy*'s command, and then he "was but a *Free booter* neither, a fellow "that got his living by Rapine and "Spoil: but *Cæsar* was undoubtedly "the more infamous of the two. 'Tis

"true

"true, you wept at the sight of *Pom-*
"*pey's head*, but such tears as were
"more treacherous than the Steel that
"kill'd him. Ah cruel compassion and
"revengeful piety! that made thee a
"more barbarous Enemy to *Pompey*,
"*dead* than *living*. Oh that ever two
"Hypocrite Eyes should creep into the
"first Head of the World! To con-
"clude, the death of *Cæsar*, had been
"the *Recovery* of our *Republick*, if the
"multitude had not call'd in others of
"his Race to the Government, which
"render'd *thy fall* the very *Hydra* of
"the Empire.

We had had another skirmish upon these words, if *Lucifer* had not commanded *Cæsar* to his Cell again, upon pain of Death; and there to abide such correction as belong'd to him, for slighting the warnings he had of his Disaster. *Brutus* and *Cassius* too were turn'd over to the *politick Fools*: and the *Senators* were dispatch'd away to *Minos* and *Rhadamanthus*, and to sit as *Assistants* in the *Devils Bench*.

After this I heard a murmuring noise, as of people talking at a distance, and by

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by degrees I made it out that they were wrangling and disputing still lowder and lowder, till at length it was but a word and a blow; and the nearer I came the greater was the clamour. This made me mend my pace; but before I could reach them, they were all together by the Ears in a *bloudy fray*: They were persons of great quality all of them, as *Emperors*, *Magistrates*, *Generals of Armies*. *Lucifer*, to take up the Quarrel, commanded them *Peace* and *Silence*, and they all obey'd, but it vext them to the hearts to be so taken off in the full *carriere* of their *Fury* and *Revenge*. The first that open'd his mouth, was a fellow so martyr'd with wounds and scars, that I took him at first for an *indigent Officer*; but it prov'd to be *Clitus* (as he said himself) And one at his Elbow told him, he was a saucy Companion, for presuming to speak before his time; and so desir'd Audience of *Lucifer*, for *the high and mighty* Alexander, *the Son of* Jupiter, *and the Emperor and Terror of the World*: He was going on with his *Qualities* and *Titles*; but an Officer gave the word, *Silence*,

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lence, and bad *Clitus* begin; which he took very kindly, and told his story.

"If it may please your Majesty (*says* "*he*) I was the first Favourite of this "Emperor; who was then Lord of all "the known World; bare the Title of "*the King of Kings*, and Boasted himself "for the *Son* of *Jupiter Hammon*; and "yet after all this Glory, and Conquest, "he was himself a slave to his Passions: "He was Rash, and Cruel, and conse-"quently, Incapable either of Counsel, "or Friendship. While I liv'd, I was "near him, and serv'd him faithfully; "but it seems, He did not Entertain me, "so much for my Fidelity, as to aug-"ment the Number of his Flatterers: "But I found my self too honest for a "Base Office; and still as he ran into "any foul Excesses, I took a Freedom "with all possible Modesty, to shew "him his Mistakes. One day, as he was "talking slightly of his Father *Philip* "(*that brave Prince*, from whom he re-"ceiv'd as well his Honour, as his Be-"ing) I told him frankly what I "thought of that *Ingratitude*, and *Va-*"*nity*, and desired him to treat his

"*Dead*

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"*Dead Father* with more *Reverence*,
"as a Prince Worthy of Eternal Ho-
"nour, and Respect. This Commenda-
"tion of *Philip*, so enflam'd him, that
"presently he took a Partisan and
"struck me Dead in the place with his
"own Hand. After this; pray'e where
"was his Divinity, when he gave *Abdo-*
"*lominus*, (a poor Garden-Weeder)
"the Kingdome of *Sidonia*: which
"was not, as the World would have it,
"out of any Consideration of his Vir-
"tue, but to Mortify, and take down
"the Pride, and Insolence of the *Per-*
"*sians*. Meeting him here just now in
"*Hell*, I askt him what was become of
"*his Father Jupiter* now; that he lay
"so long by't; and whether he were
"not yet convinc'd that all his Flatterers
"were a Company of Rascals, who
"with their *Incense*, and *Altars*, would
"perswade him that He was of *Divine*
"*Extraction*, and *Heir apparent to the*
"*Throne, and Thunder of Jupiter*. This
"now was the Ground of our Quar-
"rel. But Invectives apart; who but a
"*Tyrant* would have put *a Loyal Subject*
"to *Death*, only for his *Affection*, and

"*Re-*

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"*Regards to* the *Memory* of his *Dead* "Father? how barbarously did he treat "his Favourites, *Parmenio*, *Philotas*, *Ca-*"*listhenes*, *Amintas*, *&c.* so that good "or bad is all a case, for 'tis crime e-"nough to be the Favourite of "a Tyrant: As in the course of "humane life, every man *dies* because "he is *mortal*, and the *disease* is rather "the *pretext* of his *death*, than the "*cause* of it. You find now (says *Sa-*"*tan*) that *Tyrants* will shew their *people* many a *Dog-trick*, when the humour takes them. The *good*, they *hate*, for not being *wicked*; and the *bad*, because they are no *worse*. How many *Favo-*"*rites* have you ever seen come to a *fair* and *timely end*? Remember the *Emblem* of the *Sponge*, and that's the use that *Princes* make of their *Favourites*: *they let them suck and fill, and then squeeze them for their own profit.*

At that word there was heard a lamentable cry, and at the same time a venerable *old man*, as pale as if he had no bloud in his veins, came up to *Lucifer*, and told him, that his *Emblem* of the *Sponge* came very pat to his *Case*; for

For (says he) *I was a great* Favourite, *and a great* horder of Treasure: *a* Spaniard *by* birth, *the* Tutor *and* Confident *of* Nero; *and my* name *is* Seneca. *Indeed his bounties were to excess, he* gave *me without asking, and in* taking *I was never* covetous *but* obedient. *It is in the nature of Princes, and it befits their quality, to be* liberal where they take a liking, both of *Honour* and *Fortunes*: *and 'tis hard for a Subject to refuse, without some reflection upon the generosity or discretion of his Master.* For 'tis not the *merit*, or *modesty* of the *Vassal*, but the *glory* of the *Prince* that is in question: and he is the *best Subject*, that contributes the most to the *splendor* and *reputation* of his *Sovereign*. *Nero* indeed gave me as much as such a Prince could bestow; and I manag'd his liberalities with all the *moderation* imaginable: yet all too little, to preserve me from the strokes of envious and malicious tongues; which would have it, that my *philosophizing* upon the *contempt of the World*, was nothing else but a meer *imposture*, that with less *danger* and *notice* I might feed and entertain my *avarice*;

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and with the fewer *Competitors*. Finding my credit with my Master declining, it stood me upon to provide some way or other for my quiet, and to withdraw my self from being the *mark* of of a *publick envy*. So I went directly to *Nero*, and with all possible respect and humility made him a *Present* back again of his *own bounties*. The truth is, I had so great a *passion* for his *service*, that neither the *severity* of his *Nature*, nor the *debauchery* of his *Manners* could ever deter me from exhorting him to nobler courses, and paying him all the duties of a *Loyal Subject*. Especially in cases of *cruelty* and *blood*, I laid it perpetually home to his conscience, but all to little purpose; for *he put his mother to death, laid the City of* Rome *in ashes, and indeed depopulated the Empire of honest men*. And this drew on *Piso's Conspiracy*, which was *better laid* than *executed*: for upon the discovery, the prime instruments lost their lives; and by Divine Providence this Prince was preserv'd, in order (as one would have thought) to his repentance and change of life. But upon the issue, the *Conspiracy*

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racy was *prevented*, and *Nero* never the *better.* At the same time he put *Lucan* to *death*, only *for being a better Poet than himself.* And if he gave me my *choice* what death to die, it was rather *cruelty* than *pity:* for in *the very deliberation which death to chuse, I suffer'd all even in the terror and apprehension that made me refuse the rest.* The election I made, was to *bleed to death* in a *Bath*, and I finisht my own dispatches hither; where to my further affliction, I have again encountred this infamous Prince, studying new cruelties, and instructing the very Devils themselves in the Art of tormenting.

At that word *Nero* advanc'd, with his *ill-favour'd face* and *shrill voice.* "It "is very well (*says he*) for a Princes "Favourite, or Tutor to be wiser than "his Master; but let him manage that "advantage then with respect, and not "like a rash and insolent Fool make "proclamation presently to the world, "that he's the wiser of the two. While "*Seneca* kept himself within those "bounds, I lodg'd him in my bosome, "and the love I had for that man was

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"the glory of my Government; but "when he came to publish once (what "he should have dissembled or con- "ceal'd) that it was not *Nero*, but *Sene- "ca* that rul'd the Empire, nothing "less than his bloud could make satis- "faction for so intolerable a scandal, "and from that hour I resolv'd his ru- "ine. And I had rather suffer what I "do a hundred times over, than enter- "tain a Favourite that should raise his "credit upon my dishonour. Whether "I have reason on my side or no, I ap- "peal to all this Princely Assembly: "Draw neer I beseech ye, as many as "are here, and speak freely, my Royal "Brethren; Did ye ever suffer any Fa- "vourite to scape unpunisht, that had "the impudence to write [*I and my "King*] to make a *Stale*, of *Majesty*, and "to publish himself a *better Statesman* "than his *Master?* No, no, (they cry'd out all with one voice) it never was, and never shall be endured, while the world lasts: For we have left our Suc- cessors under an Oath, to have a care on't. 'Tis true, *a wise Counsellor at a Prince's elbow, is a Treasure, and ought*

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to be so esteem'd, while he makes it his business to cry up the abilities and justice of his Sovereign; but in the instant that his vanity transports him to the contrary; *away with him to the dogs*, and *down with him*, for there's no enduring of it.

"All this (*cry'd Sejanus*) does not "yet concern me; for though I had in- "deed more brains than *Tiberius*, yet I "so order'd it, that he had the credit "in publick of all my private Advices. "And so sensible he was of my services, "that he made me his Partner and "Companion in the Empire: he caus'd "my Statues to be erected, and invested "them with sacred Privileges. *Let Sejanus "live*, was the daily cry of the People; "and in truth, my well-being was the "joy of the Empire; and far and neer "there were publick Prayers and Vows "offer'd up for my health. But what "was the end of all? when I thought "my self surest in my Master's Arms "and favour; he let me fall, nay he "threw me down, caus'd me to be cut "in pieces, delivering me up to the fu- "ry of a barbarous and enraged Multi-

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"tude, that drag'd me along the Streets, "and happy was he that could get a "piece of my flesh to carry upon a "Javelins point in triumph. And it had "been well if this inhumane cruelty "had stopt here; but it extended to "my poor *Children*, who, though un-"concern'd in my *crimes*, were yet to "partake in my *fate*. A Daughter I had, "whom the very Law exempted from "the stroke of *Justice*, because of her "*Virginity*; but to clear that scruple, "she was condemn'd first to be *ravisht* "by the *Hangman*, and then to be *be-"headed*, and treated as her Father. "My first failing was upon temerity and "pride: I would out-run my destiny; "defie fortune: and for *Divine Provi-"dence* I lookt upon it as a *ridiculous "thing*. When I was once out of the "way, I thought doing worse was some-"what in order to being better; and "then I began to fortifie my self by vio-"lence, against craft and malice. Some "were put to *death*, others *banisht*, till "in fine, all the Powers of Heaven and "Earth declar'd themselves against me. "I had recourse to all sorts of ill peo-

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"ple, and means. I had my *Physician*
"for *poysoning*; my *Assassins* for *revenge*;
"I had my *false Witnesses* and *corrupt*
"*Judges*; and in truth, what Instru-
"ments of wickedness had I not? And all
"this not upon choice or inclination;
"but purely out of the necessity of my
"condition. When ever I should come
"to fall, I was sure to be forsaken both
"of good and bad; and therefore I
"shun'd the *better sort*, as those that
"would only serve to accuse me; but
"the *lewd* and *vicious* I frequented, to
"encrease the number of my *Complices*,
"and make my *party* the *stronger*. But
"after all; if *Tiberius* was a *Tyrant*, I'le
"swear he was never so by my advice:
"But on the contrary; I have suffer'd
"more from him for *plain dealing* and
"disswading him, than the very subjects
"of his severity have commonly suffer'd
"by him. I know, 'tis charg'd upon me,
"that I stirr'd him up to *cruelty*, to ren-
"der him *odious*, and to ingratiate my
"self to the people. But who was his
"Adviser I pray'e, in this butcherly pro-
"ceeding against me? Oh *Lucifer*, *Lu-*
"*cifer*! you know very well that 'tis

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" the practice of Tyrants, when they " do amiss themselves, and set their peo- " ple a grumbling, to lay all the blame " (and punishment too) upon the In- " strument; and hang up the Minister " for the Masters fault. This is the end " of all Favourites, *cries one*; Not a " half-penny matter if they were all " serv'd so, *says another*. And every " *Historian* has his *saying* upon this *Ca-* " *tastrophe*, and sets up a *Buoy* to warn af- " ter-ages of the *Rock* of *Court-favours*. " The greatness of a Favourite *I must* " *confess*, proclaims the greatness of his " Maker; and the Prince that maintains " what he has once rais'd, does but ju- " stifie the prudence of his own choice: " and when ever he comes to undo what " he has done, publishes himself to be " light and unconstant, and does as " good as declare himself (*even against* " *himself*) of the Enemies party.

Up stept *Plantian* then, (*Severus* his *Favourite*) he that was tos'd out of a *Garret Window* to make the people sport. *My condition in the* World (says he) *was perfectly like that of a* Rocket *or* Fire-work: *I was carry'd up to a* Prodigious

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digious Height *in a Moment, and all peoples Eyes were upon me, as* a Star of the first Magnitude; *but my* Glory *was very* short-liv'd; and *down I fell, into* Obscurity, *and* Ashes. After him, appear'd a number of *other Favorites*; and all of them hearkening to *Belisarius* the *Favorite* of *Justinian*; who Blind as he was, had already knock't twice with his staff, and shaking his Head, with a weak and complaining Voice, desir'd *Audience*; which was at length granted him, *Silence* commanded; And he said, as follows.

Princes (said he) before they destroy the Creatures they have rais'd, and chosen, should do well to Consider, that *Cruelty*, and *Inconstancy* is much a greater *Infamy* to a *Prince*, then the *Worst effects* of it can be to a *Favorite*. For my own part, I serv'd an *Emperour*, that was both a *Christian*, and a great Lover, and Promoter of *Justice*. And yet after all the services I had done him in several *Battles*, and *Adventures*, (insomuch that He was effectually become my Debter, for the very glory of his Empire) My *Reward*, in the End, was

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to have *my Eyes put out*, and (with a Dog and a Bell) to be turn'd a begging from Door to Door. Thus was That *Belizarius* treated, whose very *Name* formerly was Worth an *Army*, and he was the *Soul* of his *Friends*, as well as the *Terror* of his *Enemies*. But *a Prince's Favour, is like Quick-silver, Restless, and Slippery, never to be fix'd; never secured. Force it, and it spends it self in Fumes: Sublime it, and 'tis a Mortal Poyson. Handle it only, and it works it self into the very Bones; and all that have to do with it, Live and Dye, Pale, and Trembling.*

At these Words, the whole Band of *Favorites*, set up a Hideous, and a Heavy *Grone*, trembling like Aspen-leaves, and at the same time, reciting several passages out of the Prophet *Habbacuck*, against *Careless*, and *Wicked Governors*. By which Threatnings, is given to understand, that *the Almighty; when he has a Mind to destroy a Wicked Ruler, does not always punish one Potentate by Another, and bring his Ends about by a Tryal of Arms, or the Event of a Battle: but many times makes use of things the most*

most Abject, and Vile, to Confound the Vanity, and Arrogance of the Mighty; and makes even Worms, Flyes, Caterpillars, and Lice to serve him as the Ministers of his Terrible Justice: Nay, *the Stone in the Wall, and the Beam in the house, shall rise in Judgment against them.*

This Discourse might have gone further, but that the Company presently parted, to know the Meaning of a sudden Noise, and Clatter they heard, that half deafen'd the Auditory. And what was it at last? but a *Scuffle* between the *Gown-men*, and *the Brothers of the Blade*; And there were Persons of great *Honour*, and *Learning*, *Young*, and *Old*, engag'd in the *Fray: The Men of War* were at it dashing with their *Swords*, and *the Gentlemen of the Long Robe*, *fencing*, some with *Tostatus*, Others with huge *Pandects*, that with their old *Wainscot Covers* were as good as *Bucklers*, and would now and then give the Foe a Heavy Rebuke, over and above. The *Combate* had certainly been very *Bloudy*, if one of *Lucifer's Constables* had not *commanded* them *in the King's name*

name to keep the Peace; which made it a Drawn Battle. And with That, one of the *Combatants* with his best Leg forward, said aloud; If Ye knew (Gentlemen) either *Us*, or our *Quarrel*, you'd say we had reason, and perhaps side with us. At that Instant, there appear'd *Domitian*, *Commodus*, *Caracalla*, *Phalaris*, *Heliogabalus*, *Alcetes*, *Andronicus*, *Busiris*, and *old Oliver*, with a World of great Personages more; which when *Lucifer* saw, he dispos'd himself to treat so Majestical an Appearance, and as much to their satisfaction as was Possible. And then came up a grave *Ancient man*, with a *great Train* at his Heels, all *Bloudy*, and full of the Marks they had receiv'd under the Persecution of these *Tyrants*.

"You have here before ye, (quoth "the Old Man) *Solon*; and these are "the *Seven Sages*, *Native* of *Greece*, but "renown'd throughout the *Universe*. "He there in the *Mortar*, is that *Anax-* "*archus* that was pounded to Death "by Command of *Nicocreon*. He with "the *Flat Nose*, is *Socrates*; The little "*Crump-shoulder'd Wretch*, was the Fa-

"mous

"mous *Aristotle*: and T'other there,
"*the Divine Plato.* Those in the *Corner*,
"are all of the same Profession too;
"Grave, and Learned *Philosophers*; that
"have displeas'd *Tyrants* with their
"*writings*: and in fine, *the World* is
"stor'd with their *works*, and *Hell* with
"the *Authours*. To come to the point,
"(most mighty *Lucifer*) we are all of
"us Dealers in *Politicks*; *Great Writers*,
"and *Deep-read-men* in the Maxims of
"*State*, and *Government*. We have di-
"gested *Policy* into a *Method*, and laid
"down Certain *Rules*, by which Prin-
"ces may make themselves *Great*, and
"*Below'd*. We have advis'd them, Im-
"partially to administer *Justice*; To re-
"ward *Virtue*, as well *Military*, as *Ci-*
"*vil*; to Employ *able Men*, Banish
"*Flatterers*; To put men of *Wisdom*,
"and *Integrity* in Places of *Trust*. To
"*reward*, or *Punish*, without *Passion*;
"and according to the Merits of the
"Cause, as *God's Vice-gerents*. And
"This now is our offence. We name no
"Body; We design no body; but *'tis*
"*Crime enough to wish well to the way*,
"*and to the Lovers of Virtue*. With
"that,

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"that, turning toward the *Tyrants*. Oh "most Unjust Princes; (said he) Those "Glorious *Kings*, and *Emperours* from "whom we took the *Model* of our *Laws*, "and *Instructions*, are now in a state of "*Rest*, and *Comfort*, while *you* are *tor-*"*mented*. *Numa* is now a *Star* in the "*Firmament*, and *Tarquin* a *Fire-brand* in "*Hell*. And the *Memory* of *Augustus* "and *Trajan* is still fresh and fragrant, "when the *Names* of *Nero*, and *Sarda-*"*napalus* are more *Putrid*, and *Odious* "then their *Bodies*.

When *Dionysius* the *Tyrant* heard this, (with his Companions about him) Flesh and Bloud could hold no longer; and He cry'd out in a Rage, "*That* "*Rogue Philosopher has told a Thousand* "*Lyes. Legislators, with a Pox?* Yes, "yes; they are sweet *Legislators*; and "Princes have many a fair Obligation "to them. No, no, Sirrah, (says he to "*Solon*) You are all of ye a Company "of *Quacks*; Ye prate, and speculate "of things ye don't understand; and "with your *damn'd Moralities* set the "People agog upon *Liberty*; cry up "the Doctrine of *Free-born Subjects*,

"and

"and then our *Portion*, is *perſecution* in "*one World*, and *Infamy* in *t'other*.

"We ſhall have a fine time on't, my "moſt Gracious Prince (cry'd *Julian* "*the Apoſtate*, ſtaring *Lucifer* in the face) "when theſe *Dunghil Pedants*, A Com-"pany of *Cock-brain'd*, *Ridiculous*, "*Mortify'd*, *Ill-bred*, *Beggerly Tatter-*"*demallions*, ſhall come to erect *a Com-*"*mittee for Politicks*, and paſs *Sentence* "upon *Governors*, and *Governments*; "ſtiling themſelves (forſooth) the *Sup-*"*porters* of both; without any more "ſkill then my Horſe in what belongs to "either. Tell me (ſays he) if a Brave "Prince had not better be Damn'd, "then ſubject himſelf to hear one "of theſe *Turdy-Facy-Paty-Naſty-Lowſy-*"*Fartical Raſcals*, with a *Scabb'd Head*, "and a *Plantation* of *Lice* in his *Beard*; "and his *Eyes* crept into the Nape of "his *Neck*, pronouncing for an *Apho-*"*riſme*; That *A Prince that looks only* "*to One, is a Tyrant*; and that *a True* "*King is the Shepherd, and Servant of* "*his People*. Ah, Raſh, and beſotted "Coxcombs! If *a King looks only to* "*others, who ſhall look to him?* As if

"Princes

"Princes had not Enemies enough "abroad, without being so to them- "selves too. But you may write your "Hearts out, and never the nearer. "Where's our *Soveraignty?* if we have "not our Subjects *Lives*, and *Estates* at "our *Mercy*. And where's our Absolute "Power? if we submit to the Coun- "sels of our Vassals. If we have not to "satisfy our Appetites, Avarice, and "Revenge, we want power to dis- "charge the Noblest Ends of Govern- "ment. These *Contemplative Ideots*, "would have us make Choice of *Good* "*Officers*, to keep the *Bad* in *Order*; "which were a Madness, in our Con- "dition. Let them be *Complaisant*, and "no matter for any other Merit, or "*Virtue. A Parcel of Good Offices, hand-* "*somely dispos'd among a Pack of Cheats,* "*and Atheists, will make us a party ano-* "*ther Day*; whereas all is lost that's be- "stow'd upon honest men; for they're "our Enemies; Speak Truth then all "of ye, and shame the Devil: for *the* "*Butcher fats his Sheep only for the* "*Shambles.*

I have said enough, I suppose, to stop your

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your Mouths, but here's an Orator will read you another-gates Lecture of *Politicks*, then any you have deliver'd, if you'l give him the Hearing. *Photinus*, advance, (said *Julian*) and speak your Mind; whereupon, there appear'd *a Brazen-fac'd* fellow, with a *hanging look*, and twenty other marks of a *Desperate Villain*: who with a *Hellish Tell*, and *three or four wry mouths* for a *Prologue*, brake into his Discourse.

The Wicked Advice of one of Ptolomy's *Courtiers, about the Killing of* Pompey: *taken out of* Lucan's Pharsalia. *Lib.* 8.

'METhinks, under favour, (most 'Renowned *Ptolomy*) we are now 'slipt into a debate, a little beside the 'business. The question is, *whether* 'Pompey *should be deliver'd up to* Cæ-'sar, *or no*. That is to say, whether *in* 'reason of State, it ought to be done; 'and we are formalizing the matter, 'whether in point of *equity* and *justice* it 'may be done. *Bodies Politique have* 'no Souls; and never did any great Prince,

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'*turn a Council of State, into a Court of*
'*Conscience, but he repented it. King-*
'*doms* are to be govern'd by *Politicians*,
'not by *Casuists*; and there is nothing
'more contrary to the true interest of
'*Crowns* and *Empires*, then in *publick*
'*cases*, to make a *scruple* of *private du-*
'*ties*. The Argument is this; *Pompey* is
'in *distress*: and *Ptolomy* under an *Ob-*
'*ligation*; so that it were a violation of
'*Faith* and *Hospitality*, not to relieve
'him. Now give me leave to reason
'it the other way. *Pompey* is *forsaken*,
'and *persecuted* by the *Gods*; *Cæsar* up-
'on the Heels of him, with *victory* and
'*success*. Shall *Ptolomy* now *ruine him-*
'*self*, to *protect* a *Fugitive*, against both
'*Heaven*, and *Cæsar*? I must confess,
'where *honesty*, and *profit* are both of
'a side, 'tis well; but where they disa-
'gree, the Prince that does not quit his
'*Religion*, for his *convenience*, falls into
'a direct conspiracy against himself. He
'shall lose the *Hearts* of his *Souldiery*,
'and the *reputation* of his *power*. Where-
'as on the contrary, the most hateful
'Tyrant in the world shall be able to
'keep his head above water, let him

'but

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'but give a general Licenſe to commit 'all ſorts of Wickedneſs: you'l ſay 'tis 'Impious: but I ſay, what if it be? who 'ſhall call you to accompt? Theſe deli- 'berations are only for *Subjects*, that are 'under *Command*; and not for *Sove- 'raign Princes*, whoſe *will* is a *Law*.

Exeat Aulâ
Qui volet eſſe pius.

He was never cut out
For a Court, that's devout.

'In fine, ſince either *Pompey* or *Pto- 'lomy* muſt ſuffer, I am abſolutely for 'the ſaving of *Ptolomy*, and the preſent- 'ing of *Pompey*'s *head*, without any more 'ado, to *Cæſar*. *A dead Dog will never 'bite.*

Photinus had no ſooner made an end, but *Domitian* appear'd in a monſtrous *Rage*, and lugging of poor *Suetonius* after him, *like a Bear to the ſtake*. 'There 'is not in nature (ſays he) ſo damn'd a 'Generation of *Scribling Rogues*, as 'theſe *Hiſtorians*. We can neither be 'quiet for them, *Living*, *nor Dead*: for

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'they haunt us in our very *Graves*; and 'when they have vented the *Humour*, 'and *Caprice* of their own Brains, that 'forsooth must be call'd, *The life of such* 'an *Emperour*. And for an Instance, I'll 'shew ye what this *Impertinent Chroni-* 'cler says of *my self*. *He had squander'd* 'away his treasure (says he) *in expensive* 'Buildings, *Comedies, and Donatives to* 'the Souldiers.

Now would I fain know which way it could have been better employ'd.

'In another place, he says, that *Do-* 'mitian had some thoughts of easing him- 'self in his Military charges, by reducing 'the number; but that he durst not do, 'for fear some of his Neighbours should 'put an affront upon him. So that to lick 'himself whole, he fell to raking and 'scraping what ever he could get, either 'from Dead, or Living; and any Rascals 'Testimony was proof enough for a Con- 'fiscation: for there needed no more to 'undo an honest man, then to tell a Tale at 'Court, that such a one had spoken ill of 'the Prince.

"Is this the way of treating *Majesty*? 'What could this *impudent Pedant* have

said

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"said worse, if he had been speaking of "a *Pick-pocket* or a *Pirate*? But *Prin-*"*ces* and *Thieves* are all one to them.

"He says further, that *Domitian made* "*seizure of several Estates, without any* "*sort of right whatsoever; and there* "*went no more to his Title, than for a* "*false Witness to depose, that he heard the* "*Defunct declare, before he dy'd, that he* "*made* Cæsar *his* Heir. *He set such a* "*Tax upon the* Jews, *that many of them* "*deny'd their Religion to avoid it; and* "*I remember that when I was a young* "*fellow, I saw an old man of fourscore* "*and ten taken upon suspicion by one of* "Domitian's *spies, and turn'd up in a* "*publick Assembly, to see if he were cir-*"*cumcised.*

"Be you now Judges, *Gentlemen of* "*the Black-Guard*, if this be not a most "intolerable indignity. Am I to answer "for the actions of my inferior Officers? "it amazes me that my Successors "should ever endure these scandalous "reports to be publisht, especially a-"gainst a Prince that had laid out so "much money in repairng the Libra-"ries that were burnt.

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It is very true (said *Suetonius* in a doleful tone) and I have not forgotten to make mention of it to your Honour. But what will you say, if I shew you in a Warrant under your hand, this *execrable* and *impious Blasphemy*? *It is the Command of your Lord and God.* And in fine, if I speak nothing but truth, where's your cause of complaint? I have written the Lives too of the great *Julius Cæsar*, and the divine *Augustus*, and the world will not say but I have done them right. But for your self, and such as you, that are effectually but so many *incarnate* and *crowned Plagues*, what fault have I committed in setting before your eyes those *Tyrannies*, which Heaven and Earth cannot but look upon with *Dread* and *Horrour*?

This discourse of *Suetonius* was interrupted by the *Babbler* or *Bonteseu*, that rounded *Lucifer* in the Ear, and told him, 'Look ye Sir (*says he, pointing with his finger*) that limping Devil 'there, that looks as if he were surbated with beating the Hoof, has 'been abroad in the world, this twenty 'year, and is but just now come back again.

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'again. Come hither Sirrah, crys *Lucifer*; and so the poor Cur went wrigling and gloting up toward his Prince. 'You are a fine Rogue to be sent of an 'Errand, are ye not? (says *Lucifer*) to 'stay twenty year out, and come back 'again e'en as wise as ye went: What 'soul have ye brought now? or what 'news from t'other world? *Ha!* Your Highness (quoth the Devil) has too much honour and justice to condemn me unheard. Wherefore be pleased to remember, that at my going out, you gave me charge of a certain Merchant; *It cost me the first ten year of my time to make him a Thief, and ten more to keep him from turning honest again, and restoring what he had stolen.* A fine fetch for a Devil this, is it not? cry'd *Lucifer*. But *Hell is no more the Hell it was when I knew it first, than Chalk is Cheese*: And the Devils now adays are so damn'dly insipid and dry, they're hardly worth the roasting. A senseless Puppy to come back to me *with a story of* Waltham's *Calf, that went nine mile to suck a Bull.* But he's not Master of his Trade yet: and with that *Lucifer* bad one of his

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Officers take him away and put him to School again; for I perceive he's a Rascal, says he, and *he has e'en been roguing at a* Play-house, *when he should have been at* Church.

In that instant, from behind a little hill, a great many *men* came running as hard as they could drive after a company of *Women*: The *Men* crying out, *Stop*, *Stop*; and the *Women* crying for *Help*. *Lucifer* commanded them all to be seiz'd, and askt what was the matter. Alas, alas! (cry'd one of the men, quite out of breath) *These Carrions have made us Fathers, though we never had Children.* Govern your Tongue, Sirrah (cry'd a *Devil of Honour*, that had a kindness for the Ladies) and speak truth: for 'tis utterly impossible you should be *Fathers* without *Children*. Pardon me, said the Fellow, we were *marry'd men*, and *honest men*, and *good House-keepers*, and have born Offices in the *Parish*, and have *Children* that call us *Fathers*: But 'tis a strange thing, we have been *abroad* some of us by the *seven year together*; Others, as long *Bed-rid*; and so impotent, that the *Civilians* would have put us

inter

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natur frigidos & maleficiatos; and yet our Wives have brought us every year a *Child*, which we were such Fools as to keep and bring up, and give our selves to the Devil at last to get them Estates; out of a charitable perswasion (forsooth) they might yet be our own, though for a twelve-month together (perhaps) we never so much as examin'd whether our *Wives* were *Fish* or *Flesh*. But now since the *Mothers* are *dead*, and the *Children grown up*, we have found the Tools that made them. One has the *Coach-mans Nose*; another the *Gentleman-Usher's Legs*; a third a *Cousin-german's Eyes*. And some we are to presume, conceiv'd purely by strength of *imagination*, or else by the *Ears* like *Weazels*.

Thereupon appear'd *a little Remnant of a man*; a dapper *Spaniard*, with a kind of a-*Besome-beard*, and a *Voice* not unlike the *Tapping* of a *foysting Cur*. As he came neer the Company, he set up his throat, and call'd out: Ah Jade! says he, I shall now take ye to task, ye Whore you, for making me *Father* my 's *Bastard*, and for the *Estate* I. setled

setled upon him. I did ever misdoubt foul play, but should never have dreamt of *That ugly Toad*, when there was such choice of *handsome, lusty young Fellows* about us; but it may be she had them too. I curst the *Monks* many and many a time, I remember, to the Pit of Hell, Heaven forgive me for't: for the Strumpet would be perpetually gadding abroad, under colour of going to *Confession*, and in sooth, I was never any great Friend to *Penance* and *Mortification*. And then would I be easing my mind ever and anon to this *cursed Moor*. I cannot imagine (said I) where this Mistress of thine should commit all the sins that she goes every hour of the day to *confess* at yonder *Monastery*. And then would this *Dog-Moor* answer me. Alas good Lady! I would e'en venture my Soul with hers with all my heart; she spends all her time you see in holy Duties. I was at that time so innocent, that I suspected nothing more, than a pure *Respect* and *Civility* to my *Wife*; but I have learnt better since, and that effectually his Soul and hers were commonly ventur'd in

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same Bottom; yes and their Bodies too, as I perceive by their *Maggy Issue*, for the *Bastards* take after both *Father* and *Mother*.

So that at this rate, cry'd the *adopted Fathers*, the *Husband* of a *Whore* has a pleasant time on't. First, he's subjected to all the *Pukings*, *Longings*, and *peevish importunities*, that a *breeding Woman* gives those about her till she's *Laid*; and then comes the *squalling* of the *Child*, and the *Twittle-twattle-Gossippings* of the *Nurse* and *Midwife*, that must be well treated too, well lodg'd, and well paid. *A sweet Baby*, says one (to the Jade the Mother on't) *'tis e'en as like the Father as if he had spit it out on's mouth:* It has the very *Lips*, the very *Eyes* of him, when 'tis no *more like him, than an Apple is like an Oyster.* And in conclusion, when we have born all this, and twenty times more in t'other World with a Christian Patience, we are hurry'd away to Hell, and here we lie a *Company of damn'd Cuckolds* of us; and here we are like to lie, for ought I see, in *Sæcula Sæculorum*: which is very hard, and in truth, out of all reason.

I

I cut this Visit short, to see what news in a *deep Vault* neer at hand, where we heard a great *bustle* and *contest* betwixt divers *Souls* and the *Devils*. There were the *Presumptuous*, the *Revengeful*, and the *Envious*, gaping and crying out as they would break their hearts. *Oh, that I could but be born again!* says one; *Oh, that I might back into the world again!* says another; *Oh, that I were but to die once more!* crys a third. Insomuch that they put the Devils out of all Patience, with their impertinent and unprofitable Wishes and Exclamations. Hang your selves, cry'd they, for a *pack of cousening, bawling Rascals: You live again? and be born again?* and what if you might do't a thousand times over? You would only die at last a thousand times greater Villains, than now you are, and there would be no clearing Hell of you with a Dog-whip. However, to try you, and make you know your selves; we have Commission to let you *Live again* and *Return. Up then ye Varlets, go, be born again: Get ye into the World again. Away*, cry'd the Devils, with a lusty lash at every word, and

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and thrust hard to have got them out. But *the poor Rogues hung an Arse*, and were struck with such a *Terrour*, to hear of *Living again*, and *Returning*, that they slunk into a Corner, and lay as quiet upon't, as Lambs.

At length, one of the Company that seem'd to have somewhat more Brain, and Resolution then his Fellows, enter'd very gravely upon the *Debate, whether they should go out, or no. If I should now, says he, at my* Second Birth, 'come into the World a *Bastard*; The 'shame would be *mine*, though my *Pa-* 'rents committed the *fault*; and I 'should carry the *Scandal*, and the *In-* 'famy of it to my *Grave*. Now put 'Case, my *Mother* should be *honest*, (for 'that's not Impossible) and that I came 'into the World, *Legitimate*; how ma- 'ny *Follies*, *Vices*, and *Diseases* are there 'that run in a *Blood!* who knows, but 'I should be *Mad*, or *Simple? Swear*, 'Lye, *Cheat*, *Whore*; Nay if I came off, 'with a Little *Mortification* of my *Car-* 'cass, as the *Stone*, the *Scurvy*, or *the* 'Noble *Pox*, I were a happy Man. But 'oh the *Lodging*, the *Diet*, and the

'Cookery

'*Cookery* that I am to expect for a mat-
'ter of *Nine Months* in my *Mother's*
'*belly*: and then the *Butter* and *Beer*
'that must be spent to sweeten me,
'when I change my Quarter. I must
'come *Crying* into the *World*, and live in
'ignorance even of what Life is, till I
'dye; and then as ignorant of Death
'too, till 'tis past. I Phansy my *Swad-*
'*ling-Clouts*, and *Blankets* to be worse
'then my *Winding-sheet*; My *Cradle*
'represents my *Tomb*. And then who
'knows, whether my *Nurse* shall be
'*sound*, or No? Shee'l over-lay me
'perhaps; leave me some four and
'twenty hours, it may be, without clean
'Clouts, and a Pin or Two all the
'while perchance, up to the Hilts in my
'back-side, And then follows *Breeding*
'of *Teeth*, and *Worms*; with all the
'*Gripes*, and *Disorders* that are caus'd
'by *Unwholesome Milk*. These Miseries
'are Certain, and why should I run
'them over again?

'If it happen that I pass the state of
'*Infancy*, without the *Pox*, or *Meazils*,
'I must be then pack't away to *School*,
'to get the *Itch*; *a Scal'd Head*, or a

'pair

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'pair of *Kib'd Heels*. In Winter, 'tis 'ten to one you find me always with a 'Snotty Nose; and perpetually under 'the Lash, if I either miss my Lesson, 'or go late to Shool. So that *Hang 'him for my Part that would be born 'again*; for any thing I see yet.

'When I come up toward *Man*; the '*Women* will have me *as sure as a Gun*, 'for they have a Thousand Ginnes, and 'Devices to catch Wood-cocks; and 'if ever I come to set eye upon a Lass 'that understands *Dress*, and *Raillery*, '*I'm gone, if there were no more Lads 'in Christendom*. But for my part I am '*as sick as a Dog*, of *Powdering*, *Curling*, 'and playing the *Lady-bird*. I would 'not for all the world be in *the Shoomakers Stocks*, and *chouk* my self over a-'gain in a *Streight Doublet*; only to have 'the Ladies say, *Look, what a Delicate 'shape, and foot that Gentleman has*. 'And I should take as little pleasure to 'spend six hours, of the four and twen-'ty, in picking Grey hairs out of my 'Head, or Beard; or turning White in-'to Black: To stand half ravish't in the 'contemplation of my own shadow:

'To

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'To dress fine, and go to Church only to 'see handsome Ladies: To correct the 'Midnight Air with ardent sighs, and 'Ejaculations; and to keep company 'with Owls, and Batts, like a Bird of '*Evil Omen*: To walk the round of a 'Mistress lodging, and play at *Bo-peep* 'at the corner of every street: To adore 'her imperfections, (or as the song 'says, ---- *for her Uglineſs, and for her* '*want of Coin*) To make Bracelets of 'her Locks, and truck a Pearl Neck-'lace for a Shoo-string. At this rate, 'I say, Curſed again and again be he, 'for my part, that would live over 'again so Wretched a Life.

'Being come how to write *full Man*; 'If I have an *Eſtate*, how many *Cares*, '*Suits* and *Wrangles* go along with it! 'If I have *None*, what *Murmuring*, and '*Regret*, at my *Misfortunes!* By this 'Time, the Sins of my Youth are got-'ten into my Bones; I grow Sowre, and 'Melancholy; Nothing pleaſes me; I 'curſe *old Age* to Ten thouſand Devils, 'and the *Youth* which I can never reco-'ver in my *Veins*, I endeavour to fetch 'out of the *Barber's Shops*, from *Per-*

'*ruques*,

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'ruques, *Razors*, and *Patches*, to con-
'ceal, or at leaſt diſguiſe all the Marks
'and Evidences of Nature in her De-
'cay. Nay, when I ſhall haye never an
'*Eye* to ſee with, nor a *Tooth* left in my
'head; *Gowty Legs*; *Wind-mills* in my
'Crown; my *Noſe running like a Tap*,
'and *Gravel in my Reins, by the Buſhel*;
'then muſt I make Oath that all this
'is nothing but mere Accident, gotten
'by Lying in the Field, or the like, and
'out-face the Truth in the very Teeth
'of ſo many undeniable Witneſſes.
'*There is no Plague Comparable to this*
'*Hypocriſy of the Members.* To have an
'*Old Fop* ſhake his Heels, when he's
'ready to fall to pieces; and cry, *Theſe*
'*Legs would make a ſhift yet to play with*
'*the beſt Legs in the Company*; and then
'with a luſty Thump on's Breaſt, fetch
'ye up a *Hem*, and cry, *Sound at Heart*
'*Boy*, and a Thouſand other Fooleries
'of the like Nature. But all this is No-
'thing, to the Miſery of an Old *fellow*
'in *Love*; eſpecially if he be put to
'*Gallant* it againſt a Company of *Young*
'*Gameſters.* Oh the Inward ſhame, and
'Vexation, to ſee himſelf ſcarce ſo

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'much as Neglected. It happens some-
'times that a *Jolly Lady*, for want of
'better Entertainment, may content
'her self with one of these *Reverend*
'*Fornicators*, instead of a *Whetstone*;
'but alack, alack! the *poor Man is*
'*weak, though willing*; and after a whole
'Night spent, in cold, and frivolous
'Pretences, and Excuses, away he goes
'with Torments of *Rage*, and *Confusion*
'about him, not to be expresst, and
'*many a heavy Curse is sent after him for*
'*keeping a poor Lady from her Natural*
'*Rest, to so little purpose.* How often
'must I be put to the Blush too, when
'every *old Toast* shall be calling me *Old*
'*Acquaintance*, and telling me, *Oh Sir,*
'*'tis many a fair Day since you and I*
'*knew one Another first. I think 'twas in*
'*the four and thirtieth of the Queen,*
'*that we were School-fellows. How the*
'*World's alter'd since!* &c. And then
'must my *head* be turn'd to a *Memento*
'*Mori*: My *flesh*, dissolv'd into *Rheums*;
'My *Skin*, *Wither'd*, and *Wrinkl'd*; with
'*a staff in my Hand*, knocking the
'Earth at every trembling step, as if I
'call'd upon my Grave to receive me:

walking,

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'walking, like a *Moving Phantosme*; my 'Life little more then a *Dream*; My 'Reins, and *Bladder* turn'd into a Per-'fect *Quarry*; and the *Urinal*, or *Piss-'pot* my whole *Study*. My next heir, 'watching, every Minute, for the long-'look't-for, and happy hour of my De-'parture; And in the mean time, I'm 'become *the Physicians Revenue*; and 'the *Surgeons Practice*, with *an Apothe-'caries shop in my Guts*; and every 'old *Jade* calling me *Grandsir*. No no; 'I'l no more Living again, I thank ye: 'One *Hell* rather then *two Mothers*.

'Let us now consider the Comforts 'of Life: The *Humours*, and the *Man-'ners*. He that would be *Rich*, must 'play the *Thief*, or the *Cheat*; *He that 'would rise in the World, must turn Pa-'rasite, Informer*, or *Projecter*. He that 'Marries, Ventures fair for the *Horn*, 'either before, or after. There is no 'Valour, without *Swearing, Quarrelling* 'or *Hectoring*. If ye are *poor*, *No body 'Owns ye*. If *Rich*, *you'l know No body*. 'If you dye *Young*, *what pity it was* '(they'l say) *that he should be cut off 'thus in his Prime*. If *Old*: *He was e'en*

'*past his best*; *there's no great Miss* '*of him*. If you are *Religious*, and fre- 'quent the *Church*, and the *Sacrament*; 'You're an *Hypocrite*; And *without* '*this*, y'are an *Atheist*, or an *Heretick*. 'If you are *Gay*, and *pleasant*, you pass 'presently for a *Buffon*: and if *Pensive*, 'and *reserv'd*, you are taken to be *soure*, 'and *Censorious*. *Courtesy* is call'd *Callo-* 'guing, and *Currying of Favour*: *Down-* 'right *Honesty*, and *plain-dealing*, is In- 'terpreted to be *Pride*, and *Ill manners*. '*This is the World*; and for all that's 'in't, I would not have it to go over 'again. If any of ye, My Masters (said 'he to his *Camerades*) be of another 'Opinion, hold up your hands. No, 'No (they cry'd all Unanimously) *No* '*more Generation-work*, I beseech ye; '*Better the Devils*, *then the Mid-* '*wives*.

After This, came a *Testator*, *cursing*, and *Raving*, like a *Bedlam*, that He had made his *last Will*, *and Testament*. Ah *Villein!* (said he) *for a Man to murder* '*himself as I have done!* If I had not '*Seal'd*, I had not *dy'd*. Of all things, next 'a *Physician*, Deliver me from a *Testa-* '*ment*.

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'*ment.* It has kill'd more then the *Pe-*
'*ſtilence.* Oh Miſerable Mortals; let
'the *Living* take warning by the *Dead,*
'and make no *Teſtaments.* It was my
'hard Luck, firſt to put my *Life* into
'the *Phyſicians power,* and then by ma-
'king my *Will,* to ſign the Sentence of
'*Death* upon my ſelf, and *my Own Exe-*
'*cution. Put your Soul, and your Eſtate*
'*in Order,* (ſays the Doctor) *for there's*
'*no hope of Life*; And the Word was
'no ſooner out, but I was ſo wiſe and
'Devout (forſooth) as to fall imme-
'diately upon the Prologue of my Will,
'with an *In Nomine Domini, Amen,* &c.
'And when I came to diſpoſe of my
'*Goods* and *Chattels* I pronounc'd theſe
'Bloody Words (*I would I had been*
'*Tongue-ty'd when I did it*) I make and
'Conſtitute my *Son,* my *Sole Exec'tor.*
'*Item,* to my *Dear Wife,* I give and Be-
'queath all my *Playes,* and *Romances,*
'and all the *Furniture* in *the Rooms* up-
'on *the Second Story.* To *my very good*
'*Friend T. B.* my large *Tankard,* for a
'*Remembrance.* To *my Foot-boy Robin,*
'*five pound* to bind him *Prentice*: To
'*Betty* that tended me in my ſickneſs,

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my little Caudle-Cup. To *Mr. Doctor*, my fair *Table-Diamond*, for his Care of me in my Illness. After *Signing*, and *Sealing*, the *Ink was scarce dry upon the Paper, but methought the Earth open'd as if it had been hungry to devour me.* My *Son* and my *Legatees* were presently Casting it up, how many hours I might yet hold out. If I call'd for the *Cordial Julep*, or a little of *Dr. Gilbert's Water*; my *Son* was taking *Possession* of my *Estate*: My *Wife* so busy about the *Beds*, and *Hangings*, that she could not intend it. The *Boy*, and the *Wench* could understand Nothing but about their *Legacies.* My very good Friend's *Mind* was wholy upon his *Tankard.* My kind *Dr.* I must confess took Occasion now and then, to handle my *Pulse*, and *see whether* the *Diamond were of the right Black Water, or no.* If I ask't him, what I might *Eat*; his Answer was; *Any thing, any thing, E'en what you please your self.* At every *Grone* I fetch't, they were calling for their *Legacies*; which I could not have till I was Dead.

But if I were to begin the World again,

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again, I think I ſhould make another 'kind of *Teſtament*. I would ſay. *A 'Curſe upon him that ſhall have my Eſtate 'when I am Dead: And may the firſt 'bit of Bread he eats out on't, choak him. 'The Devil in Hell take what I cannot 'carry away, and him too, that ſtruggles 'for't, if He can Catch him. If I dye, 'let my Boy* Robin *have the* Strappado, 'three hours *a day, to be duly paid him 'during Life. Let my* Wife *dye of the 'Pip, or the Mother*; (not a half penny 'matter which) *but let her firſt live long 'Enough to Plague* the Damn'd Doctor, 'and *Indite him for poyſoning her Poor 'Husband.* To ſpeak ſincerely, I can never forgive that *Dog Leech.* Was it not enough to make me *Sick*, when I was *well*, without making me *Dead*, when I was *Sick*? And not to reſt there neither, but to perſecute me in my *Grave* too. But to ſay the Truth, this is only *Neighbour's-fare*; for all thoſe fools that truſt in them, are ſerv'd with the ſame Sawce. A *Vomit*, or a *Purge* is as good a *Paſs-port* into *the other World*, as a man would wiſh, And then when our heads are laid; 'tis never to be en-

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dured, the *Scandals* they cast upon our *Bodies*, and *Memories*! *Heaven rest his Soul* (crys one) *He kill'd himself with a Debauch. How is't possible* (says another) *to cure a man that keeps no Diet? He was a Mad-man*; (crys a Third) *a Meer Sot, and would not be govern'd by his Physician. His Body was as Rotten as a Pear: He had as many Diseases as a Horse: and it was not in the Power of Man to save him.* And *truly 'twas well that his hour was come, for he had better a great deal Dye well, then live on as he did.* Thieves and Murtherers that ye are; *You your selves are that* hour *ye talk of.* The *Physician* is only *Death* in a *Disguise*, and brings his Patients *Hour* along with him. Cruel People! Is it not Enough to take away a Man's *life*; and like *Common Hang-men* to be *paid* for't when ye have done: but you must blast the *Honour* too of those you have dispatch't, to excuse your *Ignorance*? *Let but the Living follow my Counsel*, and write *their Testaments* after *This Copy*, they shall live long and Happily; and not go out of the World at last, *like a Rat with a straw in his Arse* (as a learned Author has

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has it) or be cut off in the flower of their days, by these *Counterfeit Doctors of the faculty* of the Close-stool.

The *dead man* ply'd his discourse with so much *Gravity* and *Earnestness*, that *Lucifer* began to believe what he said. But because *all Truths are not to be spoken*, especially among the *Devils*, where hardly any are admitted; and for fear of mischief, if the *Doctors* should come to hear what had been said, *Lucifer* presently order'd the Fellow should be *Gagg'd*, or to *put in security for his good behaviour.*

His mouth was no sooner stopt, but another was open'd; and one of the damn'd came running cross the Company, and so up and down, back and forward (like a Cur that had lost his Master) bawling as if he had been out of his Wits, and crying out, 'Oh! Where 'am I? Where am I? I am abus'd, I am 'chous'd: What's the meaning of all 'this? Here are *damning Devils*; *tempting Devils*; and *tormenting Devils*; 'but the Devil a Devil can I find of the '*Devils* that brought me hither: They 'have gotten away my *Devils*: where 'are

'are they? Give me my *Devils* again.

It might well make the Company stare, to see a Fellow hunting for *Devils* in *Hell*, where they swarm in *Legions*. But as he was in this *Hurry*, a *Governante* caught him by the arm, and gave him a *half turn*, and stopt him. Thou art a *Luckey-bird* (says she) if thou wantest *Devils* here, where do'st expect to find them? He knew her as soon as he saw her. And 'Art thou *here* old Beelzebub 'in a Petticoat? (*said he*) the very Pi-'cture of *Satan*; The Coupler of Male 'and Female; The Buckle and Thong 'of Leachery; The Multiplyer of sin, 'and the Guide of Sinners; The Sea-'soner of Rotten Mutton; The Inter-'pretress betwixt Whores and Knaves; 'The Preface to the Remedy of Love, 'and the Prologue to the Critical Mi-'nute. *Speak, and without more ado, 'tell me*; where are the Devils and 'their Dams that brought me hither? 'These are none of them. *No, no*; I 'am not such an Awse as to be Trepan'd, and spirited away by *Devils* with *Tails*, 'Horns, Bristles, Wings, that smell as if 'they had been smoakt in a *Chimney-*

'*Corner.*

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'*Corner*. The Devils that I look for, are 'worse than these. Where are the *Mo-* '*thers* that play the *Bawds* to their *own* 'Daughters? and the *Aunts* that do as 'much for *their Neices*, and make them 'caper and sparkle like Wild-fire? *The* 'black-ey'd *Girls*, that carry fire in their 'Eyes, and strike as sure as a *Lance* 'from the *Rest* of a Cavalier? Where 'are the *Flatterers*, that speak nothing 'but *pleasing things*? *The Make-bates and* '*Incendiaries*, that are the very *Canker* '*of Humane Society*? Where are the '*Story-Mongers*? *The Masters of the fa-* '*culty of Lying*?. *That* Report *more than* '*they* Hear, Affirm *more than they* Know, '*and swear more than they* Believe. *Those* '*slanderous Backbiters*, that like *Vultures* 'prey only upon *Carrion*? Where are 'the *Hypocrites* that turn *Devotion* into '*Interest*, and make a *Revenue* of a *Com-* '*mandment*? That pretend *Extasie* 'when they are *drunk*; and utter the '*Fumes* and *Dreams* of their *Luxury* 'and *Tipple* for *Revelations*? That 'make *Chappels* of their *Parlours*; '*Preachment* of their *ordinary Enter-* '*tainments*; and every thing they do

'is

'is a miracle. They can Divine all 'that's told them; and raise people to 'life again, that counterfeit sick, when 'they should work; and give an honest 'man to the Devil with a *Deo gratias*. 'These are the Devils I would be at: 'These are they that have damn'd me; 'look them out, and find them for me, 'ye impudent Hag, or I shall be so bold 'as to search your French Hood for 'them. And with that word, he fell on upon the poor *Governante*, tore off her *Head-Geer*, and laid about him so furiously, that there were would have been no getting him off, if *Lucifer* had not made use of his *Absolute Authority* to *quiet* him.

Immediately upon the composing of this Fray, we heard the shooting of *Bars* and *Bolts*, the opening of *Doors* and *Hinges* that creakt for want of Grease, and a strange humming of a great number of *People*. The first that appear'd, were a company of *Bold*, *Talkative*, and *painted old Women*; but as *bonny* and *gamesome*, tickling and toying with one another, as if they had never seen *Fifteen*; and carrying it out with an

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an Air of much satisfaction and content. The *Babbler* was somewhat scandaliz'd at their Behaviour; and told them how ill they did to be so *merry* in *Hell*: and several others admir'd it as much, and askt them the *reason* of it, considering their *Condition*. With that, one of the Gang that was wretchedly *thin* and *pale*, and rais'd upon a pair of Heels that made her legs longer than her Body, told *Lucifer*, with great Respect; that *at their first coming, they were as sad as it was possible for a company of damn'd old Jades to be*. But (says she) we were a little comforted, when we heard of no other Punishments here, than *Weeping* and *Gnashing of Teeth*; and in some hope to come off upon reasonable terms: for we have not among us all so much as a *drop* of *moisture* in our *bodies*, nor a *Tooth* in our *Heads*. *Search them presently* (cry'd the *Intermedler*) *squeeze the* Balls *of their* Eyes, *and let their* Gums *be* examin'd, you'll find *Snags*, *Stumps*, or *Roots*; or enough of somewhat or other there to spoil the Jest. Upon the *Scrutiny*, they were found so dry, that they were good for

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nothing in the world, but to serve for *Tinder* or *Matches*; and so they were dispos'd of into the *Devils Tinder-boxes*.

While they were *casing* up the *Old Women*, there came on a number of people of *several sorts* and *qualities*, that call'd out to the first they saw; *Pray'e Gentlemen* (said they) *before we go any further, will ye direct us to the* Court of Rewards? How's That? (cry'd one of the Company) I was afraid we had been in *Hell*; but since you talk of *Rewards*, I hope 'tis but *Purgatory*. Good, Good! (said the Multitude) you'll quickly find where you are: *Purgatory!* (cry'd the *Intermedler*) you have left that up the Hill there, upon the *Right hand*. This is *Hell*, and a Place of *Punishment*; Here's no *Registry* of *Rewards*. Then we are mistaken (said he that spake first.) How so? (cry'd the *Intermedler*) You shall hear (said the other) We were in the other world intitled to *the Order of the Squires of the Pad*; and borrow'd now and then a small sum upon *the Kings High-way*: we understood somewhat too of the *Cross-bite*, and the use of the *frail Dye*. Some of our conscientious and

and charitable friends, would fain have drawn us off from the course we were in; and to give them their due, bestow'd a great deal of good counsel upon us to very little purpose; for we were in a pretty way of Thriving, and had gotten a habit of, and could not leave it. We askt them, *What would you have us do?* Money *we have* none, *and* without it, there's no living: *Should we stay till it were* brought, *or* came alone? *How would ye have a poor* Individuum Vagum *to live? That has neither* Estate, Office, Master, *nor* Friend *to maintain him: and is quite out of his Element, unless he be either in a* Tavern, *a* Bawdy-house, *or a* Gaming Ordinary. *Now, That's the man, that* Providence *has appointed to live* by his Wits. Our *Advisers* saw there was no good to be done, and went their way, telling us, that *in the other world we should meet with our Reward.*

They would tell us sometime, how *base* a thing it was to defame the *house*, and abuse the *Bed* of a *Friend.* Our *Answer* was ready; 'Well! and had we 'not better do it there where the house 'is open to us, the Master and Lady kind;

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'kind, the occasion fair and easie; than 'to run a *Catterwawling* into a Family 'where every servant in the house is a 'spy, and (perhaps) a Fellow behind 'every door in the house with a Dagger, 'or Pistol in his hand to entertain us. Upon this, our Grave *Counsellours* finding us so resolute, e'en gave us over, and told us as before; that, *In the other world we should meet with our Reward.* Now taking *This* to be *the other World* these honest men told us of, we are inquiring after the *Rewards* they promis'd us.

Abominable Scoundrels! said *an Officer of Justice*, there at hand; How many of your reprobated Companions, have squander'd away their Fortunes upon *Whores* and *Dice*, exposing not only their *Wives* and *Children*, but many a *Noble Family* to a *shameful* and *irreparable Ruine*: And let any man put in a word of wholsome advice, their Answer is, 'Tush, Tush; Our Wives and 'Children are in the hands of *Provi-* 'dence; and let him provide for the 'Rooks, that feeds the Ravens. Then was it told ye, *you should find your Reward*

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in the other World; and the time is now come, wherein ye shall receive it: *Up, up then ye cursed Spirits, and away with them.* At which word, *a Legion of Devils* fell on upon the miserable Caitiffs, with *Whips* and *Firebrands*, and gave them their long expected *Reward*; And at every lash, a voice was heard to say; *In the other World you shall receive your Reward.* These Wretches in the mean while, *damning* and *sinking themselves to the pit of Hell*, still, as if they had been upon *Earth*, and vomiting their *customary* and *execrable Blasphemies.*

Just as this storm blew over, there drew neer a multitude of *Bayliffs*, *Serjeants*, *Catchpoles*, and *other Officers of Prey*, with the *Thieves Devil*, *bound hand and foot*, and a foul *Accusation* against him. Whereupon *Lucifer* with a fell countenance took his seat in a flaming Chair, and call'd his Officers about him. So soon as the Prince had taken his place, a certain Officer began his Report. 'Here is before thee (quoth he) 'a Devil (most mighty *Lucifer*) that 'stands charg'd with Ignorance in his

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'Trade; and the shame of his Quali-
'ty and Profession, instead of *damning*
'men, he has made it his business to
'*save* them. The word *save*, put the
'Court in such a Rage, that they bit
'their lips, till the bloud started, and
'the fire sparkled at their Eyes; and
'*Lucifer*, turning about to his *Atturney*;
'*Who would ever have imagin'd*, said he,
'*that so treacherous a Rascal could have*
'*been harbour'd in my Dominions*? It is
'most certain, my gracious Lord, re-
'ply'd the *Atturney*, that this Devil has
'been very diligent in drawing people
'into *Thefts* and *Pilferies*, and then
'when they come to be discover'd, they
'are clapt up and hang'd, or some mis-
'chief or other. But still *before Execu-*
'*tion*, the *Ordinary* calls them to shrift;
'and many times the toy takes them in
'the head, to *confess* and *repent*, and so
'they are *sav'd*. Now this silly Devil
'thinks, that when he has brought them
'to *Steal*, *Murther*, *Coin*, and the like,
'he has done his part, and so he leaves
'them: whereas he should stick close
'to them in the Prison; and be tempt-
'ing of them to despair, and make away

'them-

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'themselves. But when they are once 'left to the *Priest*, he commonly brings 'them to a sight of their sins, and they 'scape. Now *this simple Devil* was not 'aware, it seems, that *many a soul goes to* 'Heaven from the Gallows, the *Wheel*, 'and the *Faggot*: and this failing has 'lost your Highness many a fair Pur-'chase. Here's enough (cry'd the *Pre-'sident*) and there needs no more Charge 'against him. The poor Devil thought 'it was high time to speak now, when 'they were just upon the point of pas-'sing his Sentence; and so he cry'd out, 'My Lord (said he) I beseech you hear 'me; for though they say the Devil is 'deaf, it is not meant of your Great-'ness: so there was a general silence, and thus he proceeded.

'I cannot deny (my Lord) but *Tyburn* 'is the way to Paradise, and many a man 'goes to Heaven from the Gallows. But 'if you will set those that are *damn'd* 'for condemning others, against *those that* 'are sav'd from the Gallows, *Hell* will be 'found no Loser by me at the foot of 'the Accompt. How many *Marshal's-'men*, *Turn-keys*, and *Keepers* have I sent

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'ye for letting a *Coiner* give them the
'slip now and then, with his *false Mo-*
'*ney* (alwaies provided they leave *better*
'*Money* instead on't) How many *false*
'*Witnesses*, and *Knights of the Post*, that
'would set their *Consciences* like *Clocks*
'to go faster or slower, according as
'they had *more* or *less weight*, and *swear*
'*ex tempore*, at all *Rates* and *Prices*!
'How many *Sollicitors*, *Atturneys*, and
'*Clerks*, that would draw ye up a *Decla-*
'*ration* or an *Inditement* so slily, that I my
'self could hardly discover any *Errour*
'in't; and yet when it came to the
'*Test*, it was as plain as the nose on a
'mans face (that is to say again, Provi-
'ded they were well paid for the *Fa-*
'*shion*) How many *Jaylers* that would
'wink at an *Escape* for a *Lusty Bribe*!
'And how many *Atturneys* that would
'give ye *Dispatch* or *Delay* thereafter as
'they were greas'd! Now after all this,
'what does it signifie, if *one Thief of a*
'*thousand comes to the Gallows*? he only
'*suffers* because he was *poor*, that there
'may be the better Trading for the *Rich*,
'and without any design in the world to
'suppress stealing. Nay *It often falls*
'*out*,

'*out*, that *they that bring the Malefactor* '*to the Gibbet, are the worse Criminals of* '*the two.* But they are never lookt after; or if they should be, they have 'tricks and fetches enough to bring 'themselves off; so that it fares in this 'case, as it did with him that had his 'house troubled with *Rats*, and would 'needs take in a company of *Cats* to 'destroy them: The *Rats* would be 'nibbling at his *Cheese*, his *Bacon*, a *crust* '*of Bread*, and now and then a *Candles* '*End*: But when the *Cats* came, down 'went a *Milk-bowl*, away goes a *Brace of* '*Partriges*, or a *Couple* of *Pigeons*; and the 'poor man must content himself to go 'supperless to Bed. In the Conclusion, the '*Rats* were *troublesome*, but the *Cats* were '*intolerable. And then there's This in't*; 'suppose *One poor fellow hangs and goes to* '*Heaven*; *I do but give him in truck* '*for two hundred at least, that deserve to* '*be hang'd, but 'scape and go to Hell at* '*last.* Beside; *A Thief upon a Gibbet,* '*is as good as a Roasted-Dog in a Pigeon-* '*house*; for ye shall immediately have '*two or three thousand Witches about* '*him*, for snips of his *Halter*, an *Eye-*

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'*Tooth*, or a *Collop* of his *Fat*, which is 'of Soveraign use in many of their 'Charms. But in fine, let me do what 'I will, my services are not understood. 'My Successor, it may be, will dis-'charge his Duty Better, and indeed I 'am very well content to lay down my '*Commission*; for, (*to say the Truth*) I 'am in Years, and would gladly have 'a Little Rest now, in my old age, 'which I rather propose to my self in 'the Service of some *Pretender*, then 'where I am.

Lucifer heard him with great Patience, and in the End, gave him all the satisfaction imaginable; strictly charging *the Evil Spirits* that had abus'd him, to do so no more, upon hazard of *Pains Corporal, and Spiritual*: And they desir'd him too, that he would not lay down his Employment, for he was strong enough yet to do very good service in it. But to think of *Easing himself*, by going to a *Pretender*, he'd find himself mistaken, for 'twas a Duty he'd never be able to endure. Well! (says he) e'en what your Highness pleases. But truly I thought a Devil might hav-

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liv'd very Comfortably in that Condition; for he has no more to do, that I can see, then to *keep his Ears open*, and *learn his Trade*. For put Case it should be some *Pretender* to *a Good Office*, or *a fat Bishoprick* (though the *Fathers*, and *Counsels* are *against Pretenders* in *This Case*) I Phansy to my self, all the Pleasure, and Divertisement that may be. It is as good as going to School, for *these People teach the Devils their A. B. C.* And all that we have to do, is to *sit still*, and *learn*.

The *Vision* that follow'd this, was the *Dæmon* of *Tabacca*; which I must confess did not a little surprize me. I have indeed, often *said* to my self; *Certainly These Smokers are Possest*; but I could never *swear it* till now. I have (said the Devil) by bringing this *Weed* into *Spain*, reveng'd the *Indians* upon the *Spaniards* for all the *Massacres* and *Butcheries* they committed there, and done Them more Mischief, then ever *Colon*, *Cortes*, *Almero*, *Pizarro* did in the *Indies*: By how much it is more honourable, to dye upon *a Sword's point*, by *Gun-shot*, or *at the Mouth of a Cannon*;

non; then for a man to *Snivel*, and *Sneeze* himself *into another World*; or to go away in a *Meagrim*, or a *Spotted-Feaver*, perchance; which is *the Ordinary effect of this poysonous Tabacca.* It is with *Tobacconists*, as 'tis with *Demoniacs* under an *Exorcism*; They *fume*, and *Vaper*, but the *Devil sticks to them still.* Many there are that make a very *Idol* of it, they admire, they adore it, tempting and persecuting all people to take it, and the bare mention of it, puts them into an *Extasie.* In the *Smoke*, it is a *Probation* for *Hell*, where another day they must Endure *Smoking*; Taken in *Powder*, at the *Nose*, it draws upon *Youth* the *Incommodities* of *old age*, in the perpetual *Annoyance* of *Rheum*, and *Drivel.*

The Devil of *Subornation* came next, which was a *good complexion'd*, and a *well timber'd Devil*: to my great Amazement I must acknowledg, for I had never seen any Devils till now, but what were Extreme Ugly. The Air of his face was so familiar to me, that methought I had seen it in a Thousand several places; sometime under a Veil, some-

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ſometime open; now under one ſhape, and then under another. One while he call'd himſelf *Child's-play*; Another while, *Kind Entertainment*; Here, *Payment*; there, *Reſtitution*; and in a third place, *Almes*: but in fine, I could never learn his right Name. I remember in ſome places I have heard him call'd *Inheritance*; *Profit*; *Good Cheap*; *Patrimony*, *Gratitude*. Here he was call'd *Doctor*; there, *Batchelor*. With the *Lawyers*, *Solliciters*, and *Atturneys*, he paſt under the Name of *Right*; and the *Confeſſers* call'd him *Charity*.

He was well accompany'd, and ſtil'd himſelf *Satan's Lieutenant*: but there was *a Devil of Conſequence* that oppos'd him, might and main: and made This *Proclamation* of himſelf. *Be it known*, (ſays he) *that I am the Great Embroyler, and Politick Entangler of Affairs. The Deluder of Princes, The Pretext of the Unworthy, and the Excuſe of Tyrants. I can make Black, White; and give what Colour I pleaſe to the fouleſt Actions in Nature. If I had a Mind to overturn the World, and put all in a general Confuſion, I could do it; for I have it in my Power,*

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to Banish Order *and* Reason *out of it*; *To turn* Sauciness, *and* Importunity *into* Merit; Example *into* Necessity; *To give* Law *to* Success; Authority *to* Infamy; *and* Credit *to* Insolence. *I have the* Tongues *of all* Counsellers *at my Girdle, and they shall speak neither more nor less then just as I please.* In short, *That's Easie to me which others account Impossible, and while I live, ye need never fear either* Virtue, Justice *or Good Government* in the World. This Devil of *Subornation*, that talks of his *Lieutenancy*, what could he ever have done without me? He's a Rascal that no Person of Quality would admit into his Company, if I did not fit him with *Vizors*, and *Disguises*. Let him hold his Tongue then, and know himself; and let me hear no more of those Disputes about the *Lieutenancy* of *Hell*, for *I have Lucifer's Broad Seal to shew for my Title to't.*

For my part (cry'd another Mutinous Spirit) I am one of those *humble-minded Devils* that can content my self to *hold the Door*, upon a good Occasion; or *knock under the Table*, and *play at small*

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small Game rather then stand out. But *few words among Friends are best*, and when I have spoken three or four, let him come up that lists. I am then (says he) *the Devil Interpreter*, and my business is to *Glass* upon the *Text*; In which Case, the *Cuckolds* are Exceedingly beholden to me; for I have much to say for the Honour of the *Horn*. *How should a poor fellow that has a handsome Wench to his Wife*, and never a penny to live on, hold up his Head in the World, if it were not for that Quality? I have a pretty faculty in doing *good Offices* for *Distressed Ladies*, at a time of *Need*; and I make the whole Sex sensible how great a *Folly*, and *Madness* it is to *neglect* those *sweet oppertunities*. Among other Secrets, *I have found out a way to establish an Office for Thievery, where the Officers shall be Thieves and Justify it when they have done.* Here he stop't.

There was a short Silence, and then there appear'd *another Devil, of about a foot and a half long.* I am (says he) a *Devil* but of a small size, and perhaps one of the least in Hell; and yet the Door opens to me as well as to another;

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ther; for I never come *Empty-handed. Why, what have you brought then?* (says the *Intermedler*) and came up to him; *What have I brought?* (quoth he) *I have brought an* Eternal Talker, *and a* Finical Flatterer: *They are two pieces, that were in high Esteem in the Cabinets of two Great Princes; and I have brought them for a* Present *to* Lucifer. With That, *Lucifer* cast his Eye upon them, and with *a Damn'd-Verjuice-face*, as if he had bitten a *Crab*, *You do well* (says he) *to say ye had them at Court*; and I think you should do well to carry them thither again; for *I had as live have their Room, as their Company.*

After him, follow'd *another Dwarf-Devil*, complaining that he had been a matter of six years about so infamous a Rascal, that there was no good to be done with him, for the *Bad* as well as the *Better sort* were *Scandaliz'd* at his Conversation. *A mighty Piece of business*, cry'd the *Governante*. *And could you not have gotten him a handsome Office, or Employment?* That would have made him good for something, and you might have done his Business.

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In the mean time the *Babbler* went *whispering* up and down, and *finding faults*, till at length he came to a *huge bundle of sleeping Devils* in a Corner, that were *fagotted* up, and all *mouldy* and full of *Cobwebs*; which he immediately gave notice of, and they cut the *band* to give them *Air*. With much ado, they waked them, and askt *what Devils they were*; *what they did there*, *and why they were not upon Duty*. They fell a *Yawning*, and said, that they were the *Devils* of *Luxury*: But since the *Women* have taken a Phansie to prefer *Guinies* and *Jacobusses*, before their *Modesty* and *Honour*, there has been no need of a *Devil* in the Case to tempt them: for 'tis but shewing them the *merry Spankers*, they'll *dare* like *Larks*, and fall down before ye, and then ye may e'en do what you will with them, and take them up in a *Purse-net*. *Gold supplies all imperfections*; it makes an *Angel* of a *Crocodile*; turns a *Fool* into a *Philosopher*; and *a Dressing-Box well lin'd*, *is worth twenty thousand Devils*. So that *there is no temptation like a Present*: and take them from *Top* to *Bottom*, the

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the whole Race of Woman is frail, and *one thred of Pearl will do more with them than a million of fine stories.*

Just as this Devil made an end, we heard *another* snorting; and 'twas well he did so, for we had trod upon his belly else. He was laid hold of, upon suspicion that he slept *Dog-sleep*, or rather the *sleep of a contented Cuckold, that would spoil no sport where he made none.* I am (says he) *the Nuns Devil*, and for want of other employment I have been three days asleep here as you found me. My *Mistresses* are now chusing an *Abbess*, and always when they are at that work, I make *Holy-day*: For they are all *Devils themselves then*; There is such *Canvasing, Flattering, Importuning, Cajoling, making of Parties*; and in a word so general a *Confusion*, that a Devil among them would do more hurt than good. Nay, the *Ambitious* make it a point of *Honour* upon such an occasion, to shew that they can out-wit the Devils. And *if ever Hell should be in danger of a Peace, It is my Advice, that you presently call in a Convention of Nuns to the Election of an Abbess*; which would most certainly reduce

reduce it to its ancient ſtate of *Sedition*, *Muting*, and *Confuſion*, and bring us all in effect to ſuch a paſs, that we ſhould hardly know one another.

Lucifer was very well pleas'd with the *Advice*, and order'd it to be entred upon the *Regiſter*, as a ſure Expedient to ſuppreſs any diſorders that might happen for the future to the diſturbance of his Government: after which he commanded the iſſuing out of a *Summons* to all his *Companies* and *Liverymen*, who forthwith appear'd in prodigious Multitudes; and *Lucifer* with a *Hideous* Yell deliver'd himſelf moſt graciouſly as follows.

The Decree of Lucifer.

TO our *Truſty* and *Deſpairing Legions*, *and well-beloved Subjects*, lying under the Condemnation of *Perpetual Darkneſs*, that liv'd *Penſioners* to *ſin*, and had *Death* for their *Pay-maſter*, *Greeting*. This is to let you underſtand, that there are *two Devils*, who pretend a claim to the honour of our *Lieutenancy*; but we have abſolutely refus'd to gra-

ſie

tifie either the One or the Other, in that point, out of a singular Affection and Respect to *Our right Trusty and Well-beloved Cousin*, a certain *She-Devil* that deserves it before all others.

At this the whole Assembly fell to *whispering* and *muttering*, and staring one upon another; till at last *Lucifer* observing it, bad them never trouble themselves to guess who it might be, but fetch *GoodFortune* to him, known otherwise by the name of *Madam Prosperity*; who presently appear'd in the tail of the Assembly, and with a proud and disdainful Air, march'd up and planted her self before *the degraded Seraphim*; who lookt her wistly in the face, and then he went on in the Tone he first began.

It is our *Will*, *Pleasure*, and *Command*, that next and immediately under *our proper Person*, you pay all *Honour* and *Respect* to the *Lady Prosperity*, and *obey* her, as the *most mighty* and *supreme Governess of these our Dominions*. Which Titles and Qualities, we have conferr'd upon her, as due to her merit; for *she hath damn'd more Souls than all* you together. She it is that makes men cast off

all

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all *fear of God*, and *Love of their Neighbour*. She it is, that makes men place their *Sovereign good* in *Riches*. That *Engages* and *Entangles* mens *minds* in *Vanity*; ſtrikes them *blind* in their *Pleaſures*; *Loads* them with *Treaſure*, and *Buries* them in *ſin*. Where's the *Tragedy* that ſhe has not play'd her *part* in't? Where's the *Stability* and *Wiſdom* that ſhe has not *ſtagger'd*? Where's the *Folly* that ſhe has not *improv'd* and *augmented*? *She takes no Counſel, and fears no Puniſhment*. She it is that furniſhes *matter* for *Scandal*, *experience* for *Story*, that entertains the *Cruelty* of *Tyrants*, and bathes the *Executioners* in *Innocent Bloud*. How many Souls, that liv'd *innocent*, while they were poor, have fallen into *impiety* and *reprobation*, ſo ſoon as ever they came to drink of *the inchanted Cup of Proſperity*! Go to then, be *Obedient* to *Her*, we charge ye all, as to *Our Self*: and underſtand, that *They that ſtand their ground againſt Proſperity are none of your Quarry*. Let them e'en alone; for 'tis but time loſt to attempt them. Take example from that *impertinent Devil*, that got leave to tempt *Job*; he perſecuted him, begger'd him,

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cover'd him all over with *Scabs* and *Ulcers*. Sot that he was! if he had understood his business, he would have gone another way to work, and begg'd leave, to have multiplyed *Riches* upon him; and to have possest him of *Health* and *Pleasures*. That's the Tryal; and how many are there that when they thrive in the world, turn their backs upon *Heaven*, and never so much as *name* their *Creator*; but in Oaths, and then too, without thinking on him? Their Discourse is all of *Jollities*, *Banquets*, *Comedies*, *Purchases*, and the like. Whereas the *poor man* has *God* perpetually both in his *mouth* and *heart*. *Lord* (says he) *be mindful of me, and have mercy upon me, for all my trust is in thee.* Wherefore (says *Lucifer*, redoubling his accursed clamour) let it be Publisht forthwith throughout all our Territories, that, *Calamities*, *Troubles*, and *Persecutions are our mortal Enemies*: for so we have found them upon Experience: they are the *Dispensations* of *Providence*, the *Blessings* of the *Almighty*, to fit Sinners for himself, and they that *suffer* them are enrolled in the *Militia* of *Heaven*.

Item; For the better administration

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of

of our Government, It is our *Will* and *Pleasure*, and *we do strictly charge and command*, that our *Devils* give constant *attendance* in all *Courts of Judicature*; and they are hereby totally discharged from any further care of *Little petty Foggers*, *Flatterers*, and *Envious Persons*, for they are so well acquainted with *Hell Rode*, that they'll guide one another, without the help of a Devil to bring them hither.

Item; We do *Ordain* and *Command* that no *Devil* presume for the future to entertain any *Confident*, but *Profit*; for That's the *Harbinger* that provides *Vice* the most *commodious Quarter*, even in the *straitest Consciences*.

Item; We do *Ordain*, as a matter of great importance to the conservation of our Empire, that in what part soever of our Dominions, *the Devil of Money* shall vouchsafe to appear, *all other Devils* there present, shall *rise*, and with *a low Reverence*, present him the *Chair*, in token of their *submission* to his *Power* and *Authority*.

Item; We do most expressly *Charge* and *Command* all our *Officers*, as well *Civil* as *Military*, to employ their utmost

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Diligence and *Industry*, for the establishing a *General Peace* throughout the World. For that's the time for *wickedness* to *thrive* in, and all sorts of *vices* to *prosper* and *flourish*; as *Luxury*, *Gluttony*, *Idleness*, *Lying*, *Slandering*, *Gaming*, and *Whoring*; and in a word, *sin* is upon the *Encrease*, and *Goodness* in the *Wane*. Whereas in a state of *War*, men are upon the exercise of *Valour* and *Virtue*; calling often upon *Heaven*, in the *morning*, for fear of being *Knockt on the Head* after *Dinner*: and *honest men* and *actions* are *rewarded*.

Item; We do from this time forward discharge all our *Officers* and *Agents* whatsoever, from giving themselves any further trouble of *tempting Men* and *Women* to sins of *Incontinence*; for as much as we find upon *Experience*, that *Adultery* and *Fornication will never be left, till the old Woman scratches the stooll for her backside*. And though there may be several *intervals* of *Repentance*, and some *faint Purposes* of giving it over: yet the Humour returns again with the next Tyde of *Bloud*, and *Concupiscence* is as *Loyal* a Subject to us, as any we have in our Dominions.

Item;

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Item; In Consideration of the *Exemption* aforesaid, by which means several Devils are left without present Employment; And *for as much as there are many Merchants and Tradesmen in* London, Paris, Madrid, Amsterdam, *and elsewhere, up and down the world, that are very charitably disposed to relieve People in want*; *especially* young Heirs *newly at Age, and* Spend-Thrifts, *that come to borrow money of them*; *but the times being Dead and little money stirring, all they can do is to furnish them with what the House affords*; *and if a hundred pound or two in Commodity will do them any good, 'tis at their service* (they say.) *This the Gallant takes up at an excessive Rate, to sell again immediately for what he can get*; *and the Merchant has his friend to take it off under-hand, at a third part of the Value* (which is his way of helping men in distress.) *Now out of a singular Respect to the said* Merchants *and* Tradesmen, *and for their better Encouragement*; *as also, to the end that the Devils aforesaid may not run into lewd Courses, for want of business*; *We Will and Require that a Legion of the said Devils, shall from time to time be continually aiding and assisting*

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to the said Merchants *and* Tradesmen, *in the Quality of* Factors, *to be reliev'd monthly by a fresh Legion, or oftner if occasion shall require.*

Item; *We Will and Command that all our Devils, of what Degree, or Quality soever, do henceforth Entertain a strict Amity and Correspondence with* Our Trusty, and well belov'd, the Usurers, the Revengeful, the Envious, *and* all Pretenders to great Places, *and* Dignities: *And above all Others, with the* Hypocrites, *who are the most Powerful Impostors in Nature, and so Excellently skill'd in their Trade, that they steal away People's Hearts and Souls at the Eyes, and Ears, insensibly, and draw to themselves* Adoration, *and* Reward.

Item; We do further *Order*, and *Command*, that all Care possible be taken for the maintaining of *Blabs*, *Informers*, *Incendiaries*, and *Parasites* in all *Courts*, and *Palaces*, for thence comes *Our Harvest.*

Item; That the *Bablers*, *Tale-Bearers*, *Make-Bates* and *Instruments of Divorces*, *and Quarrels*, *be no longer call'd* Fannes, *but* Bellows; *in regard that they* draw, *and* Inflame, *without giving any* Allay, *or* Refreshment. *Item*;

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Item; *That the* Intermedlers *be hereafter call'd, and Reputed the* Devils Body-Lice, *because they fetch Blood of those, that feed, and Nourish them.*

Lucifer then casting a Soure Look over his Shoulder, and spying the *Governante*: I'm of his Mind (quoth he) that said, *Let God dispose of the Doüegnas (or Governantes) as he pleases*: for *I'm in no little Trouble, how to dispose of these Confounded Carrions.* Whereupon, the *Damn'd* cry'd out with one Voice: *Oh*! Lucifer, *let it never be said, that it rain'd Doüegnas in thy Dominions. Are we not miserable enough without this new Plague of being baited by Haggs? Ah! Cursed Lucifer*; (cry'd every one to himself) *stow them any where, so they come not near me. And with that, they all clapt their Tayls between their Legs, and drew in their Horns, for fear of this new Torment. Lucifer*, finding how the *Dread* of the *old Women* wrought upon the *Devils*, contented himself, at the present, to let it pass only, *in Terrorem*; *but withal*, he swore, *by the honour of his Imperial Crown, and as he hop'd to be sav'd*; *that what Devil, Devil's Damme, or Reprobate soever, should in time to*

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come

come be found wanting to his Duty; and in the least Degree disobedient to his Laws, and Ordinances: All, and every the said Devil, or Devils; their Dams, and Reprobates so offending, should be deliver'd up to the Torture of the Doüegna; *and ty'd* Muzzle to Muzzle; *so to remain* in Secula Seculorum, *without* Relief *or* Appeal; or *any Law, Statute, or Usage to the Contrary Notwithstanding.* But in the Mean time, Cast them into that *Dry Ditch*, (says he) that they may be ready for use upon y Occasion.

Immediately, upon the Pronouncing of this *Solemn Decree*, *Lucifer* retir'd to his *Cell*; The *Weather clear'd* up; and the *Company dispers't* in a *fright*, at so horrible a *Menace*, and so went about their Business: When a Voice was heard out of the Clouds, as the Voice of an Angel, saying, *He that rightly comprehends the Morality of this Discourse, shall never repent the Reading of it.*

THE END.

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